

PHOTOPLAY

MAY

25 CENTS



MARLENE
DIETRICH

Mary Pickford
Facing Forty

How Norma Shearer
Got What She Wanted



I made a speech



to 468 girls

and gave them the five rules of complexion beauty...



Camay has been tested and approved by 73 eminent dermatologists—no other complexion soap ever had such medical approval.

What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists who have approved

the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval as stated in this advertisement.

John Allen Pusey
M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of American dermatology.)

I DON'T often go in for stump-speaking. With my magazine and newspaper writing and my radio talks, I have my hands full.

But I made an exception this one time. The dean of a women's college wrote, asking me to help her convince her students that simple, natural beauty is the smartest, as well as the loveliest kind.

So I packed my five rules for beauty into my bag along with a creamy cake of my favorite Camay. And off I went.

Here are the rules I gave—rules every one of you should take to heart, if you want a lovely complexion:

1. Cleanliness—This truly is the first and most important step in any beauty treatment. Dermatologists say so—and they are *the only* real authorities on complexion care, you know. To dermatologists, perfect cleanliness means washing with soap and water. And they say the soap is *very* important.

2. Proper Diet—eating simple foods that you like and that agree with you.

3. Sleep—an average of eight hours.

4. Exercise—walking, golf, tennis, a daily dozen—anything active (this includes sweeping, don't forget that!).

5. A Happy Frame of Mind—throwing off your worries and keeping the corners of your mouth turned up.

The first rule—cleanliness—is so important that I want you to remember it *particularly*. For, when I consulted 73 eminent dermatologists, I found that these physicians prescribed a thorough cleansing with a gentle, mild soap as the first and most important item in complexion care.

And now for the soap. These same physicians examined a chemical analysis of Camay and made exhaustive tests of Camay's effect on all the different kinds of skin. As a result, they gave Camay their unanimous approval as exactly the kind of soap they would recommend for even the most delicate complexions.

The dean writes me she has already noticed an improvement in the college complexion. With this assurance and the recommendation I just gave you, do you need any more convincing proof that here is the perfect soap for you?

Helen Chase

Face Your World with Loveliness is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YV-51, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

© 1931, P. & G. Co.



Camay [Called Calay in Canada] is a Procter & Gamble soap—10¢ a cake

A STAR OF THE STAGE AND SCREEN DISCOVERS

.. "pink tooth brush!"

"I DON'T like it. I don't like it at *all!* I admit I've noticed it before—but then there was only a faint trace of 'pink'. I knew I should have done something about it, then, right at the beginning.

"And my teeth have gone dull. They don't *sparkle* any more. They're dull now—sort of *gray*. Probably nobody will ever say nice things about my teeth again. Perhaps 'pink

tooth brush' has something to do with *that*.

"But somewhere—somewhere—I've heard how to stop this 'pink tooth brush' business—I remember—massage of the gums—with Ipana. Yes, Ipana. Thank goodness I thought of it. Because I can get some Ipana and start today—before rehearsals begin. I'll start it right now saying goodbye to old 'pink tooth brush'!"



"I don't like it
—'pink tooth brush'
—I don't like it at *all!*"

Better do more than look *worried* when there's "pink" on your brush. If you ate coarse foods, your gums would get all the exercise they need. But you eat delicious foods which melt in your mouth, and which give your gums none of the stimulation they require for healthy firmness. Circulation flags—and day by day the gums become softer, lazier, more tender.

And while the first trace of "pink" on your brush is nothing to get excited about, gums which continue to bleed are very likely victims to various gum disorders, such as gingivitis, or Vincent's disease—or even the less frequent but dread pyorrhea.

"Pink tooth brush," neglected can be responsible for the loss of the teeth's natural brilliancy—and may even lead to infection at the roots of your teeth. Then, of course, the dentist may have to extract teeth which today are perfectly sound.

Yet there's a simple, inexpensive way to check "pink tooth brush." Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it in the regular way. Then—put some additional Ipana on your brush and *lightly massage it into those flabby, tender gums of yours*.

Ipana contains the important ziratol which so many modern dentists use for toning and stimulating unhealthy gums. Within a few days after you have begun to use Ipana with massage, your teeth will show a change. They're cleaner—and they have the brilliancy all healthy teeth should have. It may take longer before your gums show a difference. But within a month they will become firmer, harder, healthier than ever before.

IPANA tooth paste

DEFEATS "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" • BRINGS BEAUTY TO THE MOUTH

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. I-51
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....



"MOROCCO," "THE BLUE ANGEL"—never before has anyone leaped into such instant popularity as glorious, glamorous Marlene Dietrich, "with the wisdom of the ages in her eyes."

VICTOR McLAGLEN
MARLENE DIETRICH
in
"Dishonored"

Story and direction by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

To tell you the story would spoil it. It must be seen. So true to her part is Marlene Dietrich you live every minute of the picture. Vibrant, alive, telling—right to the end she carries you. And you go out of the theatre with the deep satisfaction that comes with leaving for a while your own life and experiencing the life of another. ¶ A typical Paramount production, which means—the cast is flawless, the story absorbing, the "atmosphere" authentic—unmistakably *A Paramount Picture* and "the best show in town!"

Paramount  Pictures

Paramount Publix Corp., Adolph Zukor, Pres., Paramount Bldg., N. Y.

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XXXIX No. 6

JAMES R. QUIRK, Editor and Publisher

May, 1931



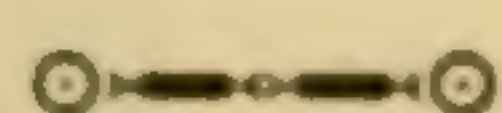
Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920	1923	1926
"HUMOR-ESQUE"	"The COVERED WAGON"	"BEAU GESTE"

1921	1924	1927
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"	"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"	"7th HEAVEN"

1922	1925	1928
"ROBIN HOOD"	"THE BIG PARADE"	"FOUR SONS"

1929
"DISRAELI"



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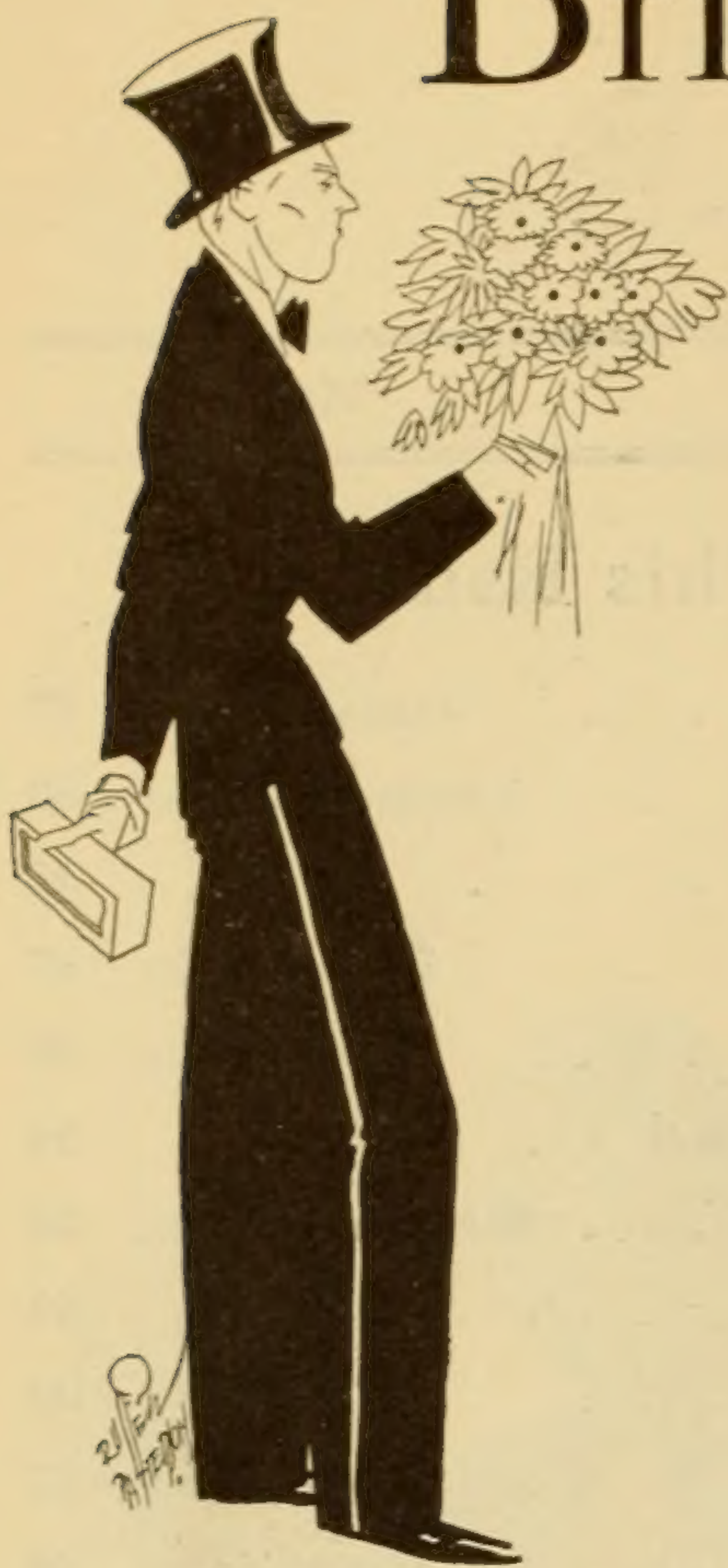
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Brickbats & Bouquets

You Fans Are the Real Critics

PHOTOPLAY Gives Twenty-Five, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Best Letters

Just plain spiteful letters won't be printed, for we want to be helpful when we can. Don't write more than 200 words, and if you are not willing to have your name and city of residence attached, please don't write. Address Brickbats & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. We reserve the right to cut letters to suit our space limitations. Come on in and speak your mind!



The \$25 Letter

SOME people do not approve of motion pictures. They claim they put ideas into our heads. They do! They have put a great many ideas into my head. When I see Norma Shearer I long to have a little of her sophistication—to be able to wear clothes like that wonderful actress, Joan Crawford, and have some of her poise. I wish I had half the vitality that bubbles forth from Clara Bow and if I could only look as sweet and have such a sunny smile as Marilyn Miller, and have the charming little-girl voice of Una Merkel, how happy I would be. I see the goodness in the world in Garbo's eyes. I only hope that I can grow old as beautifully as Irene Dunne in that marvelous picture, "Cimarron," and have the loyalty of the little negro boy.

These are the "ideas" I get from the movies.

GENEVIEVE HARTMAN,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

The \$10 Letter

EPICS have their place in the movie world—so have "artistic productions." But the good old stand-bys are comedies and stories of young love, Westerns and the like. I may be over-enthusiastic, but there seems to have been an upward trend in the quality of productions during the past season.

WILLIAM R. BATTY,
Middletown, Conn.

The \$5 Letter

A MOVIE FAN'S PRAYER

LORD, I would like to have:
The eyes of Claudette Colbert—
The lashes of Joan Crawford—
The hair of Jeanette MacDonald—
The teeth of Dorothy Mackaill—
The nose of Gloria Swanson—
The style of Kay Francis—
The charm of Marlene Dietrich—

"HELP! Help!" These cries come from Cal York, who has been given a black eye this month for the "ungentlemanly" stand he took toward the Brooklyn Bonfire. Several of the letters shake hands with him, but the majority—and that means multitudes—insist they are NOT fed-up with Clara and when "Kick In" comes to town they'll be lined up at the box-office.

The Divine Garbo charmed again in "Inspiration" but the picture was badly panned. The fans make impassioned pleas for happier endings to her stories and stronger heroes. Montgomery, they say, is not the type at all to play opposite their Queen. "Why not John Gilbert or Paul Lukas?" they ask.

The Dietrich devotees increased in numbers after seeing her in "Dishonored," but here, again, the picture did not always please.

Chaplin's "City Lights" was well worth waiting for, say all. And the word "genius" appears with surprising frequency in all the letters about it. However, the popularity of the talkies is not imperiled.

Mary and Doug have the fans a bit bewildered. They can't quite make up their minds if they approve of their departure from the old established path. "Reaching for the Moon" they do not feel was a fine enough vehicle for Doug. Mary, in "Kiki," they admire tremendously, but they shed a tear that the "sweet" Mary is no more. They could do with another "Coquette."

"East Lynne" has captured the popular fancy as no picture has in a long while, and the fans rave over Ann Harding's performance. A new star, Elissa Landi, comes in for lots of praise for her work in "Body and Soul." "Millie" with Helen Twelvetrees was a big success. The fans like her. The Constance Bennett admirers were strong for "The Easiest Way." Everyone is still raving over "Cimarron." They've seen it two and three times. Ruth Chatterton's "Unfaithful" disappointed, but the fans don't blame Ruth. She's given them too many good ones. Better luck next time!

The fans are all set for a good musical comedy. They still deplore gang pictures. They complain about the short subjects—and away with advertising campaigns!

The poise of Lilyan Tashman—
The personality of Greta Garbo—
The pep of Clara Bow—
The voice of Ruth Chatterton—
The sweetness of Norma Shearer—
The grace of Loretta Young—
Forever 'n' ever, Amen!

NORMA M. HALE,
Jackson, Miss.

Random Opinions

THE marriage of Charles Farrell to Virginia Valli means that he and Janet have buried themselves professionally with the movie fans. From now on they'll be "dead issues."

M. CLARK,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Fox have a real find in Elissa Landi. She gave a wonderful performance in "Body and Soul."

MRS. D.,
Toledo, Ohio

We want to see Paul Lukas play with Greta Garbo and not a baby like Robert Montgomery.

VIVA LOCKER,
Paducah, Ky.

If Dorothy Jordan keeps up the good work, all the other actresses are going to fade into the background.

DORIS BAILARD,
Gorham, N. H.

Garbo is walking Drama itself; and I congratulate the company who had the foresight to buy "Grand Hotel" for her. Only Greta could "put over" the rôle of the dancer in this wonderful play.

L. E. ELLIS,
Parchman, Miss.

Marlene Dietrich has everything that Garbo has and something else besides—Humor!

CORAL WINTER,
Vancouver, B. C.

Gary Cooper is the most romantic male on the American screen today. He is a second Wally Reid.

FLORENCE,
St. Louis, Mo.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 8]



BEBE DANIELS



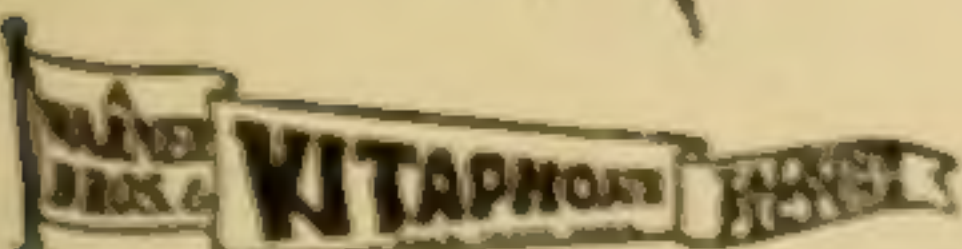
"My Past"

*The tell-tale autobiography
of DORA MACY'S life!*

Beautiful, alluring — surrounded by men, yet always lonely; showered by luxuries, yet unhappy — love and marriage offered her, but always the dark shadow of her past to come between her and happiness! Dora Macy, the girl whose missteps forever echoed to haunt her! You have read her famous story which the authoress dared not sign. Now see it brought to life with the glamorous Bebe Daniels, playing the part of a modern girl whom men remembered — but women can never forget!

B E N L Y O N
L E W I S S T O N E
J O A N B L O N D E L L
N A T A L I E M O O R H E A D
Screen adaptation and dialogue
by Charles Kenyon
Directed by ROY DEL RUTH

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE



"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark
of The Vitaphone Corporation.

The Audience Speaks Its Mind

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

Robert Montgomery has all the quaint charm of Wally Reid—plus a beautiful voice and the ability to seem natural in any rôle he plays. I predict he will be the screen's most popular male star.

VERLA JENKINS,
Tacoma, Wash.

In "Stolen Heaven" Nancy Carroll acted and screamed all over the place. Restraint is what she needs to learn.

RAY HAR,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

I have never been an admirer of Marion Davies until I saw her in "The Bachelor Father," but in this enjoyable picture, Marion's charm completely won me.

CLYDEON MOTE,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Paul Lukas is the dashing, vivid type that we American girls love. Let's see a lot of him.

MURIEL BOUSSUM,
Cape Girardeau, Mo.

Billie Dove, though exceedingly beautiful, can't act worth a cent. She just looks pretty while her supporting cast does all the acting.

SELMA WELLS,
Council Bluffs, Iowa

Joan Crawford has all the dignity, brains, sophistication, poise and charm which go to make up our ideal for the modern woman.

LYDIA BENNETT,
Minneapolis, Minn.

"Cimarron" is to the talkies what "The Birth of a Nation" was to the silent screen.

F. C. POWELL,
Los Angeles, Calif.

We Gilbert fans are waiting for the "John Gilbert Special" to pull in. We cannot forget Jack's charming manners and splendid acting of former days.

ALICE HENLE,
Indianapolis, Ind.

To see Greta mothering poor little Robert Montgomery in "Inspiration" was indeed a pathetic sight.

PAUL S. DIAL,
Covington, Va.

Why don't we see more of Lily Damita? I think she's swell!

JOHN FINBERG,
Akron, Ohio

I hope this Garbo-Dietrich war is soon quieted down. Neither of them can compare to Clara Bow and Joan Crawford.

JOAN JOYCE,
Buffalo, N. Y.

All the praise that has gone to Constance Bennett should really be given to her sister, Joan. She outshines Constance every time.

VIVIAN D. SUMMERS,
Swink, Colo.

If you were to take a vote on the stars that give you most laughs for your money, you would find out that Joe E. Brown and Winnie Lightner would be far ahead of everyone.

R. W. MAGEE,
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Ann Harding has everything anyone could possibly desire in an actress, but why doesn't she change her coiffure? It attracts attention but does not charm.

MRS. A. W. EVANS,
Bloomsburg, Penna.

Give us something new and interesting in the talkies—and not a lot of made-over silent pictures.

E. P. ARNOT,
Exeter, Neb.

Clara Bow

Thank goodness there's somebody who'll stand up and speak his mind regarding Clara Bow. We are fed up with her; I have been for the past two years. After each escapade the magazines usually dash to her rescue with some sob story. She's had enough of this sympathy stuff.

MISS BILLE R. DAVIS

That article in the March PHOTOPLAY about Clara Bow seems to me to be going just a bit too far. I only know about a hundred thousand people who are NOT fed up with Clara. I attended her trial and anyone could see that she's just a big-hearted kid.

R. E. LA MON

"Dishonored"

I have a feeling that Marlene Dietrich is being directed to death. "Dishonored" was so far-fetched and elaborate a story, it was hard to tell if Miss Dietrich could act or not. But

considering the time and effort Chaplin spent on this picture.

S. C.,
Santa Monica, Calif.

Garbo

"Inspiration" as a picture, was a flop. But Garbo! Just another triumph for this great lady. For who but the glorious Garbo could carry such a bad production and put it over?

LEONA ANDREWS,
LaFayette, Ind.

Mary Pickford

Oh, Mary, Mary! You've let us down badly. "Kiki" is not your type of part. You did your best to be convincing, but we just can't accept you in this one. Bring us back some of the sweetness that we've come to expect from you. Make another "Coquette."

OLGA LARSEN,
St. Paul, Minn.

Welcome a new Mary Pickford! I didn't think you could do it, Mary. You were just too cute for words in "Kiki." And that French accent! More, please.

BETTY JAMES,
Long Branch, N. J.

Garbo-Dietrich

Garbo carries us away from our modern, humdrum existence to a dream world. She expresses all the hopes, dreams and poetic longings we are unable to express ourselves.

"There is no one beside thee,
And no one above thee,
Thou standest alone
As the nightingale sings."

THELMA HOLLAND,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Dietrich is superior to Garbo in everything. She has twice the looks, twice the acting ability and an utterly charming talking and singing voice that Garbo can never aspire to.

BETTY FERGUSON,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Millie"

"Millie" was certainly a wonderful picture. Helen Twelvetrees deserves much credit for the splendid work she gave us.

MRS. G. W. BURROUGH,
Clyde, Ohio

I have just seen "Millie" and of all the wash-outs, Helen Twelvetrees included, this is the worst.

About fifteen years elapse during the picture and everyone is dressed in the height of fashion of today in the beginning, as they are at the end of the picture. Why not be logical in the movies?

MRS. A. STREETT,
St. Louis, Mo.

Joan or Anita?

After seeing the glorious youthful roundness of Anita Page's figure in "Reducing" I decided then and there to be done with this dieting. May the movies give us more of these glowing specimens of girlhood!

RUTH COLVIN,
West Hollywood, Calif.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

You Know the Stars!

Capitalize your knowledge of the picture favorites. In the past seven years PHOTOPLAY has distributed \$35,000 in cash among 370 of its readers.

That slice of wealth has paid for college educations, helped buy homes, enabled many to see the world. Now PHOTOPLAY prepares to cut another \$5,000 melon.

Read the details in this issue.
Turn to page 36.

then, she's so good to hear and see, what's the difference? If her director would pay more attention to story and less to directing, we might get a chance to find out.

S. S.,
New York City.

Chaplin

I have just seen a real star make a superb picture out of mediocre material—Charlie Chaplin in "City Lights." The audience howled with laughter at his antics and wept softly as the picture drew to a close, showing the pathos of the little figure Chaplin has so realistically created.

DOROTHY RAIFER,
Philadelphia, Penna.

Charlie Chaplin's "City Lights" bears the imprint of the highest technical and artistic skill, but the stamp of genius is most certainly lacking. We felt entitled to something greater



"B.O." cheated her out (Body Odor) of popularity...

until she finally learned that perspiration need never offend

PRETTY, gay, marvelous dancer—she should have been the hit of any party. *But she wasn't!* Why? Everyone else knew. Only she was unsuspecting.

Luckily though, her new sister-in-law was very frank. There's no "B.O."—*body odor*—to mar this girl's attractiveness now. She knows the easy way to keep perspiration odorless.

. . .

What a giveaway "B.O." is! Treacherous! Always betraying, but never warning the offender.

Don't be deceived. We can't tell when

we're guilty because our sense of smell becomes deadened to an ever-present odor. But even when we don't seem to perspire, pores give off as much as a quart of odor-causing waste daily.

Play safe—bathe with Lifebuoy. Its mild, antiseptic lather purifies pores deeply—prevents embarrassing odor. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you you're cleaner, *safer*, with Lifebuoy.

Complexions grow lovelier

Lifebuoy's bland, deep-cleansing lather gently frees clogged pores of impurities—freshens dull skins till they glow with clear, healthy radiance. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.



Lifebuoy
 SHAVING
 CREAM

Tender spots from shaving vanish like magic when you use this new double-dense, soothing lather.
 At your druggist's

Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

—stops body odor—



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

★ Indicates that photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

AFRICA SPEAKS—Columbia.—Interesting travelogue with animal thrills, considerably dramatized. But it has a kick. (Dec.)

ALMOST A HONEYMOON—British International.—A light bedroom farce. The gags would have been funny ten years ago. Very mild. (March.)

ALOHA—Rogell Tiffany Production.—The old "Bird of Paradise" plot made over for the talkies. Some quite-good comedy and a lot of surefire sob stuff. Ben Lyon and Raquel Torres work hard. (March.)

ALONG CAME YOUTH—Paramount.—Just a light Charles (Ex-Buddy) Rogers picture, with laughs from Stuart Erwin. Nobody sings, anyway. And that's something. (Dec.)

ANYBODY'S GIRL—Columbia.—A realistic story of a taxi-dancer's disillusionment. Barbara Stanwyck and Ricardo Cortez are great. (Feb.)

ARE YOU THERE?—Fox.—Beatrice Lillie, comedy queen of London, tries hard to be funny as a lady detective, but she never quite clicks. Bee isn't there, nor is her picture. (Nov.)

ATLANTIC—British International.—English dialogue may bore you, but the melodrama must have been based on the Titanic catastrophe and it affords some creditable sea thrills. (Dec.)

BACHELOR FATHER, THE—M-G-M.—Marion Davies at her best in a sprightly, sophisticated comedy. Good for one million laughs. (Feb.)

★ **BAT WHISPERS, THE**—United Artists.—Daddy of all scare movies, and it's a lulu. The cameramen and Chester Morris share first honors. (Jan.)

★ **BEAU IDEAL**—Radio Pictures.—(Reviewed under the title "The Devil's Battalion")—A spectacular sequel to "Beau Geste," made with many of the same actors. A great picture in which Ralph Forbes, Loretta Young and Don Alvarado do great work. (Feb.)

BEHIND OFFICE DOORS—Radio Pictures.—Mary Astor fine as the clever secretary who helps her boss (Robert Ames) to rise to importance in the industrial world. Interesting story. (April)

BIG MONEY—Pathe.—Eddie Quillan's luck at cards drags him among the big-time gamblers. But it's all a lot of fun and Eddie's fresh wisecracks will convulse you. (Jan.)

★ **BIG TRAIL, THE**—Fox.—Now, here's an epic! Buffalo hunt, Indians, thrills, pictorial beauty. Raoul Walsh's supreme directorial achievement. Greater than "The Covered Wagon." John Wayne, newcomer, moves right into the star class. (Nov.)

★ **BILLY THE KID**—M-G-M.—Johnny Mack Brown gives the show of his life as the boy outlaw. Not history. But who wants history? The movie's a pip. (Dec.)

★ **BLUE ANGEL, THE**—UFA-Paramount.—Emil Jannings' first talkie in English. And it's a knockout. So is Marlene Dietrich as the woman who drives a man mad. (Feb.)

BODY AND SOUL—Fox.—See this one. Great entertainment. Charlie Farrell and Elissa Landi (from the stage). You'll like her. Myrna Loy is the mean one. (April)

BOUDOIR DIPLOMAT, THE—Universal.—Sophisticated comedy, cleverly acted by Betty Compson and Ian Keith. A few dull moments but many delightful ones, subtly naughty. (Dec.)

BROTHERS—Columbia.—Bert Lytell acts a dual rôle in a mildly effective melodramatic thriller. (Jan.)

BY ROCKET TO THE MOON—UFA.—The Germans present an interesting lesson in astronomy, if you like astronomy. (April)

CAPTAIN APPLEJACK—Warners.—All in fun—and what fun! A blasé young man finds adventure among the pirates. Heavy loving between John Halliday and Kay Strozzi, with Mary Brian as the nice girl. (Nov.)

CAPTAIN THUNDER—Warners.—A romantic bandit rights some wrongs. You know the plot, but it's still a lot of fun. Victor Varconi is the dashing *Captain* and Fay Wray airs her cute Spanish accent. (Nov.)

CAT CREEPS, THE—Universal.—Your old friend, "The Cat and the Canary," now a talkie. Shivers and thrills! A wow scare-movie. Neil Hamilton leads a great cast. (Dec.)

CAUGHT CHEATING—Tiffany Productions.—George Sidney and Charlie Murray get tangled with a Chicago gangster's wife and are taken for a ride. Fast-moving and pretty good fun. (March.)

DID YOU KNOW

That dozens of the stars, who appear to us so glamorous and carefree,

ARE AFRAID?

Next month Ruth Biery, PHOTOPLAY staff writer, will tell you about the terrors that beset the players. The story is called "Hollywood's Age of Fear," and it's one of the most revealing stories in many months. Just one of the treats you'll find

in the June issue of
PHOTOPLAY

CHARLEY'S AUNT—Columbia.—The old farce is still funny. Charles Ruggles makes it worth seeing again. (Jan.)

CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON—Fox.—Grand mystery with lots of thrills and romance. Warner Oland marvelous as Chan. John Garrick and Marguerite Churchill are the love interest. (April)

★ **CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK**—Radio Pictures.—Amos 'n' Andy materialize on the screen, with *Kingfish* and the *Fresh Air Taxi*! Dis am entertainment! (Dec.)

CHILDREN OF DREAMS—Warners.—A musical which you can miss and think nothing of it. (April)

CHISELERS OF HOLLYWOOD—Willis Kent Productions.—First-rate entertainment. Hokum, humor and heart. Phyllis Barrington, a newcomer, does great work. (Feb.)

★ **CIMARRON**—Radio Pictures.—The thrilling story of the pioneer West, superbly transferred to the screen. Richard Dix re-establishes himself as a star, and heads a remarkable cast. (Feb.)

★ **CITY LIGHTS**—Chaplin-United Artists.—The one and only Chaplin makes another masterpiece. Magnificent comedy and heartbreaking pathos intermingled. You can see it again and again. (March.)

COHENS AND KELLYS IN AFRICA, THE—Universal.—Charlie Murray and George Sidney. A scream from start to finish. (Jan.)

COLLEGE LOVERS—First National.—The old football stuff, even if the hero doesn't make a last minute touchdown. Jack Whiting and Marian Nixon are the lovers. (Nov.)

COMMAND PERFORMANCE, THE—Cruze-Tiffany Productions.—A bright and spicy comedy about one of those engaging mythical kingdoms. Neil Hamilton is simply grand. (Feb.)

CONCENTRATIN' KID, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson falls in love with a radio voice. A weak-sister for Hoot. (Jan.)

★ **CONNECTICUT YANKEE, A**—Fox.—It's better than the silent version and you'll love Will Rogers. William Farnum and Myrna Loy are excellent. Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Albertson supply the love interest. (April)

CONQUERING HORDE, THE—Paramount.—Dick Arlen makes this Western fine entertainment. Fay Wray adorable as the girl. (April)

COSTELLO CASE—Sono Art—James Cruze.—The sweethearts are suspected of murder again. Tom Moore is the wise copper. Pretty obvious melodrama. (Jan.)

CRACKED NUTS—Radio Pictures.—Wheeler and Woolsey in a rush of dialogue to the screen, and not very good dialogue. Amusing in spots. (April)

★ **CRIMINAL CODE, THE**—Columbia.—Don't miss this powerful prison drama. You'll never forget it. Walter Huston and Phillips Holmes head a brilliant cast. (Feb.)

DAMAGED LOVE—Sono Art—World Wide.—Pretty mild. June Collyer's charm and dimples save it from being an entire waste of time. (March.)

DANCE FOOLS, DANCE—M-G-M.—Fast and thrilling entertainment. Joan Crawford again proves herself a great dramatic actress. Billy Bakewell fine as the weak young brother who falls in with gangsters. (March.)

DANCERS, THE—Fox.—A rambling, younger generation drama which isn't at its best on the screen. The players, including Lois Moran and Phillips Holmes, do their best. (Feb.)

DAWN TRAIL, THE—Columbia.—A good Buck Jones Western with a rip-roarin' fight between the sheep and cattle men. (Feb.)

DERELICT—Paramount.—Big Boy Bancroft and William (stage) Boyd fight a grand fight. And there are lots of storms at sea. Why sorry about the story? (Dec.)

★ **DEVIL TO PAY, THE**—United Artists—Samuel Goldwyn.—Ronnie Colman breezes through a tasty, spicy little comedy. Great cast, sparkling dialogue and finished production. (Feb.)

DICH HAB ICH GELIEBT (Because I Loved You)—AAFA-Tobis.—Though it's in German, you needn't understand the language to enjoy this sweet love story. (Jan.)

DIVORCE AMONG FRIENDS—Warners.—Heigh ho, the husband and wife quarrel and make up! Lew Cody is the only bright spot. (Dec.)

DOCTORS' WIVES—Fox.—Joan Bennett, Warner Baxter and Victor Varconi in a story of jealousy. Not very convincing. (April)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]



BEN LYON



THE HOT HEIRESS



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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

DON'T BET ON WOMEN—Fox.—Husbands, wives and lovers mix-up. Good adult entertainment, with smart dialogue. Roland Young, Edmund Lowe, Jeanette MacDonald and Una Merkel make the most of their parts. (April)

DOORWAY TO HELL, THE—Warners.—Lew Ayres as a gangster with a Napoleonic complex. Lew is great. The picture's pretty good. (Nov.)

DRACULA—Universal.—A mystery story full of creeps and thrills. Helen Chandler grand as the terrified heroine. (March.)

DRUMS OF JEOPARDY, THE—Tiffany Prod.—Mystery melodrama with enough murders to satisfy the bloodthirsty. Good cast headed by Warner Oland and June Collyer. (April)

DU BARRY—WOMAN OF PASSION—United Artists.—Passion? Well, hardly. Norma Talmadge gives a hint of her old fire, but loses in the fight against long, artificial speeches. Conrad Nagel and William Farnum are excellent. (Nov.)

EASIEST WAY, THE—M-G-M.—A modern sophisticated story, beautifully directed. Constance Bennett, Adolphe Menjou, Anita Page and Bob Montgomery do some grand acting—and what costumes! (March.)

EAST IS WEST—Universal.—Lupe Velez plays *Ming Toy*. Edward G. Robinson is *Chinatown Charlie*. They should have made the old play convincing, but something went wrong. (Dec.)

★ **EAST LYNNE**—Fox.—Don't miss this one. Beautiful, artistic production of the heart-breaking old melodrama. Ann Harding captivatingly beautiful. Fine support by Conrad Nagel and Clive Brook. (April)

ESCAPE—Associated Radio Pictures.—An English talkie about an escaped prisoner. Far too talkie. (Jan.)

EX-FLAME—Liberty Productions.—Your old friend "East Lynne" dressed up in modern clothes and played by Norman Kerry and Marian Nixon. Old-fashioned and unconvincing. (Jan.)

EXTRAVAGANCE—Tiffany Productions.—Fashions and passions blended in a display that will make the audience gasp. Don't take Junior. (Dec.)

FAIR WARNING—Fox.—George O'Brien as the honest Western lad who slays the wicked villain and wins the girl. (Jan.)

FAST AND LOOSE—Paramount.—A pleasant little comedy about the rich girl who falls in love with the working man. Miriam Hopkins debuts successfully as the girl. (Feb.)

★ **FATHER'S SON**—First National.—A simple story, fine and human. Lewis Stone, Irene Rich, Leon Janney. Here are actors—and a notable film. (Dec.)

★ **FEET FIRST**—Paramount.—Harold Lloyd rings the bell again—with both feet. You'll shriek and squeal. (Dec.)

FINN AND HATTIE—Paramount.—One long howl. *Mr. and Mrs. Haddock's* trip abroad ruined by a fiendish nephew and a daughter, played well by Jackie Searl and Mitzi Green. (April)

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN—Warners.—American tourists in Paris. Moves so fast it leaves you weak. One good gag after another. Don't miss it. (March.)

FIGHTING CARAVANS—Paramount.—Your old friend, "The Covered Wagon," gone talkie just a bit late. The scenes are beautiful and Ernest Torrence and Tuilly Marshall are on hand in their original rôles. (Feb.)

FIGHTING THRU—Tiffany Productions.—Worth the price of admission. Ken Maynard and his horse "Tarzan" do some fine work and the beautiful Jeanette Loff helps considerably. (March.)

FLAME OF LOVE, THE—British International.—Anna May Wong as a Chinese vamp in Russia. But it really matters very little. (Jan.)

FOLLOW THE LEADER—Paramount.—Ed Wynn's a howl in this dandy transcription of his stage hit, "Manhattan Mary." A musical comedy, but it's a honey. (Dec.)

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL—Columbia.—Naughty in a very nice way, this story of married life manages to be reasonably entertaining. Jack Mulhall, Sally Starr, Elliott Nugent and Margaret Livingston play it. (Feb.)

FOUND—Ralph P. King Productions.—Australia sponsored this travel film. It's excellent, except for a goofy ending. (Dec.)

FREE LOVE—Universal.—Conrad Nagel and Genevieve Tobin demonstrate what to do when a woman takes up psycho-analysis. An amusing comedy. (Feb.)

★ **GANG BUSTER, THE**—Paramount.—Comedy-melodrama with Jack Oakie at his best. William (stage) Boyd menaces as the gang leader and Jean Arthur is the pretty heroine. (March.)

★ **GENTLEMAN'S FATE**—M-G-M.—This tense drama brings us Jack Gilbert with all his old appeal. The beautiful Leila Hyams and Anita Page support him and Louis Wolheim gives a flawless performance. (March.)

GIRL FROM THE REEPERBAHN, THE (DAS MAEDEL VON DER REEPERBAHN)—Sonor Prod.—The Germans crash through with a good one. Grim melodrama with plenty of action and some good songs. (April)

GIRLS DEMAND EXCITEMENT—Fox.—Marguerite Churchill, John Wayne, Virginia Cherrill and William Janney are a fine cast wasted in a story that never rings true. (April)

GOING WILD—First National.—Remember Doug MacLean in "Going Up"? This is a revival, with Joe E. Brown as the funny fellow who is mistaken for an aviator. Some laughs and some dull spots. (Nov.)

GORILLA, THE—First National.—A goodish enough thriller—but it's been dolefully slowed down for the screen. Frisco, Broadway funnyman, is less funny than usual. (Nov.)

★ **GREAT MEADOW, THE**—M-G-M.—A stirring and exciting yarn of pioneering, with Eleanor Boardman a brilliant member of the distinguished cast. (Feb.)

★ **HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE**—Radio Pictures.—Who said "depression"? Go A W O L with Wheeler and Woolsey in Paris. The most rollicking nonsense ever devised. (Nov.)

HATE SHIP, THE—British International.—A fairly gripping old-school melodrama—thrills and mystery on board a yacht. (Feb.)

HEADIN' NORTH—Tiffany Productions.—Bob Steele with his horse, cowboy suit and a coupla guns. A sizzling hot Western. (Jan.)

HEADS UP—Paramount.—Charles (Ex-Buddy) Rogers in a pleasant little musical comedy about a dashing coast guardsman. Not historic—except that Buddy smokes his first cigaret. (Dec.)

HELL BOUND—Cruze-Tiffany Prod.—Good gang story if you're not tired of them. Leo Carrillo plays the broken-Englished speakeasy operator and Lola Lane is completely charming. (April)

★ **HER MAN**—Pathe.—"He was her man, but he done her wrong"—Frankie and her erring *Johnnie* further immortalized on celluloid in the interesting persons of Helen Twelvetrees and Phillips Holmes. (Nov.)

HER WEDDING NIGHT—Paramount.—Clara, the Bow, *en negligée* in Paris. Bedrooms and boy friends. Light, but quite cute. (Dec.)

HOLE IN THE WALL, THE (NAR ROSORNA SLA UT)—Paramount.—Swedish talkie brings us Sven Gustafsson, Garbo's brother, but nothing like his famous sister. Light and chatty love story. (April)

HOOK, LINE AND SINKER—Radio Pictures.—That's how you'll go for this latest gem of Wheeler-Woolsey nonsense. The monkey business is perpetrated in gangland. (Feb.)

HOT HEIRESS, THE—First National.—A millionaire's daughter on the make for a steel riveter, poor but virile. Loads of fun. Ben Lyon's the gent, and what a cutie is Ona Munson! (Dec.)

HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND—British International.—George Bernard Shaw surrenders to the talkies. Amusing, if you like the Shaw wit. (March.)

★ **ILLICIT**—Warners.—Another triumph for Barbara Stanwyck, who plays a modern maiden who wants love without marriage. A daring film, strong and moving. (Jan.)

INSPIRATION—M-G-M.—Garbo was never lovelier than in this very modern story of the indiscreet woman and the price she pays. Lewis Stone, Robert Montgomery and Marjorie Rambeau lend Greta strong support. (Feb.)

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE—Paramount.—The old stage play revamped for the talkies with plenty of speed and lots of laughs. Skeets Gallagher, Norman Foster and Carole Lombard head a perfect cast. (April)

JAZZ CINDERELLA, THE—Chesterfield.—Poor girl captures rich boy. Myrna Loy and Jason Robards do as well as they can, which isn't much. (Dec.)

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Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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The advice of your physician is: Keep out of doors, in the open air, breathe deeply; take plenty of exercise in the mellow sunshine, and have a periodic check-up on the health of your body.

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ANOTHER GREAT RÔLE—ANOTHER BLAZING
TRIUMPH FOR THE WINNER OF THE 1930
BEST PERFORMANCE AWARD

NORMA SHEARER

in
STRANGERS

**MAY
KISS**



This is the statue awarded to Norma Shearer by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, for her performance in "The Divorcee," the best given by any actress during 1930.



To him it was just another episode—to her, a dream she could never forget.

SHE faced life fearlessly—accepted love where she found it—because she believed a woman could "kiss and forget" even as a man does. But heartbreak and cruel disillusionment lay between her and ultimate happiness with the one man in all the world whom she did love.... If you enjoyed Norma Shearer in "The Divorcee"—don't miss her in this dramatic picture based on Ursula Parrott's sensational novel.

with **ROBERT MONTGOMERY**
NEIL HAMILTON **MARJORIE RAMBEAU**
and **IRENE RICH**

Directed by
GEORGE FITZMAURICE

Robert Montgomery who helped Norma Shearer make her great success in "The Divorcee" is again seen with her.



Ursula Parrott, author of "The Divorcee" has written another absorbing story. Don't miss it!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER



"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

JAWS OF HELL—Sono Art—World Wide.—Depicts the old poem "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and makes the charge a pretty thrilling business. The romantic story's a bit weak. (March.)

JUNE MOON—Paramount.—You'll like this one. Ring Lardner wrote the wisecracking lines and Jack Oakie puts them over with a bang. (April)

★ **JUST IMAGINE**—Fox.—Life in 1980! Mad buffoonery, funny, ironic and different. El Brendel heads the dandy cast. Top entertainment. (Dec.)

JUST LIKE HEAVEN—Tiffany Productions.—A simple little romance between a toe dancer and a balloon peddler. Fifteen-year-old Anita Louise is the heroine. (Feb.)

KEPT HUSBANDS—Radio Pictures.—Lively entertainment. Dorothy Mackaill and Joel McCrea an attractive pair and the still beautiful Clara Kimball Young returns to us. (April)

★ **KIKI**—United Artists.—Presenting a new Mary Pickford, saucy and sophisticated in a grand comedy. You can safely take the kids. Reginald Denny is the lead. (April)

★ **KISMET**—First National.—Distinguished Otis Skinner makes his talkie bow. Beautiful fantasy, but fantasy. (Dec.)

LADY REFUSES, THE—Radio Pictures.—If you want a good cry, here's your chance. Rather an old story, but Betty Compson, Gilbert Emery and John Darrow make it realistic. (April)

LADY SURRENDERS, A—Universal.—Marital woes, subtly and delightfully described by Conrad Nagel, Genevieve Tobin, Rose Hobart and Basil Rathbone. A charming picture. (Dec.)

★ **LADY'S MORALS, A**—M-G-M.—Introducing Grace Moore, young and beautiful Metropolitan Opera prima donna. A lovely voice and a charming story, based on the life of Jenny Lind. Reginald Denny is fine opposite the star. (Dec.)

LAND OF MISSING MEN, THE—Tiffany Productions.—A Bob Steele Western. Hard riding, and that's all there is to it. (Jan.)

LASH, THE—First National.—(Reviewed under the title "Adios"). Richard Barthelmess as an early California Robin Hood. Colorful and charming. You'll like it. (Dec.)

LAST OF THE LONE WOLF—Columbia.—The perennial Lone Wolf in the person of ageless Bert Lytell. After much rushing about, Bert preserves the queen's fair name! It all happens in mythical Saxonia. (Jan.)

★ **LAUGHTER**—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll and Fredric March in love—with a millionaire husband in the background. A bewitching picture. See it. (Dec.)

L'ENIGMATIQUE MONSIEUR PARKES—Paramount.—The French version of "Slightly Scarlet," with M. Adolphe Menjou and Mlle. Claudette Colbert in the leads. Made for the French, but interesting to Americans, too. (Nov.)

LIFE OF THE PARTY, THE—Warners.—Winnie Lightner roughhouses in high class Technicolor and Havana's fast set. What laughs! (Jan.)

★ **LIGHTNIN'**—Fox.—Don't miss this, for it's Will Rogers at his best. A real story about the Nevada divorce mill, a fine cast, brilliant direction. And the choicest Rogers observations. What more could you ask? (Jan.)

★ **LILIOM**—Fox.—A fine picture marks the screen debut of a striking young emotional actress, Rose Hobart. Charles Farrell is an engaging Liliom, but he never seems quite at home without his Janet. (Nov.)

LION AND THE LAMB, THE—Columbia.—A gangster story supposed to be good clean fun. It's clean, anyway. Miriam Seegar, Carmel Myers and Walter Byron are the principals. (Jan.)

LITTLE CAESAR—First National.—Don't decide you're fed up on underworld movies before you've seen this one. It's worth it, thanks to brilliant work by Edward G. Robinson and Doug, Jr. (Dec.)

LITTLE CAFE, THE (LE PETIT CAFE)—Paramount.—Chevalier's French version of "Playboy of Paris" and simply great. Gay and charming with more songs added and his wife, Yvonne Vallée. (April)

★ **LONELY WIVES**—Pathe.—Edward Everett Horton great, in a side-splitting farce. Patay Ruth Miller, Esther Kalston and Laura La Plante are the girls involved. (April)

LONESOME TRAIL, THE—Syndicate Pictures.—Plenty of action in this Western. Charles Delaney is the hero and Virginia Brown Faire, the rancher's daughter. Kids will love it. (Nov.)

LOOSE ENDS—British International.—The British have a go at a problem drama. Weak and wordy. (Jan.)

LOVE HABIT, THE—British International.—British conception of a French bedroom farce. Very heavy. (April)

LOVE KISS, THE—Celebrity Productions.—A nice little college comedy with plenty of romance and laughter. (March.)

LOVE TRADER, THE—Tiffany Productions.—Leatrice Joy, blonde and beautiful, in a seductive Hawaiian locale. See it for Leatrice. (Dec.)

MADONNA OF THE STREETS—Columbia.—Evelyn Brent triumphs over the old yarn about the regeneration of a lady crook. (Feb.)

Producer Announcements of New Pictures and Stars

While all good advertising is news, we consider producer advertising of particular interest to our readers. With this directory you easily can locate each announcement:

Educational Pictures . . . Page 109
First National Pictures . . . Page 11
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer . . . Page 14
Paramount Pictures . . . Page 4
Radio Pictures Page 107
Warner Bros. Page 7

MAN FROM CHICAGO, THE—Elstree Productions.—The British go hay-wire on this story of Chicago gangsters and their ladies. Skip this one. (March.)

MAN TO MAN—Warners.—(Reviewed under the title "Barber John's Boy.") A father returns to face his son after eighteen years in prison. Grant Mitchell and Phillips Holmes are good, but the picture isn't always convincing. (Dec.)

MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE—Fox.—Farrell and Gaynor sink to the depths, but love reforms them. Not a "7th Heaven" but worth seeing. (March.)

MANY A SLIP—Universal.—Joan Bennett and Lew Ayres in a wise-cracking dialogue comedy. You may, but you probably won't, like it. (March.)

MEN CALL IT LOVE—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Among the Married.") Sophisticated story of married life in the country club set. Adolphe Menjou excellent. Norman Foster and Leila Hyams good as the young lovers. Not for the children. (April)

MEN ON CALL—Fox.—Edmund Lowe wastes his time and talents in a bad story. (March.)

MEN WITHOUT LAW—Columbia.—Buck Jones performs his Western heroics in an interesting Spanish locale and wins the beautiful Carmelita Geraghty. (Feb.)

MIDNIGHT SPECIAL, THE—Chesterfield Prod.—Nothing new, but plenty of excitement. Good for the kids. (April)

MILLIE—Radio Pictures.—Helen Twelvetrees splendid in this tense drama. Enough tears and chuckles to make it well worth seeing. (March.)

MIN AND BILL—M-G-M.—A tragic story stupidly gagged up with slapstick. However, Marie Dressler and Marjorie Ransome are grand actresses. (Dec.)

MISBEHAVING LADIES—First National.—The gags have whiskers, but you'll laugh at them, and Louise Fazenda is the reason. (Nov.)

★ **MOROCCO**—Paramount.—The new German enchantress, Marlene Dietrich, will stir up a storm. And Gary Cooper is a gorgeous Foreign Legionnaire. Hot stuff, this. (Dec.)

MOTHERS CRY—First National.—A best seller turned into a good picture, chiefly by the superb acting of Dorothy Peterson as the mother. (Dec.)

★ **MOTHER'S MILLIONS**—Liberty Prod.—Humor, pathos, bright dialogue and splendid acting make this a delightfully entertaining story. May Robson is the mother. (April)

MURDER—British International.—Smart and entertaining mystery drama with a travelling stock company as the background and a first-rate amateur detective. (Jan.)

MY PAST—Warners.—(Reviewed under the title "Ex-Mistress.") Mr. and Mrs. Bebe Daniels—pardon! The Ben Lyonses in an ultra-modern love story which is highly entertaining. (Feb.)

★ **NEW MOON**—M-G-M.—Music of the drama first rate, with the greatest singing combination on the screen, Metropolitan Opera's Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore. Color, drama, beauty, melody combine in a real musical smash. (Jan.)

NIGHT BIRDS—British International.—Mystery melodrama, with much a-do over a killing. Not so bad. (March.)

NO LIMIT—Paramount.—Clara Bow as a flapper, an usherette and a gangster's moll, and wearing some amazing clothes. You may be amused. (March.)

NOT EXACTLY GENTLEMEN—Fox.—Three men's battles for a map, a girl (Fay Wray) and riches. Top-notch entertainment. Victor McLaglen, Lew Cody and Eddie Gribbon share acting honors. (April)

OH, FOR A MAN!—Fox.—A bright and merry farce about a grand opera star who loves a burglar. Reginald Denny's the burglar, and Jeanette MacDonald is the song-bird who falls for him. (Jan.)

ONCE A SINNER—Fox.—The oldest type of triangle story. The really fine performances of Dorothy Mackaill, Joel McCrea and John Halliday make it well worth seeing. (March.)

★ **ONE HEAVENLY NIGHT**—United Artists.—(Reviewed under the title "The Queen of Scandal.") A musical, but a hit. England's Evelyn Laye is charming and Texas' John Boles in grand voice. (Dec.)

ONLY SAPS WORK—Paramount.—Mr. Leon Errol and his trick legs stagger away with this comedy about lovers and thieves. (Feb.)

OTHER MEN'S WOMEN—Warners.—(Reviewed under the title "The Steel Highway.") Grant Withers and Mary Astor against a railroad background. Fairly entertaining. (Dec.)

★ **OUTWARD BOUND**—Warners.—A ship sets sail. Eight characters are on board. All are dead—bound for the Hereafter. A daring picture, finely produced and acted by Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Helen Chandler, Leslie Howard. For adults. (Nov.)

★ **PAID**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Within the Law.")—Just wait until you see Joan Crawford in this powerful dramatic rôle! The story is absorbing and Joan is simply grand. (Jan.)

PAINTED DESERT, THE—Pathe.—A Western which you'll like. Bill Boyd is the virile hero and Helen Twelvetrees the girl. (March.)

★ **PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH**—M-G-M.—It's a howl, this farce. Buster Keaton and Charlotte Greenwood race for honors. As a heavy lover, Buster is amazing. (April)

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

PART TIME WIFE—Fox.—Hokum, but entertaining. Eddie Lowe makes grand work of a funny rôle and little Tommy "Song o' My Heart" Clifford is a natural. (Jan.)

PASSION FLOWER—M-G-M.—Charles Bickford, Kay Johnson and Kay Francis form the good old eternal triangle. Interesting people in a good film. (Jan.)

PAY OFF, THE—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman as a dress-suit crook in a smart, sophisticated crook drama. It's a pip. (Nov.)

PHANTOM OF THE DESERT, THE—Syndicate.—Jack Perrin in a true-to-type Western. Plenty of hard ridin' and fast shootin'. (Feb.)

PINCHOT'S SOUTH SEA CRUISE—Travel-Epics.—The ex-governor of Pennsylvania took some interesting pictures of a South Seas cruise. No studio faking in this one. (Jan.)

PLAYBOY OF PARIS—Paramount.—Chevalier deserves better than this light farce, which is amusing only in spots. And only two songs from Maurice (Nov.)

PRINCESS AND THE PLUMBER, THE—Fox.—A young American millionaire (Charles Farrell) and a beautiful princess (Maureen O'Sullivan). You know what happens—a harmless little light comedy. (Feb.)

RANGO—Paramount.—A stirring jungle picture with a real story. Magnificent. Different. Don't mistake it for "just another wild animal picture." (Feb.)

REACHING FOR THE MOON—United Artists.—Doug Fairbanks bounds through a dizzy comedy as a go-getting stock broker. Different for Doug and very merry. Bebe Daniels is the big romance. (Feb.)

REDUCING—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran cut up in a beauty parlor. Need we add you'll die laughing? (Feb.)

REMOTE CONTROL—M-G-M.—Billy Haines as a radio announcer. A great chance for laughs and they haven't been overlooked. (Dec.)

RENEGADES—Fox.—Warner Baxter in an exciting story of the Foreign Legion, with Myrna Loy as the feminine spy. (Jan.)

★ **RESURRECTION**—Universal.—Talkie version of the old tale is a triumph for Lupe Velez. She's all fire, beauty and sincerity. Well directed and John Boles sings nicely. (March.)

RIDIN' FOOL, THE—Tiffany Prod.—Great little Western. Will furnish the kids with plenty of thrills. (April)

RIGHT TO LOVE, THE—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton in a real dramatic gem. Ruth and the technicians collaborate in putting over the most convincing dual rôle ever filmed. (Feb.)

RIVER'S END—Warners.—A lusty Curwood he-story, with Charles Bickford in a dual rôle. (Dec.)

ROYAL BED, THE—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman directs himself in a smart, amusing comedy about modern royalty. Mary Astor is a gorgeous princess and the veteran Nance O'Neil, a grand queen. (Feb.)

★ **ROYAL FAMILY OF BROADWAY, THE**—Paramount.—A brilliantly done comedy of actors at home. Fredric March does the work of his life. Ina Claire is marvelous. Don't miss this one. (Feb.)

SANTA FE TRAIL, THE—Paramount.—Richard Arlen in his cowboy suit. Indians. And Mitzi Green! If you like Westerns, all right. (Nov.)

SCANDAL SHEET—Paramount.—A great newspaper drama with George Bancroft as the managing editor and Kay Francis as his wife. A meaty movie with a knockout kick. (Feb.)

SCOTLAND YARD—Fox.—A rattling good crime story with that rattling good actor, Edmund Lowe, playing a dual rôle. This film packs a wallop. (Jan.)

SEA GOD, THE—Paramount.—Wild adventure, pearl diving, cannibals—a real movie. Richard Arlen and Fay Wray provide the love interest. (Nov.)

SEA LEGS—Paramount.—In spite of Jack Oakie, Harry Green and Eugene Pallette, this comedy isn't very comical. (Jan.)

★ **SEAS BENEATH**—Fox.—Dashing adventure story of submarines during the war. George O'Brien does a grand job. All the family will like it. (March.)

★ **SEA WOLF, THE**—Fox.—Again Jack London's famous *Wolf Larsen* takes the screen—with sound. Milton Sills played *Wolf* beautifully. His last picture, and a noble thriller. (Nov.)

SECOND HONEYMOON, THE—Continental.—Farce comedy of domestic felicity with Josephine Dunn and Edward Earle. Entertaining. (March.)

SEE AMERICA THIRST—Universal.—A two-reel plot stretched over a full-length film induces sleepiness. Langdon and Summerville do their best to make it funny. (Jan.)

SHADOW RANCH—Columbia.—Buck Jones' new Western is a crackerjack. (Dec.)

SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED—Cruze-Tiffany.—An hourful of guffaws over old man Boris and his philandering wife. Betty Compson's the wife and darn good's the picture. (Dec.)

What a Story!

Every now and then, out of the hundreds of manuscripts that pour into the PHOTOPLAY offices, we pluck a fiction story so thrilling, so romantic, so exciting that we can't help shouting about it. Such a story is

"Pale Hands I Loved"

written by Margaret E. Sangster, one of the most brilliant of the younger tale-tellers. You'll be as crazy about it as we are! Watch for "Pale Hands I Loved" in the June issue of

PHOTOPLAY

On sale everywhere May 15

SILVER HORDE, THE—Radio Pictures.—Rex Beach's salmon-fishing thriller makes a tingling phonoplay and Evelyn Brent makes a brand new hit. (Dec.)

SINGLE SIN, THE—Tiffany Prod.—Nothing new, but splendidly handled. Kay Johnson does some fine acting. Bert Lytell, Mathew Betz and Paul Hurst lend good support. (April)

SIN SHIP, THE—Radio Pictures.—Louis Wolheim, as actor and director, attempts a romantic rôle. Disappointing. (Jan.)

★ **SIN TAKES A HOLIDAY**—Pathe.—Don't miss this. Constance Bennett, beautiful clothes, smart dialogue and a working-girl-boss romance that has a real kick. A honey. (Jan.)

SIT TIGHT—Warners.—Joe E. Brown and Winnie Lightner repeat many of their monkey-shines. But they're still funny. (Dec.)

SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS (Under the Roofs of Paris)—Tobis.—Skilful pantomime makes this enjoyable French dialogue picture comprehensible without knowledge of that language. Two of the songs are hummers. (Feb.)

★ **SOUTHERNER, THE**—M-G-M.—Lawrence Tibbett in a gay, charming comedy—and how he sings! Esther Ralston, too, and more beautiful than ever. (March.)

★ **SPOILERS, THE**—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and William Boyd stage a battle wilder than the memorable fight between William Farnum and Tom Santschi, which made screen history. Red meat melodrama, packed with action, suspense and thrills. (Nov.)

SPURS—Universal.—Here's hard-ridin' Hoot Gibson in a Western that's a Western. It's fast, from the first shot to the last. (Nov.)

SQUEALER, THE—Columbia.—If you can stand another gangster picture, this one has some new ideas. Well acted by Jack Holt, Dorothy Revier and Davey Lee. (Nov.)

STOLEN HEAVEN—Paramount.—Slow, unreal story. Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes fine in the romantic moments. (April)

STORM OVER ASIA—Amkino.—Another of the powerful Revolutionary pictures from Soviet Russia dramatizing the Communist revolt against the White Army in 1918. A smash ending. *Silent*. (Nov.)

STORM, THE—Universal.—This storm is no tornado. A very tame melodrama. Even Lupe Velez is tame as the little girl of the Great Northwest. (Nov.)

★ **SUNNY**—First National.—Single or not, it's a gem. Radiant Marilyn Miller smashes it across. (Dec.)

SUNRISE TRAIL, THE—Tiffany Productions.—A Western with too much talking and not enough action. (March.)

SUSPENSE—British International.—A war story and a pretty slow one. Vic McLaglen's brother Cyril is in it. (Jan.)

★ **SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS**—Warners.—A dainty operetta, beautifully photographed in Technicolor. Claudia Dell, charming new star, is *Kitty*; Walter Pidgeon, the baritone hero. (Nov.)

SWEETHEARTS ON PARADE—Columbia.—Just another pure little country girl among the bad, big-town millionaires. Alice White is the sweet young thing. (Nov.)

TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM—Willis Kent Production.—Old-fashioned maudlin melodrama, elaborately overacted. The villain is Demon Rum. (Nov.)

THIRD ALARM, THE—Tiffany Productions.—Out come the old fire engines to make a big noise. But no matter how hard Jimmy Hall and Hobart Bosworth try, it's just one of those things. (Jan.)

THOROUGHbred, THE—Tiffany Productions.—Wesley "Freckles" Barry is the nice little jockey hero of a nice little horse story for the family trade. (Nov.)

THOSE THREE FRENCH GIRLS—M-G-M.—Not even Reginald Denny and Ukelele Ike make this unfunny hodge-podge worth while. Fifi Dorsay, Yola D'Avril and Sandra Ravel are the girls. (Nov.)

3 GIRLS LOST—Fox.—Loretta Young, Joan Marsh and Joyce Compton are the three little girls who come to the big city. Lew Cody good as the racketeer and John Wayne not so good. (April)

TODAY—Majestic.—One of those sensationals—all hell, sex and box-office. Hokum, but there's Conrad Nagel to hold you. (Dec.)

★ **TOL'ABLE DAVID**—Columbia.—A pretty grand film, excellently directed, and beautifully acted by the newcomer, Richard Cromwell. (Jan.)

★ **TOM SAWYER**—Paramount.—Jackie Coogan, Mitzi Green, Junior Durkin—real kids in the great kid classic. A corking picture. Don't miss it. And by all means, don't let the kids. (Dec.)

★ **TRADER HORN**—M-G-M.—Harry Carey magnificent as *Trader Horn*. Story of the African jungle, full of the tensest drama and perfection in photography. (March.)

TWO WORLDS—British International.—An honest, dramatic story of inter-racial clashes—probably the best of the recent English films. (Feb.)

UNDER MONTANA SKIES—Tiffany Productions.—Slim Summerville saves a pretty weak picture about a stranded showgirl. (Feb.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 137]



New discovery! Pepsodent Mouth Wash 3 to 11* times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics!! Checks bad breath longer!!!

THIS new and revolutionary discovery by Pepsodent proves how far science has advanced in the past decade in its fight against dangerous germs. Fifty years ago little was known about bacteria, hence little could be done in our effort to destroy them. Today, with the discovery of the powerful Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash, we stand far better equipped."

Those are the words of a distinguished scientist after completing laboratory tests on this far-reaching new discovery. Some of America's leading bacteriological laboratories duplicate his work and find the same phenomenal results. That is impressive proof of its superiority.

From Pepsodent laboratories

This remarkable discovery is a new and powerful weapon in fighting germs. It combats bad breath immediately.

The formula comes from the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories, whose contribution to dental hygiene has won high recognition. Under the label of Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash it is being widely distributed in the public interest.

Cleanses—purifies the mouth

The active agent used in Pepsodent

Mouth Wash, as determined by standard tests, is many times more potent than *pure carbolic acid*, for all time the standard germicide. Pepsodent Mouth Wash is non-poisonous, *safe and soothing*.

Immediately after you use it, 95% of the germs in the mouth are destroyed. Their number is still reduced 70% at the end of two hours' time—that is far longer acting than many other leading mouth washes.

"We find," states one laboratory, "Pepsodent Mouth Wash kills the stubborn pus-producing germs (M. Aureus) in the fastest time it is possible for science to record—we believe faster than has previously been the standard for other leading mouth washes."

Checks bad breath

With this revolutionary discovery comes a social safeguard: remarkable protection against offensive breath. A laboratory director states: "Tests prove conclusively that Pepsodent Mouth Wash overcomes bad breath 1 to 2 hours longer than many other leading antiseptic mouth washes."

At your druggist's—today

Go today and get a bottle. Secure this added protection plus the greater assurance of a pure, sweet breath.

Consult Your Dentist, Physician

In the opinion of some authorities, most breath odors come from such minor causes as neglected, unclean mouth, tooth decay, slight infections of nose and throat, excessive smoking. If, after using Pepsodent Mouth Wash, bad breath persists in returning, seek medical and dental advice to remove the cause.



*Most people add water before using a mouth wash. Hence, dilutions of Pepsodent Mouth Wash are compared with other antiseptics tested either at full strength or in the dilution recommended by the manufacturer. It goes many times as far as many mouth washes which must be used FULL STRENGTH to be effective.

COSTS MUCH LESS

Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash

A revolutionary mouth wash just discovered by the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories

Hollywood tells some

BEAUTY SECRETS



Fay Wray steams her hair over a bowl of hot water, to bring out the wave. Even very straight hair will sometimes respond to this treatment. While the hair is still moist and warm from the steam, comb and pat it into soft waves and curls

YOU straight-haired girls who long for natural curls—I wonder if you realize that Garbo, to whom every adjective in praise of feminine good looks has been applied, has made of her straight hair one of her greatest assets?

You girls whose figures are not as perfect as you would have them, whose teeth need the attention of a dentist—how much you can learn from Norma Shearer!

You discouraged girls who write me for a word of advice and at the same time tell me that you know you can't be helped, that you are "just hopeless" as far as looks are concerned. Why don't you stop thinking vaguely about this much talked of subject, feminine beauty, and get it down to a practical basis?

You will remember that a few months ago the newspapers featured a list of the six most beautiful women of the screen as selected by a well-known British painter and photographer of beautiful women. He chose Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Norma Shearer, Lilyan Tashman, Marion Davies and Ina Claire.

If you want to know what physical obstacles Norma Shearer had to overcome before she could be included in such a list you need only turn to Katherine Albert's story (in this issue) of Norma's never-ending struggle for screen success. Read it right now, and then turn back to this one. You will be more in the mood to appreciate how much of beauty is made, not born.

In spite of Greta Garbo's straight-as-a-stick hair, girls (and men, too) speculate eagerly about each forthcoming Garbo picture, wondering what new style of hairdressing she will create and whether it will be as becoming as previous ones.

If she didn't have straight hair that adapted itself to the whims and waves of the hairdresser she could not have achieved

the variety of effects that have helped to give charm to her rôles. Her most famous hairdress, the Garbo long bob, was possible only because her hair could be brushed down straight and sleek and the ends curled out carelessly for contrast.

In naming Ina Claire, the British artist said she "typifies gayety, youth, laughter." Think of that, you girls who are approaching or already in your middle thirties and concerned with wrinkles and graying hair.

MISS CLAIRE, too, has left the "glowing twenties" behind her. She served the legitimate stage well for many years before she became a screen star. She has worked hard, in a difficult profession, and faced many disappointments. Yet she was chosen as one of the beauties of the films because of her joy in living, which is reflected in her face. It is that attitude that has helped to keep her eyes clear and shining, her complexion more flawless than that of most sixteen-year-olds, her figure young and supple. Marion Davies, also, was chosen because of her vividness and vivacity, rather than for outstanding physical perfection. Lilyan Tashman's features and figure are lovely. But the air of distinction she has cultivated, the carriage she has achieved, the flair for style she has constantly developed, have been far more important in registering her as an outstanding beauty.

And then there's Marlene Dietrich. Study her nose in profile. Many of my readers have wept bitter tears over more nearly perfect noses. But Miss Dietrich, too, gives an illusion of beauty that is far more compelling than absolute physical perfection.

Now, let's talk about some of the methods by which the stars achieve beauty and keep it. Many of these cherished "beauty secrets" are simple formulas that any girl can follow. That's why I want to share them with you.

Gloria Swanson, who has held her place as one of the most attractive women of the screen, has what she calls a "luxury bath" after her regular bath. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

ARE you overweight? Send for my booklet of normalizing exercises and non-fattening menus. Are you troubled with blackheads or acne? My complexion leaflet will help you. A stamped, self-addressed envelope will bring you either, or both, or any other advice on personal problems. There is no charge and your letters will be held in strict confidence.

Address me at PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

If You Were a Screen Star

Your Make-Up Would Be

Max Factor's

Although Stardom May Be Just a Cherished Dream...the Ravishing Beauty, the Alluring Charm You've Longed for May Now Be a Reality

Hollywood's Make-Up Genius Explains How You Can Realize Your Dream of Beauty with an Entirely New Kind of Make-Up

IN Hollywood, make-up means so much... more than the enhancement of beauty... more than just a puff of powder or a pat of rouge. It means the study of types... of personalities... of individual complexion colorings. The reward is a new beauty... even a new personality... alluring, magnetic, fascinating... like an artist's vision of feminine loveliness given the vibrant animation of life.

For more than twenty years now, it has been Max Factor's honor to create make-up for the famous stars of the screen. And as the glorious beauty of your favorite star flashes on the screen, you see the matchless artistry of make-up by Max Factor, for in all Hollywood Studios... in all the thrilling pictures of the year... Max Factor's Make-Up is used exclusively. An amazing achievement... awarded notable recognition by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

Now you are invited to share the magic make-up secrets of the motion picture world.

Based on his revolutionary discovery, cosmetic color harmony, Max Factor has created Society Make-Up for every woman, for every day... powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow... a sensation in Hollywood, for street and social use.

The magic secret is a color harmony ensemble in make-up for your individual type... to exactly blend with your complexion colorings, whatever your variation in blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead

Natural color tones in powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow, etc... created to living screen star types. Matchless in their perfection of luminous depth of color, in delicacy of velvety texture. Proved perfect by famous screen stars whose beauty is a thrill to millions. And now for you, Max Factor will create your own individual color harmony in Society Make-Up, in exact harmony with your complexion colorings. You'll discover the one way to develop your beauty... the charm and magnetism of your personality to the utmost. Mail the courtesy coupon now.

Max Factor's Society Make-Up

"Cosmetics of the Stars"

HOLLYWOOD

96% of all make-up including Technique used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's.
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)
© 1931 Max Factor

...

Marion Davies approves the lovely natural color imparted by Max Factor's rouge!



Marion Davies

in "The Bachelor Father"

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture... Make-Up by Max Factor

Marion Davies, who never even thinks of using any but Max Factor's Make-Up says in a note to Max Factor:

"In the make-up ensemble, as in the costume ensemble, each essential must be in color harmony to create a becoming effect... and this I believe, is the secret of your Society Make-Up."

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 1-5-35

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up", personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents (stamps or coin) to cover postage and handling.

Name _____	COMPLEXION	COLOR EYES	LIPS
Address _____	Light		Moist
City _____	Fair	COLOR LASHES	Dry
State _____	Medium		SAIN
	Ruddy	COLOR HAIR	Oil
	Dark		Shin
	Very Dark		Normal
	Other	Answer with Check Mark	



THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC
THE QUICK DEODORANT

DO YOU KNOW THAT LISTERINE

... removes loose dandruff?
... ends scalp irritation?
... sets a finger wave?
... combats oily condition?

*I*f you are bothered with scalp irritation, itching, falling hair, loose dandruff, try Listerine as a part of the regular shampoo or independent of it. Douse it on full strength and massage the scalp vigorously. You will be delighted by results. Many thousands of men and women have ended minor scalp troubles by this pleasant treatment. We print below some of the many letters we have received from those whom Listerine has benefitted. Read them. They may suggest a solution for your trouble. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Ended Dandruff Permanently

I have thick, curly hair and have always been troubled with dandruff and dry, itching scalp. I disliked to wear dark gowns because the dandruff would fall on the neck and shoulders and I was embarrassed by having the loose particles show in my hair.

One day a friend and I were preparing for a party and she offered to shampoo my hair for me. I noticed a bottle of Listerine in her medicine cabinet, but when she took it out and started to pour some on my scalp I protested. And then she told me how much it had helped her. She explained that she not only used it when she shampooed her hair, but also when she did not have time for a thorough washing she would rub a little on her scalp with the finger-tips and, after a few minutes' massage and a brisk brushing, her hair would look lovely and glossy. I was skeptical, but decided that trying one more product could not make matters any worse.

Now I am one of Listerine's most enthusiastic boosters. It cannot, in my opinion, be duplicated by the use of any

other so-called dandruff remover. It is not just a temporary cure; it *really destroys dandruff definitely.*

Sincerely yours,
DORIS MACDONALD,
Bywood, Pa.

Beauty Expert Likes It

For a number of years I worked in one of the best beauty shops in our city as an operator. We prided ourselves in our shampoos, and always used a lotion to loosen the dandruff and foreign matter before beginning a shampoo. Later I opened a shop of my own and wished to give the same kind of shampoos as I had in the other shop. I could not use the lotion as it was sold at wholesale prices to members of that particular organization only.

I overcame that obstacle as I remembered the sameness in the odor of that lotion and Listerine. Having seen your advertisements, I immediately stocked my

shop with Listerine. I am ready to tell everyone that my shampoos were just as popular and effective as any expensive shampoo on the market.

I know from my experience that no one can go wrong by using Listerine before a shampoo for the correction of dandruff and that tingly, new feeling the scalp has after use.

Yours truly,

MARY DUKE,
Wichita, Kansas

Restored Hair Beauty

I am a teacher and am constantly in chalk dust and imagine the state of health my scalp is—or was—in. My desk is directly under the ventilator, too, which means added dust. Listerine has been a boon to me, and has restored my hair to its former sheen and feeling of well-being.

Sincerely,

HELEN E. HAIGHT,
Austin, Pa.





Hurrell

HERE he is!—the toast of tea parties and the pet of pretty picture-goers from Coast to Coast. Yes, and the men like him too! Robert Montgomery's brief film career has been a big parade of personal hits—and now he delivers another knockout opposite Norma Shearer in her new "Strangers May Kiss"



FOR two years Virginia Cherrill had been working in a picture before her pretty face was seen on the shadow stage! That's because it took Chaplin that long to make "City Lights," in which she plays his little blind sweetheart. Then followed her first talkie rôle in the gay Fox comedy, "Girls Demand Excitement"



Bruno

DO you recognize in this vivid photograph the harum-scarum heroine of Harold Lloyd's two latest comedies, "Safety Last" and "Feet First"? Yep—it's Barbara Kent herself. Babs is now over on the Gloria Swanson set, where she plays the gorgeous one's sister in her newest talkie comedy, titled "Obey That Impulse"



WE'LL stand right up in meeting and state that nobody in pictures is doing any more consistently good work than Barbara Stanwyck, who first bowled us over in "Ladies of Leisure" and won us all over again in "Illicit." Barbara's latest is "Night Nurse," and are we going to rush to see it!



BRUCK-WEISS Designers Create their Originals over GOSSARD Corseted Models

Bruck-Weiss designers insist that the mannequins upon which they drape their original designs, wear Gossard foundations. Months in advance, Gossard figure garments inspire the designers to achieve the smart lines for which Bruck-Weiss costumes are so justly famous. In the charming atmosphere of the Bruck-Weiss Salon, fashionable New York social personages select their gowns and wraps with confidence that comes with complete fashion assurance—experienced by those clever women who have worn Bruck-Weiss creations.

GOSSARD *Line of Beauty*



The picturesque dropped-shoulder capelet and wide cuffs of Alencon lace over beige Ninon, are dyed red to match the diaphanous chiffon of the skirt. A Bruck-Weiss gown that effectively combines romanticism and modernism—for its moulded lines are taken from the Gossard foundation garments. The Step-in of French hand-loomed elastic, shaped and woven in France to Gossard's pattern, tapers the figure from waist to thigh. Matching peach-tinted Skinner's satin decorates—and re-enforces the front ... *Model 2228*

The exquisite uplift-brassiere of net lined peach lace and Skinner's satin moulds the bust to a youthful line *Model 1211*



The ? in Marriage

Need Dishwashing make her Hands UGLY?

Even on her wedding day she wonders . . . "Will dishwashing steal away charm . . . leave my smooth young hands workworn?"

Recently nearly 2,000 young BRIDES in 11 large cities told us how they plan to meet this vexing

problem. 95 out of every 100 agreed!

"Yes, we're going to wash dishes," these charmingly vivid girls said. "But we'll *never* have 'dishpan hands' . . . we *needn't*, with Lux in the house.

"We've always washed our fine things in Lux; noticed how softly white our hands looked afterward. We're trusting Lux to keep our hands lovely in spite of dishwashing, too!"

Beauty Experts

Experts in 305 famous beauty shops say: "Lux in the dishpan keeps your

hands as beautifully cared for as those of the woman with maids."

Yet this tender care for your hands costs so little! LESS than 1¢ a day!



LUX FOR DISHES . . . *Lovely Hands for less than 1¢ a day*

May, 1931

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By
JAMES R. QUIRK

DURING a radio talk a few days ago, I made a casual reference to the response accorded a story in a recent issue of PHOTOPLAY. The story was about Roscoe Arbuckle. It was entitled "Just Let Me Work." We have already received two thousand letters from men and women who want to see Arbuckle given a chance to earn a living. Poor Fatty, declared innocent by a jury of his peers, has suffered enough.

But the good club women and organized professional reformers who stoned him into oblivion show no signs of putting into practice the precepts they mouth so glibly on Sabbath morn.



left the town flat over a year ago, and with Robert Flaherty, who made "Moana" and "Nanook of the North," sailed away for the South Seas in his own sixty-five foot sailing ship. There they made "Tabu," with natives of the remote island of Bora Bora as actors. Only genius could overcome all the difficulties they encountered. It took them four months to find natives who could play the leading rôles.

Back in Hollywood they got together with a man equally talented in his own line, and Dr. Hugo Reisenfeld composed and synchronized the sound and musical score which added immeasurably to the value of their picture.

IT all depends on where you sit!

While America raved about Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco," and Gary Cooper and his admirers moaned about his being relegated to the rear for the new star, a different story is being told abroad.

My sleuths in Copenhagen, Denmark, report that the delectable Dietrich is mildly though respectfully received in "Morocco," but that Gary Cooper and his work in the picture simply have the Danes winging. In fact, he practically monopolizes the interest in the film.

Read this, Gary old boy, and cheer up!

FAREWELL, Murnau. Well done. Your friends, the art, and the motion picture public of the world will miss you. A gallant soldier in war, an outstanding genius in peace, Germany should be proud of you as a warrior, as an artist, and as the noble gentleman that you were.

SEE his last picture, "Tabu," just released. Satiated with what he felt was the artificiality of Hollywood, Murnau, director of "The Last Laugh,"

FREE, proud souls, the two men that made this picture. See "Tabu," or never again complain about screen clap-trap. And when you see it, note the musical theme where the native chief appears ominously at the door of the hut in which the lovers are living. He symbolized doom, and at that point, Murnau suggested to Reisenfeld that he use Schubert's "Death and the Maiden."

"Death," said Murnau, "can be as beautiful as life."

It was not long after his return from the South Seas that Murnau was killed instantly when his automobile fell over a cliff in one of the most beautiful spots in all California.

HARRISON CARROLL, Hollywood's prattler, tells the one about the casting director on his deathbed. He insisted on picking his own pallbearers, and named six.

"But what about So-and-So?" someone asked. "He's one of your dearest friends."

"Yeab, but he won't do. He's too short," said the casting director, "not the type."

DIRECTOR NORMAN TAUROG was giving instructions to five-year-old Robert Coogan, brother of Jackie, who is playing in "Skippy."

"Hardboiled, Bobby! We want a hardboiled expression. If you give us a real hardboiled look, I'll give you a quarter."

"Say, Mr. Director, for ten dollars I could look as hardboiled as a gangster," Master Robert retorted.

Paramount is making every effort to sign Robert to a contract. But Mother and Father Coogan are demurring about one so young being an actor! However, if the proper price is reached, we suspect that the Jackie-of-yesterday will have a rival in Robert-of-today.

FLIES—common, ordinary house flies—cost studios thousands of dollars every year. In two ways:

No. 1—Flies buzz. Microphones pick up buzzing. So it happens that in some nice, quiet love scene, a fly carries on too close to the mike. When the thing is developed and projected, it comes out: "Darl-z-z-z-z-love you buzzzzzz will buzzzzzz be my buzzzzzzzzzz...." So they have to shoot the scene over and charge up the bad "take" to loss.

No. 2—Flies get on people. Behold a close-up of a pretty star, emoting. Comes a fly and lights on star's nose. Looks like a horsefly on the screened close-up. Annoys star. Costs money for retakes.

In vain efforts to avoid fly-trouble, studios go to great lengths. They have fly-chasers, who, armed with swatters and squirt guns, try to keep flies off the sets. But it's a hopeless task—and since the hot, bright lights and the smell of greasepaint seems to attract them, flies will continue to cost studios money.

ACCORDING to *The Film Mercury*, a Hollywood linguist is a yes-man who can nod his head to a question in any language.

THE wheel of fortune has spun round again, and a flock of silent stars are making comebacks in the talkies!

Take Greta Nissen—and who wouldn't? Her last film job was in the silent version of "Hell's Angels," which was scrapped. Now she's the joy of the Fox lot, with much expected of her in "Women of All Nations," with McLaglen and Lowe.

Mae Murray has been playing the lead in "Bachelor Apartment" at Radio Pictures. Director Lowell Sherman found she was just the type. Laura LaPlante reappeared in "Lonely Wives." So did Patsy Ruth Miller.

Others who have turned up in the light of the Kliegs in the past few months are Clara Kimball Young, William Farnum, Esther Ralston, Mary Alden, Thomas Meighan, Bryant Washburn and Monte Blue.

There's a long, long trail a-winding. And it always seems to lead right back to the studios!

CECIL DE MILLE says the shortest dialogue is the best.

"'Yes' and 'No,'" says De Mille, "are one-word lines of dramatic value."

Especially "Yes," Mr. De Mille?

"SLEEP-N-EAT" is the only actor on the screen who admits lack of ambition! He's the colored boy whom Gaylord Lloyd, brother of Harold, discovered asleep on a Los Angeles curb and put to work in brother's "Feet First."

When "Sleep-n-Eat," as everyone calls him, walks, he crawls; when he sits down, he falls instantly asleep.

He was working on "The Virtuous Husband" with Betty Compson and Elliott Nugent.

"Don't you ever get despondent?" Nugent asked him.

"Despon-dent. What's that?" he drawled.

"Low. Feeling so blue you'd like to shoot yourself."

"Sleep-n-Eat" shook his head. "Colored man never gets like that. When white man sits down and thinks and thinks and thinks and thinks how bad things is, he just naturally gets up and shoots hisself. When colored man sits down and thinks and thinks and thinks how bad things is, he just naturally goes to sleep."

ONE of the greatest teachers of surgery who ever lived was the late Dr. W. S. Halstead, of Johns Hopkins Medical School. During the years that he was turning out capable young surgeons he continually adjured his students to "handle healthy tissues carefully."

Why wouldn't this advice extend to those writing lads to whom they turn over good healthy stories for screen adaptation?

THE late Milton Sills was considered one of the world's greatest masters of chess. His favorite lark was to play the game blindfolded. He was never beaten.

TOPSY-TURVY racket, these movies—

One of the biggest musical comedy successes of films was "Rio Rita." The star was Bebe Daniels, who came from silent films.

Now comes Irene Dunne, star of the musical comedy stage. She makes her great hit in "Cimarron," which has no more music in it than a lawn mower at seven A.M.

TALKING of titles—First National has titled the new Bebe Daniels picture "Woman of the World." And William Powell's most recent Paramount film is called "Man of the World."

WARNING!

Charles (ex-Buddy) Rogers is taking singing lessons from ex-President de la Huerta of Mexico, who has become a voice maestro in Los Angeles.

And they threw things at poor Rudy Vallée!



Lights! Camera!
Ready!

THE lens catches perfectly that breathless moment on the talkie set when cameras and microphones are attuned and the director is about to demand action! William Powell and Olive Tell ready for a scene for his new "Ladies' Man."

The Girls Aren't Speaking! Read

Connie &

By

Katherine Albert



The battle is on! In this corner—Lilyan Tashman, who graduated from the "Follies" to big film parts. Lilyan has made herself a great social success in Hollywood—wears the right clothes, says the right thing. Then Constance Bennett entered—wow!

CONSTANCE BENNETT and Lilyan Tashman don't speak to each other.

One of the reasons is that Lilyan Tashman has been called "the best dressed woman in Hollywood." And Constance Bennett has been called "the best dressed woman in Hollywood." Lilyan Tashman is a reigning beauty. So is Constance Bennett. And the good old mountains of Kentucky have nothing on a couple of reigning beauties when it comes to feuds. No suh, stranger!

The beauty-of-the-moment racket is one of the best organized, politically sound campaigns in the film center. And don't let anybody tell you that, in the sprawly little town of Hollywood, everything is all Goodness and Light. It isn't. There are circles within circles, wheels within wheels.

Now let us see what the requirements for these spectacular, gorgeous, magnificent women are. Here is what a beauty should do. She should:

Appear not less than three times a week at the Embassy Club for luncheon.

Never miss a Mayfair party.

Go to every big première that's staged.

Wear beautiful, spectacular clothes and own a chinchilla or a sable-trimmed ermine wrap.

BE gay, debonaire and collect a lot of *beaux*.

Go to all Hollywood parties to which she's invited and manage to wangle invitations to those she's not.

Freeze out all other reigning beauties.

Attract attention.

Now for the business of attracting attention. Lilyan Tashman is an excellent example. She was, as you know, a Follies girl, like a good many others who came to Hollywood. She succeeded where others failed, because she used her head for something besides a place to perch her hat.

She definitely set out to be smart, sophisticated and socially prominent. She succeeded on all three counts. Now when she makes her appearance at public functions, she causes that little ripple of interest, that breathless hush that is the entrance music of a reigning beauty.

Lilyan goes to the Embassy Club the proper number of times. *She has never been seen there in the same dress twice!* She entertains at her table only the best people, and her group is invariably the center of attraction partly because they make so much noise. Lilyan projects her ego. She is one of the few in the colony who own real chinchilla coats. She also makes a fad of wearing nude colored evening gowns because she says that shade is by far the most exciting, the most spectacular and the most interesting color.

But she does more than this. She has a knack of saying

About the Current Battle Between

Lilyan

For the "Best Dressed Woman in Hollywood" Championship! The title is now in doubt!

the clever, smart thing—the thing that will be said at a party one night and repeated all over town at every luncheon the next day.

And then Connie Bennett slithered upon the scene of action. Connie, with her fine European ways, her fascinating background, her last-word clothes, threw everybody into a dither. Connie got talked about. Connie got quoted. And Lilyan didn't like that. Lilyan didn't like that and a lot of other things that we can't go into here.

ONE night at the Embassy Club (it was a most formal affair) Lilyan appeared with a group of guests. Connie appeared with another group of guests. When Connie saw Lilyan, she quietly turned to her friends and one by one they all left the club. The field of battle was cleared for Lilyan and her group.

Now, you might expect such between Connie and Gloria Swanson on account of the Marquis de la Falaise. But it isn't so. Gloria and Connie don't exactly rush to each other and kiss, but time and again they've been at the same parties, at the same theater, at the same smart supper club, and if you happened to be one of the four people in the United States who hadn't heard of the famous Gloria-Connie-Hank triangle, you would suppose that the girls bore no enmity for each other.

Of those who have played the reigning beauty-of-the-moment game, there are, besides those already mentioned, Billie Dove, Claire Windsor, Carole Lombard (whose table at the Ambassador, shared by William Powell, is one of the things the waiters point out to tourists), Estelle Taylor, Olive Borden, Joan Crawford (before she was married), Dolores Del Rio, Jean Harlow and others.

Florence Vidor was a great beauty, but she was always exclusive. Norma Shearer, too, invariably goes to openings and often to the Mayfair and Embassy, but she impresses by her dignity and excellent taste. Ruth Chatterton is like her in that respect, as was Corinne Griffith. Although Corinne was the ringleader of a group of girls who decided they could have a manless dinner at the Cocoanut Grove with success.

CARMEL MYERS, May McAvoy, Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Carmelita Geraghty, Colleen Moore, Julianne Johnston, Virginia Valli and others were on the guest list. The table was decorated with small papier-maché hens. When the girls arrived at the hotel, there was another table as large and imposing as theirs. It was identical except that it was decorated with roosters. The women had barely seated themselves when all their [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 141]



In this corner — Constance Bennett, "Colossal Connie," party of the second part in the present battle for the "Smartest Woman in Hollywood" belt. Like Lilyan, she is the last word in exquisite dress and *bon mots*. And the girls are worthy adversaries!

New Ideas for Swimming *and* Sunning

All-white invades even the water this season. And, when it's banded across the shoulders in bright red, it gets along swimmingly with a slender beauty like Dorothy Jordan



"To be popular, cultivate a good line," some one advised Marian Shockley of Universal. So she did. It's a diagonal one, formed by contrasting shades of blue wool-jersey

For romping on the sand, Anita Page wears this cute cotton romper suit. White flowers are sprinkled on a powder blue background. The white toweling coat is lined with the cotton



Some of the
smartest beach
and bathing
suits seen at
Malibu and
Santa Monica



Note to blue-eyed blondes:
Joan Marsh's yellow jersey
suit matches her sunny hair,
and is piped with blue to
match her eyes. That's a
knockout combination against
a background of sand and
sky and water



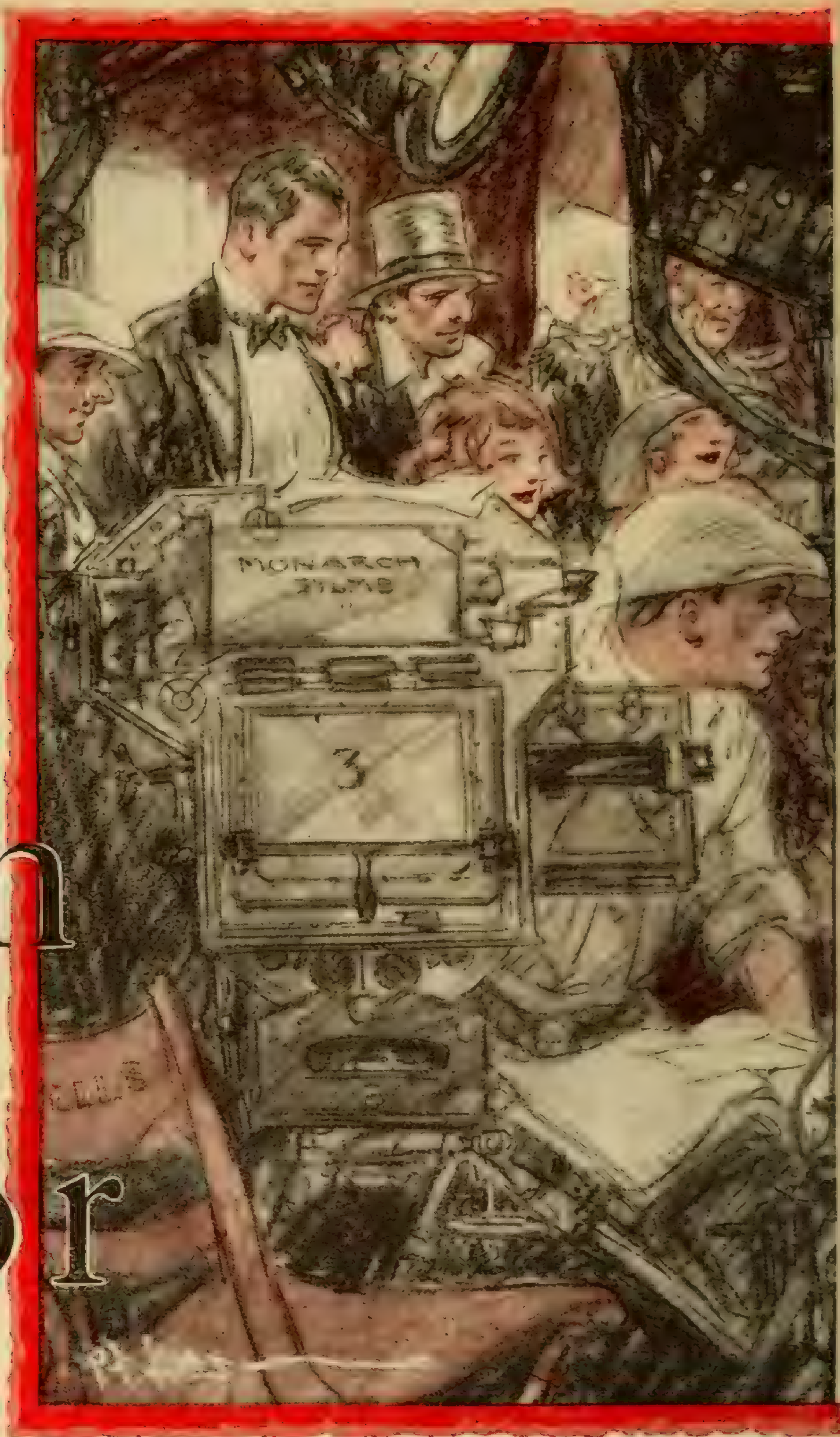
June MacCloy's
"spectator swim-
ming suit"! White
jersey top, black
satin trunks, cape
lined with satin and
appliquéd with
satin discs. The
wooden bracelets
are the newest in
bathing jewelry



Joan Blondell, who
made her first talkie
hit as the wise-
cracking younger
sister in "Office
Wife," scores a
beach hit in this up-
to-the-minute bo-
lero-jacketed suit

*When Love's on the
Hollywood see-saw—
a great story like this
happens!*

Ham Actor



By Charles J. McGuirk

Illustrated by R. F. James

THEY could say what they liked about Hollywood, its Oriental lavishness and its tremendous salaries, but the place never inspired Don Halburton—of Halburton and Halburton, refined singing and dancing act—with any awe. He felt that the moving pictures had ruined vaudeville, his profession, and he had a consequent envious contempt for them and for the people who triumphed in them. As he said, one day in their dressing room, to Patricia, his wife, the other half of the act:

"Don't talk to me about Hollywood and the pictures. Hollywood is the place where all the fourflushers go when they die and are swept out of show business.

"Of course, once in a while a real trouper goes out there for a couple of months and gets a bundle of dough for prostituting his art. But you'll notice he don't stay. Soon as his contract is up, he's back playing Broadway where the audiences get his gags and give him the hand he deserves. Hollywood! Huh! What's the matter, Babe? Don't you feel good?"

Patricia hastened to assure him she felt fine and disclaimed any responsibility for her idle remark that it would be nice to

work in Hollywood in the pictures for a while. She just happened to be running through a motion picture magazine and had come across some photographs of one of the star's homes in Beverly Hills.

She didn't tell him that she was a little tired of passing her life in hotel rooms and Pullman berths in the little time they weren't working fourteen hours out of every twenty-four in the vaudeville houses.

She didn't tell him she missed the babies she had never had and the home in the suburbs they didn't own, though they made enough money to have put down at least a first payment in the four years they had been married.

She didn't tell him that the sight of any hut, hovel, house or castle that looked inhabited set up a fierce home-maker's yearning in her which dried her tongue and set her heart to galloping. And she didn't tell him any of these things because she was afraid and a little ashamed.

She knew she had married Don under the false pretense



that she was a real trouper. She had been able to fool him for nearly five years, since they had first met in Altoona where he was playing Number 2 spot with a male partner in a dancing act and she was one of the chorus in a tabloid musical comedy.

All through their courtship, which lasted eight months and was just one vaudeville bill after another, she had led him to believe that the theater was her greatest ambition and that she would rather sing and dance than eat. She had never been able to decide to this day whether Don's proposal was a romantic declaration or a business proposition.

"Listen, baby." He had begun it. "Maybe you've noticed that I'm a pretty good hoofer." She had, and she told him so. "All right, hon. And you're no cripple yourself. And you got a sweet voice. Now listen. My partner and me is splitting up. I can teach you the routine for six-seven numbers and we'll pick up a couple of swell songs for you and we'll have an act that will wow them. Why, baby," and his eyes had lit with the vision, "we'll be playing the Palace in a year. Let's get married." And so they were married.

They did have a good act. They built it up till it was a sought-after addition to any vaudeville bill. And they played

There, in the glare of the lights, Patricia was putting it over. Even Deane, the leading man, had more fire in his eyes than the script asked. And Don, back of the camera, thought, "Yeah, the kid's good. And why not? I taught her all she knows!"

the Palace several times, but not in any headline spot. That failure to make the feature position burned Don up. He blamed favoritism.

She didn't believe that, because she could see they weren't quite headliners, but she never dared admit it. And Don told her ten or fifteen times a day that all the good things in their act were his. His routines, his gags, his wonderful dancing, his quick wit and his baritone voice were the things that sent it over. And his looks.

SHE raised casual eyes from the magazine and behind an absent expression gloated over him. There wasn't a better looking man on either stage or screen than Don Halburton. Even if he did know it. How could he help knowing it with women telling him every chance they got? Twenty-five, tall, lithe and strong with the catlike strength of the dancing man. His hair was black, his eyes gray, his face thin and dark, like a Spaniard's. His thin-lipped mouth was crooked and sarcastic. He looked like the artist he insisted he was.

He was a child of the theater, born, as he expressed it, in a suitcase and raised in the wings. And he knew show business backwards. She wasn't the only one who appreciated him.

Talkies? Easy! Then Don and Pat tried them!

She had her own bothers keeping the women away from him. Of course, he was easy for them. What man wouldn't be, with his chances? But other women didn't bother her—much.

Patricia sighed and returned to the magazine. She was glad their twenty-weeks booking was nearly over. Don was worrying about a new contract but she was looking forward to a rest. She wished they had a home of their own in which to take it, instead of a theatrical hotel. If they only had a big house now! She gave herself up to a sudden saturnalia of imagination as she saw herself furnishing it. She'd have a dining room suite—

"Come on, babe. It's near time to go on. Better slip into the costume."

AS she stepped out of her dress she looked like a dryad. She was twenty-three and looked seventeen. Her small, round head was heavy with ash-blonde hair. Her blue eyes danced and invited under her low broad forehead. Her delicate mouth was laughing.

Her graceful body was warm Carrara marble, slender with a rounded slenderness. Her shapely legs tapered to slim ankles and narrow, strong dancing feet.

Looking at her, one thought desirously of moonlight and shadowy forest on the shores of a whispering sea—with her. And that was Patricia's trouble.

She was a frustrated housewife in the body of a dancing girl. *Venus married. Mrs. Aphrodite.*

"That's a neat outfit," Don told her, as she slipped into her long tulle dress. "As snappy as I thought it would be when I picked it out. Brings out your lines. Women are wising up to the fact that the less men see of 'em the better they like 'em. Let's go. And don't let down tonight. We need new booking and you never can tell who will be sitting out front. Maybe," he sneered, "a movie magnate."

"All right," smiled Patricia. "If he is, we'll pull him out of his seat."

There was a movie magnate in the house that night—Abe Wagner, president, founder and brains of Monarch Films, in New York for a merger which he had just successfully completed.

He sat in an aisle seat, a fat, bald-headed little man with shrewd monkey eyes and a thick-lipped mouth, concealing his incurable zest in the gaudy tinsel of the stage under a mask of boredom. He was mildly amused as the bill played itself before him, but untouched. Until Halburton and Halburton appeared and went into their act. Then, with a soft grunt, he sat forward in his seat.

Abe Wagner was captivated by Patricia's slender beauty and grace. His eyes lit with joy at her smooth, sensuous movements. His ear was soothed by her sweet, husky voice when it was raised in a song. He recognized her partner half irritably as her necessary foil. When they finished, his hearty hand-clap clattered above the generous applause. He was six million male movie fans rolled into one, and the six million had just made another discovery.

"That's a swell kid," he told Davey Cohen, his secretary, who sat beside him. "She's got everything. Young. Refined. Beautiful. Get her for me."

"Okay, boss," said Davey Cohen who would have said "Okay, boss," in that same tone if Abe had told him to arrange for a location on the moon. "It looks like I'll have to get the whole act. These vaudeville teams won't break up, generally."

"All right," Abe snarled. "Get the act if you have to. But try and get her alone. That partner is a ham. He'll be stickin' his nose in out in Hollywood and gummin' up the works. By herself she'd be easy to direct."

"Okay, boss," said Davey Cohen.

"THIS here now Halburton and Halburton act playing the Eighty-fourth Street this week," said Davey

Cohen next morning to Sam Lessor, booking agent with whom he had started in show business, "who's booking them?"

"I am," said Sam. "Why?"

"Well, the old man and me caught the act last night and he likes the girl. How long does their booking run?"

"It's up next week."

"Good," said Davey. "What's the chance of breaking up the act? The old man can't use the partner."

"There's no chance and the old man will have to use him. If you break up that act, you're a wonder. It's been tried by nearly everybody in vaudeville from here to Chicago. They're married."

"Oh, well," said Davey Cohen, "there's no swell party without a big head the morning after. Who's their agent?"

But it was Don, himself, who dictated the terms by which they descended (his own word) into the movies in Abe Wagner's office. He was the originator, producer and manager of a vaudeville act so good that the movies were crying for it. So he did all the talking.

Patricia sat, adorable and childlike, in an over-stuffed chair three times too big for her. Abe [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]

A visiting fireman in Hollywood found a Broadway pal sunning himself on the Boulevard.

"Looking prosperous," he said. "Don't you have to work in the studios any more?"

"Nope," said the loafing friend, shifting his toothpick. "The boss caught me."

"How do you mean, caught you?"

"Looking over the transom!" came back the owner of The True Secret of How to Succeed in the Talkies.

\$5,000 in Cash Prizes

ANOTHER month and the fun will be on! And it's fun that pays dividends in cash!

In the June issue PHOTOPLAY's annual Cut Puzzle Contest gets away to a flying start.

It lasts four months, and when the final returns are in, our readers are going to be \$5,000 richer.



The sort of composite picture you'll enjoy unscrambling when PHOTOPLAY's annual Cut Puzzle Contest starts next month. Just match hair, eyes and mouth—and presto!

Another Famous Photoplay Contest

OUR prizes, in past years, have sent boys and girls to school, have financed long and happy holidays, have helped buy homes. What they've done before, they can do for you in 1931.

Unscrambling our mixed-up pictures of film favorites is just hard enough to make it fascinating and just easy enough to allow every member of the family—including Junior and Mary Jane—to take part.

There'll be seventy cash prizes. Start reaching for the June issue, out May 15. Fun and profits—some combination!

The Perils of Marlene

They are in danger of being oversold by a zealous director

WHAT'S to be done about Marlene Dietrich's legs?

You may reply, "I thought they were all right," or "Just look, and like it!" But that is slipshodly begging a very serious question that confronts the motion picture world today.

With "Dishonored"—her third picture—snapping on the screens Marlene is now definitely set as a hot box-office pet and star of the first magnitude. The same picture poses the problem that we must face if we are men and not mice.

You may and will say that America was made Marlene-conscious and Dietrich-hungry by her beauty, her talent, her colossal press-agenting. I say that her tremendous overnight popularity and appeal was not fatally hurt by the pictures of her that were spread across the United States—pictures showing her wearing a feather boa, a yard of velvet and a slow, cool smile.

THOSE lovely legs bellowed from billboards, they leaped at the beholder from newspapers and magazines. They spoke more eloquently than the rantings of seven hundred foaming press-agents.

The Twin Perils of Marlene began, with "Morocco," as a lure and a delight. They smote us in "The Blue Angel"—in which all her costumes together would not furnish decent raiment for four orphaned midgets.

But in "Dishonored," owing to the mistaken generosity and zeal of the talented Herr Direktor, Josef Von Sternberg, they constitute an overdose of sex appeal, a plethora of beauty and a definite menace to the future sound and solid career of the Belle of Berlin.

Let me remind you.

The picture opens with a close-up of two silk-clad legs. No more was necessary. The crowd of

Well, here they are—glamorous, appealing, dominating every scene in which they appear, no matter how thrilling the action. There is really no need to tell you whose they are!

By

Leonard
Hall

devotees in the theater sighed aloud—"It's Dietrich!" Those ineffable, unmatched understandings, twinklin' in the rain! We'd have known them in the dead of an African night!

THE length and breadth of the picture was dominated, ruled and obsessed by the superb stems of Marlene Dietrich! When she and Victor McLaglen, rival spies, faced each other and life and death were in the balance—the eyes strayed from the pistol-point to the legs of Marlene, carelessly revealed with such exquisite care by a director who knows his selling points.

They were displayed from end to end in "Dishonored," for any reason or none save their own virtues. They dominated every dramatic scene in which they appeared, and they appeared in them all. They were, in fact, the stars of the piece—and the rest of Marlene and all of the huge, hairy McLaglen were forced to divide what slim honors remained—with a bow to Von Sternberg.

For a time I didn't know whether I was looking at a spy drama or a hosiery show.

And who can forget the picture's end?

Dietrich, nonchalant as only a lady spy can be when she knows the rifles are loaded with blanks, faces the firing squad. The fatal drum starts the long roll. The troops draw a bead on that fair, alabaster brow.

THEN, as the word of command trembles on the officer's lips, Marlene reaches down, hikes her skirt up to here, and adjusts one silken stocking! The soldiers shudder, but they know their duty! In fact, they, and not the victim, should be blindfolded!

Blooie! A ragged volley rings out, and Marlene is gathered to her fathers. Thank God she died

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]





GARBO, done according to the ancient Greek principles of "dynamic symmetry," by the sculptor, Julian Bowes. "Garbo's proportions are identical with the famous statue of Athena by Phidias," says Mr. Bowes. "The ratio is 1 to 1.4472, or a square plus a root five triangle." Oh, so *that's* what Garbo's got, eh?

He Has Two Bosses

GEORGE ARLISS dodges dinner invitations whenever possible. Dinners out so frequently embarrass him, because he doesn't eat meat. And it's such a fuss refusing meat courses—and explaining why.

It all dates back, the story is told, a decade or more. George Arliss and his wife were making a trans-continental American trip. It was a year of great drought. In the cattle country, the train passed through miles of range—and cattle were dying like flies. Thirst-tortured kine were leaning against range fences, too weak to stand. It was a pitiful thing to see.

The Arlisses were, even then, noted for their humane activities. The sight of the tortured steers was too much for Mrs. Arliss. "If dumb beasts can be tortured like that," she said, "in order to provide food for us humans, then I for one will never eat meat again!" And she went vegetarian.

But Arliss liked meat. Arliss kept on eating meat, even after his wife had quit. But not for long. Every time he put a bit of meat into his mouth, his own conscience and his wife's accusing eye made it so untasty for him that by and by he, too, swore off meat. And he's never eaten meat since that day.

"I never," he explains it now, "eat anything I can pat."

He eats fish, though. You can't pat a fish. That is, without a struggle.

HE has other aversions, too, besides meat. Just as strong, for instance, is his objection to being thought old. He's sixty-three this year. For more than forty of those sixty-three years, he's been an actor. Yet it galls Arliss like nobody's business to be called a "veteran of the stage"! He burns when he's classed with old-timers—like Otis Skinner, for example. He wants to be thought a contemporary, and not "old-school."

Yet he has some decidedly old-school notions. His dislike of off-stage limelight, for instance. Other actors of today may crave

An intimate portrait of a man who desires knighthood, tea and privacy

By Harry Lang

have worked out a newshound-dodging system. When Arliss' train pulls into the depot, Jenner is first off. With him comes an avalanche of luggage, wraps, traveling blankets and such. And behind this screen of activity, a little fellow quietly sneaks to the ground and hustles, virtually unseen, away. That's Arliss.

EVEN after Arliss has made his getaway, Jenner keeps on doing his stuff. Baggage arranged, he stands for minutes, peering expectedly at the coach exit, as though Arliss must appear any minute. And by the time would-be interviewers, greeters, *et al* have discovered the ruse, Arliss is merrily on his way to his hotel!

This man Jenner—his real name is George, but he's always called Jenner—has been with Arliss for a quarter of a century. He takes care of Arliss militantly. He's a big, bluff, stolid Briton, and service and devotion to his *marster* are everything to him. He's jealous of any other person who performs any service for Arliss—even of Mrs. Arliss, and he makes no secret of it. Jenner and Mrs. Arliss are almost always at odds over Arliss. One day a message was to be delivered to Mrs. Arliss on the set. Jenner was asked:

"Will you please tell Mrs. Arliss that . . ."

"Tell 'er yourself," snapped Jenner, "she and I ain't speakin'!"

It's said that between the assiduous ministrations of his wife and his Jenner, Arliss hardly ever has his own way in anything. But that's all wrong.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 144]



The gentleman from Bloomsbury, George Arliss, star of stage and screen. At the left, Jenner, his valet, who is one of his bosses. At the right, the other—Mrs. Arliss, who has been his devoted helpmate for over thirty years

Those Awful Reporters!



Sometimes press-agents make mistakes. They did when they booted reporters off the Clara Bow premises. It aroused more curiosity!

the nasty scandal sheets! Heart-breaking! But if you have tears to shed wait a while—a long, long while.

What has actually happened since the Clara Bow-Daisy De Voe trial?

Clara Bow is making "Kick In" for her old employers. Fans all over the country rushed to Clara's aid. They wrote letters begging that she be given another chance. Clara's popularity in a movie contest run by the *New York Daily News* was not hurt one iota by the trial.

The public will forgive seven times seven when a movie idol totters on her pedestal.

But the moving picture mighty have not yet learned this. With the first chill wind of adverse publicity they run to cover, and blame everything on the scandal sheets.

"Unfair," they cry. "Why don't you print as much about

Elsie Glitz who was arrested yesterday?"

Elsie isn't a movie idol. It is perfectly true that any editor would give Clara

THERE'S no use in keeping it a secret any longer. A war has been going on for some time between the Fourth Estate and the Fourth Industry—and the movies have suffered from it. In fact, the movie stars have been the only casualties to date.

The movie moguls claim the newspapers "play up" every act of the stars, that they may sell more papers. Newspapermen retort that newspapers are made to be sold, and that if moving picture people behaved themselves they wouldn't get into bigger and blacker headlines.

Next to your relations and your neighbors, the movie stars are the people you know best. You know Clara Bow's dimples, her eyebrows, the way she wrinkles her nose when she laughs, the color of her hair, the calibre of her frown, the quality of her voice, and the gestures of her pudgy hands. Were you interested in her suit against Daisy De Voe?

Were you not?

At least, newspaper editors thought you were, hence the wash on the line, the stories of her boy friends, her clothes, her check book, her smiles and sniffles, and the fact that Clara, like Dorothy in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," was the sort of girl who gave men presents.

Clara was in hot water. It was found out at the trial that Clara was gently lit on occasion, played poker, and wasn't above threatening if she felt a bit peevish.

ANOTHER movie scandal! Old Man Adverse Publicity had reared his ugly head once more and this time it would be fatal for Clara.

Her producers wisely played close to the chest. They weren't going to show their hand until they found out how Mr. and Mrs. Public felt towards Clara.

A Broadway actress, Sylvia Sidney, was given a rôle scheduled for Clara. Women's clubs in the North, South, East and West met for the purpose of weighing the case against Miss Bow.

Poor Clara! Poor little butterfly kicked into the gutter by



Hollywood in its Golden Age of Publicity Bunk
In those dear, dead days, little Hazel Happy model
in clay, or made doilies. We loved it!

War between the Fourth Estate and Fourth Industry! Newspapers and studios battle over Hollywood's soiled linen!

By

Mildred Spain

Illustrated by Van Arsdale

lines—and what lines!—in preference to some obscure girl whose private life would make Clara's look like the story of Elsie Dinsmore in Hollywood. Provided—that is—that Elsie did no more than Clara did in having Daisy De Voe arrested. Yet suppose that Elsie were the heroine—so called—of the latest murder mystery. Clara's publicity in that instance would be as nothing compared to Elsie's.

There was a story not long ago which said Al Capone was visiting Clara. Poor Clara again. It turned out to be a lot of talk, but the papers carried the yarn just the same. Press-agents had kept reporters from seeing Clara and checking up on the truth of the rumor. If these men—who are also known as suppress-agents—had allowed the re-



Sob writers and stars always squabble about beauty.
"Beautiful, but so dumb!" scribbles the sobbie
"What a frump!" says the pretty starlet



One story the newspapers never printed, and rightly.
Once upon a time Doug Fairbanks fired a leading
lady—because she had square hips

porters to talk to the film lady, everything would have been cleared up.

And here we come to the core of the trouble. It's a long story, but I'm going to tell it anyway.

IGNORANCE of the functioning of newspapers is directly responsible for the Clara Bow-Daisy De Voe trial, and many others.

Daisy didn't know she couldn't sell Clara's letters and telegrams to the newspapers. Clara didn't know it, either. Officials of the movie companies do not seem to understand that unless a ticklish situation, such as this was, becomes public property through court action, the papers are helpless—they cannot print one line.

A movie star is the sole owner of her private letters, believe it or not. The law protects private letters. The private letters of a former president, now dead, were found to be the property of his heirs—and those to whom they had been written—and who still possessed them—could not legally publish them.

Daisy De Voe, one of the many who trail after movie stars with fame and money, was put on trial in the Los Angeles courts, charged with the larceny of some \$16,000. She had been hired by Clara to be a secretary. She made herself also a duenna, a detective and a grafter.

But was it Daisy who was tried, or was it Clara?

Well, anyhow, her employers didn't go back on Clara, not after they found out that nothing can blast Clara's reputation with her public. Daisy is in jail [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 138]



Many call her the prettiest girl in Hollywood. But tough breaks dog Mary Nolan's footsteps. Now in vaudeville, she still hopes ardently for a picture career

RUTH CHATTERTON, visiting the Long Island Studio, came upon Tallulah Bankhead at work, cameras grinding.

"Stop!" shrieked Tallulah. And the grinding ceased. She was introduced to Miss Chatterton. A few pleasantries were exchanged and then Tallulah said in her sweetest voice, "Would you mind leaving the set while I do this scene?"

"Not at all," smiled Miss Chatterton, pleasantly. "I'll be going."

"We're living at the same hotel," from Miss Bankhead, calling after her.

"Yes,"—from Ruth. "See you in the lobby some time."

WE have been wondering why little Mary Philbin dropped so completely out of pictures. We knew there have been several nooks where she fitted. Now we learn it is her health.

She may have to follow Lila Lee and Renee Adoree to an Arizona sanitarium. Poor little girls whose bodies are not as strong as their ambitions.

SEEN at the recent Mayfair dance. Carole Lombard planting a soft kiss on the lower cheek of William Powell, during the last dance of the evening. Yet, only an hour before, they had been trying to hide from having their pictures taken together.

A bit inconsistent.

ON again? Off again? It's hard to tell, but it seems to be on again with Joan Bennett and John Considine. Anyway, Joan is wearing

CAL YORK

Announcing-



International

Meet the new Mrs. MacLean! Douglas, former star comedian and now an associate producer for Radio Pictures, steps in to get a license to marry this pretty lady—Lorraine Eddy, an actress of stage and screen. Doesn't Doug look happy?

an enormous emerald on her engagement finger—a recent acquisition. She has just signed a five-year contract with Fox and moved into a brand new house in Beverly Hills.

THEY were filming a Western thriller, and the director was giving his all. Turning away from the brink of a tall cliff, he noticed a straw dummy lying beside him.

"Good heavens," he screamed, "who was it we threw over the cliff?"

PERSISTENT rumors have it that Estelle Taylor is on her way to Paris, and when movie folks go to Paris they're not supposed to go to visit the Louvre.

COLLEEN MOORE may be married to Al Scott by the time this magazine appears on the newsstands.

WEDDING bells for Dorothy Sills, nineteen-year-old daughter of the late Milton Sills. On March 19th in New York City, Miss Sills became Mrs. Robert Swayze Way.

HERE'S irony. Carman Barnes' play "Schoolgirl," which got her a Paramount contract and what looks like a bright future—was the cause of her being expelled from one of New York's most exclusive girls' schools.

IRENE RICH'S daughter, Frances, graduates from Smith College in June. She will come immediately to Hollywood to enter pictures.

And since she has already hired a press-agent, we take it she means business.

MARION DAVIES was entertaining. The Marquis de la Falaise arrived and she escorted him among her guests to make introductions.

The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!



You'll enjoy looking at Charlie Chaplin's favorite partner at London parties. Sari Maritza, a young actress who may come to Hollywood to make some talkies



The famous composer of "Rhapsody in Blue" takes off his coat and concocts some music for the talkies. George Gershwin at his piano on the Fox lot. Beside him is his brother Ira, who writes lyrics. On the piano, Guy Bolton, librettist

They approached Gloria Swanson. Gloria's eyes twinkled; she extended her hand.

"I suppose you remember meeting me?"

"With much pleasure!" was the quick, gallant answer.

So well does he remember that, when we dropped in on Gloria's set the other afternoon, we found the Marquis among those who were paying their respects to the star!

No, Constance Bennett was not among the number.

Perhaps she was working.

A GUSHING lady visitor was being taken through the Paramount Studios.

She was introduced to Buddy Rogers and she gushed, "Oh, Mr. Rogers, I'm so glad to meet you. Tell me—how is your nice, funny father, Will?"

YES, Clara Bow has started her new picture. And now all the wisecracks who said, "She'll never make another," are busy saying they meant, "after she finishes *this* picture."

Oh, hum, it's wise to be dumb in this city. The new one is Willard Mack's famous melodrama, "Kick In." Regis Toomey's the leading man.

WILL ROGERS has been suffering from a badly swollen wrist. Everybody swears it was from a polo injury, and not from reaching for a check at the Embassy Club.

LOVE and So Forth—

Six months of matrimony and Dixie Lee separates from her megaphone-crooning hubby, Bing Crosby . . . he was a good harmonizer in a dance band, but not so good as such at home. . . . Tim McCoy, Western film star,

and his wife separate . . . she says she won't file suit for divorce, but can't go on living with McCoy because he's "gone Hollywood." . . . Lina Basquette rejoins her interlocutorily-divorced hubby, Pev Marley. . . . "It won't be necessary for us to remarry," he gloats, "because our divorce won't be final until next September . . ."

Hollywood tongue-waggings whisper that all is not well between Frank Fay and his wife, Barbara Stanwyck . . . and Frank and Barbara both insist it's just another Hollywood rumor and she's still cooking the Fay hot cakes. . . . Frances Marion and George Hill enjoying post-divorce *tête-à-têtes* at Hollywood restaurants. . . . Hans Kraly and Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch still devotedly going places together . . . remember the big battle?

DOUGLAS MACLEAN, who used to be film funster and is now associate producer at Radio, ups and marries Lorraine Eddy, actress . . . his former wife Renoed him last fall. . . . Colleen Moore going places with one Al Scott, but admits and denies nothing at all. . . . Mrs. Joseph Schildkraut gets court judgment for \$8,570 back alimony which she says ex-hubby didn't pay her. . . .

Howard Brown, movie producer, marries actress Elizabeth Rose Caldwell. . . . Virginia Valli, off a honeymooning with brand new hubby Charles Farrell, tells ship-news reporters that henceforth she wants to be known as Mrs. Charles Farrell.

Kenneth MacKenna and the Mrs., *née* Kay Francis, still honeymooning. . . . Mary Miles Minter and Tenor Joseph Diskay seen places

Tune in, folks, on Cal York's



Beaver! Recognize the distinguished looking gent behind the hedge? Yep, it's our handsome friend, Fredric March. He sunburned his face so badly in Bermuda he couldn't shave for days

together. . . . Hollywood hears that the romance between John McCormick, Colleen Moore's ex-hubby, and Mae Clark, is cool. . . .

Vivienne Sengler, screen dancer, files another breach-of-promise suit against Maurice Costello, who used to be the johngilbert of the early screen days

EDDIE WOODS, screen juvenile, announces his betrothal to Harriet Parsons, magazine writer. . . . Thelma Todd, who hasn't been seen any more with Ivan Lebedeff, goes places lately with orchestra leader Abe Lyman. . . . Nick Stuart and Sue Carol gradually taking top rank as happiest Hollywood couple. . . . Ina Claire takes beach house at Santa Monica. . . . Jack Gilbert has one at Malibu . . . miles apart. . . . Bill Boyd and wife Dorothy Sebastian honeymooning in Honolulu. . . . Anita Page is seen places with Carl Laemmle, Jr. . . . Virginia Cherrill, Charlie Chaplin's leading lady, and Buster West's ex-girlfriend, now seen out with Eddie Grainger, associate producer at Fox. . . . Virginia is working in Fox films. . . . Constance Bennett, in radio interview, says sure she'll marry again "if the right man comes along" . . . line forms on the right. . . .

DEATH has sundered one of the grandest old couples in picture history.

Maybe their names don't mean much to youngsters now, but every faithful film fan remembers James Neill and Edythe Chapman. No Lasky picture, in the old days, was com-

plete without one, or both of these troupers.

James Neill has just died, at seventy, after forty-seven years on stage and screen, and thirty-four years of happy, fruitful married life with Miss Chapman, who survives him.

His last picture rôle was in "Man to Man." He played Aaron in "The Ten Commandments" and The Apostle James in "The King of Kings."

WHEN Cecil B. De Mille gets interested in a scene, he'll work himself and his players far into the afternoon without ever stopping for lunch.

The other day, luncheon had not been called and it was after two o'clock.

Eleanor Boardman looked at her watch and said, "I know what happened to C. B. when he went to the hospital the last time. They took his stomach out."

MARLENE DIETRICH has a famous chauffeur, as such things go.

His name is Harry Wright. Once he pushed the gilded hack of His Majesty, the King of the Belgians, and during the Boer War he acted as personal bodyguard to the late Lord Kitchener.

Now he has the honor of driving Marlene Dietrich from place to place.

Is that a job?

AND now everybody is saying that Garbo will make only three and possibly four more pictures and then return to Sweden to watch the northern lights in lonely splendor.

But it seems it isn't so. Garbo's contract has a year and a half to run and there's no way for her to get out of it.

WESLEY RUGGLES, the director who brought "Cimarron" to the screen so magnificently, is paying now for all his hard work.

He is at his Malibu Beach home under the

care of doctors and nurses with a strained heart, due to overwork.

HARRISON CARROLL reports that a drunk saw Jack Coogan, Sr., dancing at one of the smart hotels and said, "He sure was funny when he was a youngster."

THOSE who know Pauline Starke realize the tragedy of the end of her romance with Jack White. By the time you read this, the divorce will be filed, although Pauline has made no statements to the newspapers.

It will be as dignified a procedure as possible, and you can rest assured that Pauline will say nothing against Jack White, because she loves him.

You'll remember that Pauline's career has been dotted with tragedy. She is one of the best troupers in Hollywood, who never quite got the breaks. "A Connecticut Yankee" put her on top in the silent days. A long term contract with M-G-M followed and then came a gradual decline. But Pauline didn't really bother about that, for in 1927 she married comedy producer Jack White.

It was an ideal romance, it seemed. She had known and admired him for years. She loved him deeply.

A radiant, happy young matron, she thought she had everything when she took her first talking part in a James Cruze picture. Nobody knows exactly what happened, but Pauline was replaced by another actress. And still, although she loved to work, she didn't care a lot, for there was Jack, the husband she adored.

DID you hear the story about the actress who discovered that her name had been left out of advertisements of a picture in which she had appeared?

Anyhow, she rushed up to the producer and said, "See here—no billing, no cooing."



John Barrymore has crossed swords with some of the world's greatest swordsmen; he's crossed all the Seven Seas; he has crossed wits with brilliant conversationalists. Now he rounds out a lifetime of crossings by crossing eyes with Ben Turpin! They met on the Warner lot, with this terrible result

Hollywood Station—N-E-W-S

It looks pretty tough for Billy Haines unless the old wisecracker gets a bang-up good story. Billy is one of those actors who seem to have just so long a time to run—a personality kid.

He's been given the same sort of rôles and that can't last.

The funny part is that Bill is a really swell actor. The few dramatic scenes he's done are invariably better than his comedy ones. But he made his name as a smart guy and smart guy he must stay.

I imagine that when his time is come, Billy won't care an awful lot. He has a profitable antique business. He's been smart about saving his money. That home of his is so beautiful I should think he'd hate to leave it at all, and he has grand friends.

I can't picture Billy being too awfully unhappy no matter what happens.

FOUND! The man who doesn't care much about Garbo!

Frederick Lonsdale, the British dramatist who wrote "Devil to Pay" for Ronnie Colman, is the cool laddie.

He says he deems Greta incapable of speaking English properly, and doesn't care to write a picture for her, thanks very much! He will do some for Metro, however, now and then.

Rippin' joke on old Freddie if Metro sticks Garbo in one of them after all, what, what?

THE latest "most popular player" contest has just checked in—from India! And Clara Bow won—those Indians like curry and Clara and hot stuff.

HELEN CHANDLER is notorious for getting words all mixed up. Not very long ago her husband, Cyril Hume, the novelist, received a letter from the French government (or maybe it wasn't) telling him that they would finance him for a year if he would go to Madagascar and write a novel with that place

as the locale. The idea was to popularize the community.

Helen was intrigued with the idea and the next day on the set she said:

"Well, I may not be here much longer. Cyril and I are thinking about going to Madagascar to populate it."

JUST because Corinne Griffith has not appeared on the screen recently is no criterion that she has been idling away the hours. Far from it. Corinne has a knack for business and owns most of the choice spots in and about Beverly Hills, including office buildings, vacant lots and a swell mansion. In fact most of the property that goes to make Beverly Hills has passed through Corinne's very beautiful hands at some time or another. She is an able and respected citizen.

It was Corinne who took the first taxi ride when the Yellow Cab Company brought their invaluable service to the town. Never a Chamber of Commerce dinner without Corinne's name on the honor list. All in all, we nominate Corinne for the next mayor of Beverly.

OUR nomination for the meanest man in the world—the Hollywood director who installed a microphone in the guest-room where guests take off their hats and coats at his parties.

Whatever is said there, is broadcast from a loud speaker downstairs.

REMEMBER we said, not so long ago, that Pathe should straighten out the contract trouble between themselves and Ann Harding and because of her grand work and her equally grand standing at the box-office, give the little girl everything she wants?

Modesty forbids our saying that they took our humble advice. But the fact remains that the old contract—the one that caused the trouble—has been torn up and Ann has a brand new one that runs for three years. She gets



Weight, Hollywood's bugaboo, was the cause of Marie Prevost's Metro contract not being renewed. A grand little actress, but oh, those fatal pounds! Marie as she looked in "Paid"

more money—lots more—and won't be loaned to other companies.

MRS. CHEVALIER is tired of being just the missus.

The French star's wife is a musical comedy favorite in Paris. Here she has just been Mrs. Maurice Chevalier. So she is about to take a vaudeville whirl, billed as Yvonne Vallée, her stage name.

But you can bet your last sou that somewhere on the boards, in sizable type, will be "Mrs. Maurice Chevalier." Show business is like that. There's plenty in a name, Mr. Shakespeare!

GENE MARKEY continues to be Gloria Swanson's most steady boy friend.

Gene's the writer, you know, who came to Hollywood in the wake of Ina Claire. While he was rushing Westward, Ina slipped off and married John Gilbert.

RAMON NOVARRO wears a little wire cap between scenes to keep his hair in place—a sort of glorified marcel cap.

THE volcanic daddy of the three Bennett beauties is in pictures again. Meaning that Richard, sire of The Three Graces, Connie, Barbara and Joan, is playing Marion Davies' father in "Five and Ten," her new talkie.

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How they took closeups of the family at the dinner table for "Bad Sister." Camera and microphone were placed in the center and swung around as each actor spoke his piece. The players, beginning at the bottom and moving right—Charles Winninger, Helene Chadwick, Bette Davis, Emma Dunn and Sidney Fox

Here Comes Tallulah!

The American girl, who fascinated London with her paprika, comes home and makes a talkie. She's a brand new type—will she hit or miss?

By
*Frances
Denton*

THE ginger of a Clara Bow—the wise eyes and cool brow of a Garbo—the throaty voice of a Jeanne Eagels—the smartness of tomorrow's best epigram—that's Tallulah Bankhead!

Well—it will give you an idea of this Alabama girl who has come back to America to make some talkies after standing London on its delicate, shell-pink ear for eight years.

She's different, a new type. This Tallulah's going to be big—a big hit, or a big flop. There's nothing half-way about the Bankhead lass.

An American tornado in the English theater since she was twenty, she has come back to the homeland determined to make good for the home-folks in talking pictures. Tossing away the harum-scarum act that enslaved the British equivalent of flapper, Tallulah went to work.

She's finished her first picture, "The Tarnished Lady," at the Paramount Studio on Long Island. She'll make more. She's a personality, this girl. Here's how she became what she is today.

Eight years ago she was an almost unknown youngster on the Broadway stage. She hadn't registered. So she moved on London.

A run on the Bank of England couldn't have stirred staid old London more. Here was something new! She had the enthusiasm, animation, energy that the British think of as American. In this case it was mostly Tallulah. Of course, she's deprecatory.

"Remember, the English stage is old, bred from the same strain for centuries. It had weakened. I brought a new strain, fresh vigor. That's all."

Whatever it was Tallulah brought—pep, talent or glamour—it clicked. She got first-rate parts—"The Green Hat," "The Gold Diggers," "Her Cardboard Lover," "Let Us Be Gay," other plays that had been American sensations.

And London, half terrified and entirely fascinated, took her to its heart. She was a flash of lightning in the

fog. She startled, she thrilled, she delighted. In a few years she was the most popular young actress in Great Britain—this flaming daughter of a line of Alabama politicians.

Thousands of girls had the usual "crushes" on her. She was a real "gallery god"—that British institution which has the frenzied devotion of the customers on the shelf, who are entitled to cheer and boo. They stood in line at theater doors for hours to catch a glimpse of her—they followed her everywhere. The adoration of American movie fans for popular stars is something like it, but not nearly so personal, so vivid and so satisfying. What a girl! She might turn hand-springs in the Savoy Hotel, causing dignified diners to fall headlong into their consommé.

One day a disgruntled American actress came up to Tallulah in a hotel dining-room, slapped her face, tore her hat off and covered her with language.

Tallulah, poised as ever, freed herself, put her hat back on, and lit a cigarette. She was nonchalant. She figured it the proper play. And if she had felt that it would be right to swing a left to the attacker's jaw, why, she'd have done that, too!

There were hearty London farewells when it came time to return to America and tackle talkies. Farewell parties—heart-broken notes from the "gallery gods." And Tallulah sailed home—no longer the vivid youngster, but a smart, mature, poised woman of the world and the theater.

She was perfect when New York met her with pencil and camera. She was dignified and amusing—she said and did the right things. And she went to work like a good trouper.

The head of the company for which she was working came on her set out at Long Island, when "The Tarnished Lady" was in work. Still a little camera and microphone shy, she wondered if he would mind leaving. He didn't, and did.

What manner of girl is this intense young cyclone

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This was a tough picture to get—it shows Tallulah Bankhead in a reposeful state of mind and body. Moving pictures were made for dashing girls like this. A scene from "The Tarnished Lady"

ONE of America's favorite story writers tells of an odd turn of fate in the movie world



The little orphan was bewildered. "They're lovelier—than—heaven!" she murmured breathlessly—

Attar of Roses

THE story began—oh, it might have been a trifle more than ten years ago. Not too long after the war; just before the wave of Latin popularity began to sweep across the screens of a million movie theaters. Slender, sleek-haired heroes weren't, as yet, the vogue. The public taste—and especially that vast percentage of the public taste that was feminine—still ran to muscular arms and broad shoulders and curly, not too short hair, and cleft chins. "He-man" was the priceless adjective. "S. A." hadn't become a national byword.

Muscular arms, broad shoulders, curly hair—and a cleft chin! They made the pattern—a pattern that was hard to beat.

And Roland Roundtree had them all. Had them all—plus! Panting women dreamed of him, wrote fan letters to him, begged for his latest photograph, named their boy babies for him. Greater love hath no following—than that! When he

By
Margaret
E.
Sangster

Illustrated by
H. R. Ballinger





graced the stage of a vaudeville theater, in the flesh, the militia had to be called out—nearly—to keep back the crowds. When he made a new picture it was an event of real importance.

And when he walked down the street—even though the street was thrill-proof Broadway—the crowds fell back to give him precedence and shoulder room. Such was the popularity of Roland Roundtree—just a little over a decade ago.

Perhaps one of the few women in the country who didn't bow down and worship at his shrine was Mary Smithers. And she wasn't a woman yet—she was only a gawky, undernourished, freckled twelve-year-old. And she'd never been to the movies in her life—and she didn't know that such a person as Roland Roundtree existed.

Mary, you see, didn't have much of a chance to get around. She didn't have much of a chance to know what the world was talking about. She lived in a dingy gray building, in a dingy part of the city. The building, and its gray, paved yard, was shut away behind high gray, ominous walls. She—and the others who were her companions—wore gray dresses that looked as if they were made to match the building and the paved yard and the walls.

In fact, the whole world, to Mary, had a gray cast. The skies, the trees, the very stars at night—when she saw them! Mary didn't get much of the fun out of life that a twelve-year-old should get. One day was pretty much like another day—one week was identically modeled after every other week. There wasn't much of laughter for Mary—and there wasn't any love.

No—you're wrong! Mary didn't live in a reformatory—although, from the description, the gray building might just as well have been a reformatory! Mary was one of the two hundred gray-clad youngsters who lived in an orphan asylum. She was so thin, and plain, and hungry-eyed that she'd never run the slightest chance of being adopted, either. She'd never, even, been pretty when she was a baby!

ANYWAY, her isolation was extreme. And her knowledge of passing events was meager. Even the war had only been a vague shadowing of far-off smoke—an unexplained rumble of far-off guns. And she had never, in all of her twelve years, heard mention of the name of Roland Roundtree. She never would have heard it, probably—for a popular idol's fame can vanish as the dew vanishes under the sun—but for a couple of happenings that came together.

Roland Roundtree came from California to her city, to make a personal appearance or two. And Mary—bored to the very fiber of her soul—decided to run away from the asylum.

This story starts, as I said in the beginning, a matter of more than ten years ago. And it starts on the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street—where a good many other stories, very different in motif, have also started.

It began at that moment when Mary—with every freckle etched in sharp relief, upon her white, uplifted, excited little face—was standing on the corner. Drinking in the magic of the amazing, chaotic, kaleidoscope that was New York at night. Reveling in the first romantic impressions of a drab little life.

SHE had run away with great ease, from the asylum. It had been so simple, the business of escape, that Mary—standing in the midst of the swirling crowd—wondered why she'd never thought to do it before. She had merely wandered away from the other children—she had merely been loitering in the vicinity of the barred gate when a delivery man came in with a weekly supply of groceries. It was just before the supper hour—everyone was either preoccupied or actually busy. So Mary just waited until the delivery man had completed his business, and then followed out through the gate, after him.

So silent she had been—such a slim gray wraith, she was, in the shadow of his bulk (he was a stout delivery man) that he had been quite unaware of her. Once she had gained the street there was nothing left to worry about. She just—vanished; it hadn't been hard. She wasn't without funds, either—not a bit of it! There were eight nickels, seven dimes, and two quarters in the pockets of her gray dress. They represented almost two years of intense Scotch thrift. They represented the hoarding of every gift that had been bestowed by every generous visitor. They stood for two Christmas trees and two Easter festivals and one May party and one Thanksgiving.

They stood for more than that—they stood for liberty.

Mary boarded a street car. The car ran only a block from the asylum. She presented a nickel to the conductor.

"What," she said, as she presented the nickel, "is the busiest place in this town?"

The conductor laughed.

"Broadway 'n Forty-second Street," he told her. And then—"You're kinda small to be out alone—and it'll be dark before long—" (Mary didn't look her twelve years).

"I'm on an errand," she said, "for my folks."

(What would it be like to have folks to go on errands for? she wondered.)

She left the car, in the gathering dusk, at the town's busiest corner. The conductor, with knit brows, watched her go.



"But I thought," said her director, "that you came from the London stage!" "It's a good line. I encourage people to think so," said Marye casually

It was he, later, who told a distracted asylum superintendent where a little lost girl might be found.

* * *

MARY had supper. As unlike an asylum supper as possible. She had it in a glittering white-tile restaurant, and she didn't care that it absorbed nearly all of her savings, for it was mostly ice cream and angel cake and pie. After supper she wandered out into the crowded street, and took up her station on the brightest corner. There was so much to see, on that corner. Women in furs—although it was summer. Little girls her own age—but in silk dresses. Sidewalk venders who sold delightful things—Mary bought a chubby Kewpie doll (she'd never seen a Kewpie doll, before) from one of them. Taxis scuttling. Limousines darting. Police blowing whistles. Trolley cars rattling. Noise, thrill, wonder, everywhere. Everything painted in vivid colors—nothing gray . . . Mary stood, enraptured, while minutes became hours. Nobody paid any attention to her—she was such a small, vague thing—and everyone, even the policemen, was so busy. So she just stood—trembling with excitement and delight.

And then all at once from out of a theater doorway came a sound of cheering and clapping. And a group of men elbowed their way through what promised to be a small mob. And

Mary, peering down the street, saw that one of the men was taller than the others, and broader, and more handsome. And that, though the others wore shiny tall hats, his curly head was bare. And that—oddest thing in a whole Arabian Nights evening—he carried a great armful of flowers. Scarlet, long-stemmed roses—dozens of them. Mary had never seen American beauties, before. As the men came down the street, toward her, she caught her breath to see them. And her two thin hands came up to clasp themselves together on her flat little gray-covered breast.

The men were coming close. The crowd, gathering from all around, threatened to submerge them. They were laughing, joking. Mary—caught by the throb of existence—teetered on her toes at their

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How Norma Shearer



Hurrell

THE girl who got what she wanted! Norma Shearer, by her own standards, is Hollywood's perfect success. Fighting and whipping obstacles one by one, she is famous star, admired woman, beloved wife and mother. Yet, in the article over the way, Katherine Albert wonders whether Norma missed some of the joy of life on her climb to glory!

Got What She Wanted

A steel will and driving ambition overcame her handicaps and brought her love and success. But has she missed anything, in her fight for fame?

By Katherine Albert

WHEN Norma Shearer enters a room—oh boy, she enters that room!

Her head is high, chin up, shoulders back. She is the essence of grace and assurance. Graciously, she nods to her friends and you have the feeling that if the drawing-room were in the White House at Washington or Buckingham Palace it would be the same. Invariably, she is the best-dressed (although the least ostentatious), the most beautiful (despite terrific physical handicaps), and altogether the most charming woman in the room. You wish you, yourself, were a little more at ease, just a trifle better groomed. Norma has always been like that. Except once.

That was just before her baby was born. For the first time in her life she was not completely mistress of the circumstances. For once Norma was baffled. Something quite beyond her was happening. She was caught up in nature's whirlpool and her eyes wore a stark look, her shoulders drooped. Norma Shearer, able to bend every person's will to her own, had become merely a woman—a woman who was going to have a baby. And she was afraid.

This new attitude didn't last long. She returned to her own cool, classic self. And why not? Norma, the indomitable, triumphed over whatever whim nature might have had. Norma had a boy.

WHEN the event was announced, a certain star who had always wanted a man child and had a girl instead said, "Norma's had a boy. I knew it. I knew it. Norma *would!*"

At the time I would have bet a tidy sum (well, at least it would have been tidy) that Norma's baby would be a boy. The trouble was I couldn't get a bet. Everybody felt sure that if Norma Shearer wanted a boy she'd get one, despite what Mother Nature had planned, as she's gotten everything else she has wanted.

Now let's go back a bit and see what has caused this divine belief in Norma.

Consider her when she first came to New York from Canada to go into pictures. Her eyes were unusually small and deep set. There was also, in one of them, a slight tendency toward a cast. Her teeth lapped in front. Although her figure was perfect, her legs were not. In fact, D. W. Griffith, who was then the great master, said to her, "My dear, you'll never get along in pictures. Your blue Irish eyes won't photograph."

If ever I were to doubt that mind was greater than matter, Norma Shearer would pull me back into line. When you look at her, you think her utterly beautiful and yet she has these glaring defects. I believe that she hypnotizes you into believing that she is beautiful. I'd expect anything from a woman like Norma.

Nobody knows what she has gone through during that amazing journey toward success. No hours were too long, no effort too tedious if it brought her what she wanted. Her teeth could not be permanently straightened, so for years she wore a brace under them, a device that tortured her. She also learned how to stand, both for still pictures and before the moving film camera so that the lines of her legs would appear to be perfect. Norma didn't miss a single bet.



The raw material. The Norma Shearer of 1923, when she broke into pictures for Louis B. Mayer. Her own spiritual force turned her into the sleek, gorgeous girl across the way

Handicapped as she was physically, what, then, did she have to offer? A theatrical background? Long years of stage experience? A thorough knowledge of screen technique? Not at all. She had never appeared upon a stage or screen. She did not even know a single actor or any one in any way connected with the business. And yet she and her sister (thus unequipped) arrived in New York to get into pictures. Sister Athole soon gave up the fight, but Norma went on. What courage, what sheer will-power, what absolute nerve it took, nobody will ever thoroughly [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

\$2,000.00 *For Your*

\$2,000.00 in cash for best story idea for title
"Beauty and the Boss." Equal amount
for other short picture stories accepted

JUST grab that fellow who has been talking "hard times," hold him fast and shout this in his ear:

"There's \$2,000 waiting for you at PHOTOPLAY'S office!"

It's waiting there for the best story that fits the title, "Beauty and the Boss," which Warner Bros. want to produce with Marian Marsh and David Manners in the leading rôles.

And there are nine more checks for \$2,000 waiting, too.

Yes, nine more for the best stories with picture ideas from amateur writers.

As we told you last month in announcing this opportunity to tell your story in your own way and get \$2,000 for it, originality will mean more than literary ability. It's your story that Warner Bros. want.

If you can tell a story that you think will fit the title of "Beauty and the Boss," fine and dandy! Get right to work and tell it.

But if you think you have a better story of your own, why, that's fine, too. Tell it. If it's human and interesting and original it can win one of the nine \$2,000 checks that are also waiting.

Remember that the wonderful modern cameras and sound mechanisms recognize no limitations. They can tell any story. From the most ponderous depths of the ocean, 20,000 leagues under the sea, to the airy, fanciful regions above the clouds; from the majestic splendors of the Taj Mahal to the homely thatched cottage of the Irish countryside; from the squalid tenements to the mansions of the rich the camera moves

quickly and easily. The whole world is your setting and all the people in it your characters.

But be original—and sincere. Jacob Wilk, manager of the story department of Warner Bros.-First National, whose helpful suggestions are printed here for your guidance, tells you that "the story should roll along just as though you were telling of something that really happened."

"Never for a moment should the disagreeable sensation of artificiality be present."

NOW, just to remind you and reassure you again. You don't have to be a literary genius. Just be original. Look around you, think of things that have happened to you, or that have shaped the lives of your friends. Maybe a great present-day problem that has deeply affected you offers a moving, human story.

Talk it over with the family. Better still, write it with the family.

Let every one in on it, and make it an exciting, thrilling and profitable game.

You have plenty of time, until midnight of July 15. The rules are simple and easy to follow. They are printed on another page.

Read them carefully. Read Mr. Wilk's suggestions. They will help you, too. And now, go to it. Everybody! And win those \$2,000 checks!

By Jacob Wilk

(Manager of the Story Department,
Warner Bros.—First National Pictures)

IT seems ever to be the rule that those things which appear easiest to do are precisely those which in the long run are the most difficult.

What is so simple—on the face of it—as writing a scenario? A few words, dashed off without regard to literary style, or even too strict observance of the rudiments of grammar and—presto! the task is completed. All that remains is to write a crisp business note to the story editor of one of the motion picture companies to accompany the enclosed manuscript, and then to sit back and await the check in (it is fondly hoped) the return mail.

Alas, it is not the check which most often comes back in the return mail but the scenario! And the would-be writer for the screen wonders what could have gone wrong.

It is foolhardy to declare that there are definite rules in writing scenarios, any more than there are rules in writing books. Every time an authority sets himself up to codify the laws of an art like writing,



The camera recognizes no limitations. It moves time backward or forward, goes all places at all times and sees all things. This street scene of Chicago in 1909, constructed on the Warner Bros. lot for a sequence in "The Public Enemy," is but one example of what the movies can do

See Page 94 For

Picture Idea

somebody comes along and succeeds in creating a masterpiece in spite of the fact that he has disregarded all of them.

Rules being what they are, please be warned that you will find none here. What I propose to submit for your consideration are admonitions and precautions. Observe them carefully and you will avoid the pitfalls that litter the path of the scenarist.

Guard against being insincere. This doesn't mean you are to write a scenario consisting only of the innermost secrets of your life. It doesn't even mean you are to exploit the secrets of your friends' lives—although that is getting nearer to it. In the strictest sense, it means writing only that in which you *believe*—never that which you, yourself know is silly but which you imagine will prove acceptable to others.

AS a matter of fact, nothing is so difficult to pass off successfully as pseudo-material which is written with the thought in back of the author's head that here is something about which he knows little and cares less. The deceit breaks through every line, and the story editor, in reading such manuscripts, finds himself saying: "Why don't these authors write about the people and things they know best? Why does this prim school-teacher base her tale on life in Parisian cafés? Why does this clerk in a general store treat of dope smugglers in Hongkong? Isn't there enough drama within the circle of their own lives?"

Of course, there is no injunction against a prim school-teacher describing life in Parisian cafés, and the same goes for the clerk in the general store. These people have, at times, written successful stories based on incidents and situations lying wholly without the range of their experience. However, such successes are the exceptions. Why shoot at a feather when the whole bird is available?

The great fallacy is that aspiring screen writers heedlessly presume that no one is particularly interested in what they themselves know best, but that what is required in the way of a story is a re-statement of the type of film which happens to be currently popular. Thus the preponderance of amateur scenarios submitted within recent months to the Warner Bros.-First National story department deal with the underworld. Here the axiom appears to be: Underworld films are popular, why not write an underworld story?

Why not? On the other hand, why, unless there is a strong inner urge to tell something about the underworld that is not already known?

There are two things every scenario must have—plot and characterization. This simply means a story with real, live persons in it. Curiously enough, the story and the persons in it have a very complete relation to each other. Sometimes it is the story which makes the characters what they are, and other times

Some Friendly Hints

By Jacob Wilk

Member of the Story Department, Warner Bros.—
First National Pictures

ACTION is essential in a motion picture story.

A literary style is not necessary, but the clear presentation of ideas in dramatic form is essential.

The great fallacy is that aspiring screen writers heedlessly presume that no one is particularly interested in what they themselves know best.

There are two things every story must have—plot and characterization.

The successful writer knows his subject.

Write only that in which you believe—never that which you, yourself, know is silly, but which you imagine will prove acceptable to others.

it is the characters which make the story. Either of these two cases is good, for in real life it is sometimes events which change or mold our lives and other times it is we who change and mold events.

What is bad, however, is for neither plot nor characters to have any relationship to each other—or a slight or implausible relationship—or for the one to be overdeveloped at the expense of the other.

In the case of all plot and no characterization, we have a tremendous lot of action without any meaning in terms of human interest. We are conscious that things are happening, but that no one for whom we can feel any sympathy is affected in the least. Our reaction is almost exclusively restricted to the eyes as opposed to the heart or emotions. Contrariwise, an over-emphasis on

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 125]



Capturing six-cylinder action in "The Public Enemy." Another example of the mobility of the camera and the ability of the screen to tell your story, no matter where it takes place. James Cagney and Edward Woods are being photographed in the light car in the foreground

Rules of Contest



★ *THE FRONT PAGE*—United Artists

LUSTY with the same rowdy boisterousness that made it a big box-office on the stage, "The Front Page" has reached the screen.

Unchastened by contemplation of the Hays' code, it manages by devious means to retain every bit of its original aroma—certainly not that of the lily, certainly not far removed from the lily's roots. All that aside, here's a great movie! It's fast, it's alive, it packs thrills and laughs and sobs together at high speed. It runs nearly an hour and three-quarters, and you don't get tired. That's the acid test.

Producer-Millionaire Hughes used all the money it needed to do this well. The cast bristles with big names. Menjou takes top honors, and if any more proof were needed that Lewis Milestone is a magician of a director, this is it.



★ *THE MILLIONAIRE*—Warners

THIS is the first time George Arliss has undertaken a picture not made from one of his stage plays, in which he was letter perfect.

It is also the first time he has ever made a picture so essentially American in theme and action. The result is one of the most delightful characterizations he has ever done.

A wealthy automobile manufacturer is ordered by his physician to give up all work. The work is his life, but he comes West with his family and, disgusted with the constant nurses and servants, he goes out on the q. t. and gets himself another business.

Evalyn Knapp, as the daughter, is attractive and lovable, while David Manners, as the business partner, is particularly appealing. Everybody should see this.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *SKIPPY*—Paramount

MANY were agonized when they learned "Skippy" was to be movified. Those who had learned to love Percy Crosby's *Skippy* on the comic page feared what Hollywood would do with him. Those who hate all kids and kid pictures groaned at thought of another. But "Skippy" is grand. You'll love it—as much for what it isn't as for what it is.

They have had the courage to dispense with such cinematic traditions as slapstick hokum and "love interest." They've had the courage to picture as simply as a child thinks, a kid friendship and the childish tragedies and triumphs that loom so colossally in their lives. You laugh, you cry, and you don't feel afterward that you've been tricked into doing either.

Jackie Cooper and Bobby Coogan as *Skippy* and *Sooky* are amazing. No taint of that painful precociousness of child actors mars their work; they're just kids. How much of this is due to their own ability is a question. The dialogue, which doesn't try to fit adult words to kid tongues, is splendid, and director Norman Taurog has certainly shown high talent in transferring to the screen what goes on in the minds and hearts of children. In the midst of the present flood of sophistication and wild animals chewing each other, may Allah be praised for such an anodyne as "Skippy."

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

SKIPPY	STRANGERS MAY KISS
THE FRONT PAGE	THE MILLIONAIRE
DISHONORED	IT'S A WISE CHILD
TABU	DIRIGIBLE
	STEPPING OUT

The Best Performances of the Month

Jackie Cooper in "Skippy"
Bobby Coogan in "Skippy"
Adolphe Menjou in "The Front Page"
Norma Shearer in "Strangers May Kiss"
Robert Montgomery in "Strangers May Kiss"
Neil Hamilton in "Strangers May Kiss"
George Arliss in "The Millionaire"
Victor McLaglen in "Dishonored"
Marlene Dietrich in "Dishonored"
Marion Davies in "It's a Wise Child"
Ralph Graves in "Dirigible"
Richard Barthelmess in "The Finger Points"
Fredric March in "Honor Among Lovers"
William Powell in "Man of the World"
Charlotte Greenwood in "Stepping Out"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 142



★ STRANGERS MAY KISS—M-G-M

THIS is Norma Shearer's first picture since she became a mother, and it's her finest picture to date.

That's going some, as "The Divorcée" won many of the honors that were floating around last year, but Ursula Parrott develops her characters more logically and Norma's work in some scenes is superb. Rarely has one been as gorgeous as our Norma while treading the primrose path.

An extremely modern girl refuses marriage, because her knowledge of married life has been false and disappointing. After giving her favors without benefit of clergy, she learns she has cheapened the thing she most prized. After much suffering, both she and her lover grasp the deeper significance of the marriage vow. Sounds trite, but Director Fitzmaurice keeps it absorbingly entertaining throughout.

A splendid supporting cast, in which Neil Hamilton and Robert Montgomery share equal honors. Montgomery wins much sympathy and Hamilton gains new laurels. Irene Rich appears in only one sequence, and cannot be forgotten throughout the picture. Marjorie Rambeau is charming.

Both Modernists and Conformists will rave over this. Norma is the last word in everything sophisticated (with clothes to make you gasp), giving us beauty, finesse, restraint, and abandon. A vivid drama of modern life.



★ DISHONORED—Paramount

IT'S mighty difficult to get reviews into PHOTOPLAY before a lot of our readers have seen some of the pictures. This new Marlene Dietrich picture, for instance. Thousands have already seen it. We wonder what they really think of it. We feel it's the best work Miss Dietrich has done. She plays a spy, the fascinating X-27. Here is a new and better Victor McLaglen. And a grand supporting cast.

Here are all the famous Von Sternberg touches. But there are too many "dissolves" (the technical term for overlapping scenes) and we hope they won't do that again.

We're sure the picture held you spellbound, nevertheless, from the first shot of Marlene's already famous legs until the last spectacular moment.

See "Dishonored," and you'll know why we recommend it.



★ IT'S A WISE CHILD—M-G-M

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that this Belasco hit ran more than a year in New York, and the lines were quoted from Coast to Coast, Marion Davies brings a naive freshness to the picture that makes it seem like new. It makes us feel like predicting a great year for Marion.

Robert Leonard, who directed her in "The Bachelor Father," handles the megaphone again. He has an unusual understanding of Marion's flair for comedy, combined with the rare art of being able to get all the mirth out of a risqué situation without offending the censors.

Sidney Blackmer, Ben Alexander, Polly Moran, Marie Prevost and others deserve a good hand, too, while James Gleason, as *Cool Kelly*, is a riot. It's hilarious farce you will walk blocks to see.

Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

★
TABU—
Paramount



A PICTURE of exquisite tropical beauty, the last work of that master of the screen, Murnau, director of "The Last Laugh." See this picture and encourage more like it. Robert Flaherty, director of "Nanook of the North," worked with Murnau and shares the honors. A story of the South Seas, made with a native cast, it concludes with a veritable screen poem of tragedy.



★
DIRIGIBLE—
Columbia

FED up with jungle thrillers? Then come to the South Pole and get a fresh line of thrills. This is a grand melodrama, packed with excitement on the air and the Antarctic wastes, with dirigible and airplane shots that prove there's something new even in aerial pictures. The Navy helped make it. You'll like Jack Holt, Ralph Graves, Fay Wray and Roscoe Karns, who take high honors.

★
STEPPING OUT—
M-G-M



HAVE you noticed how they're putting richer casts into program pictures? Here's another light comedy with an honor list like the old super-specials. Charlotte Greenwood, Leila Hyams, Reginald Denny, Cliff Edwards, Merna Kennedy, Harry Stubbs and Lilian Bond. Every one fits his part as a smart dress fits Norma Shearer. It's a continual laugh, and naughty enough to be spicy. See it.



THE FINGER POINTS—
First National

THIS story is obviously suggested by the Lingle murder case, and makes an intensely absorbing picture, with Barthelmess as the green Southern boy reporting for Chicago's biggest newspaper. He tries playing straight, thinks it doesn't pay, takes his cut from the gangsters, fails to keep them protected and pays the penalty. A decidedly different rôle for Barthelmess. Regis Toomey and Fay Wray are also splendid. Don't miss this.

UNFAITHFUL
—Paramount



CHATTERTON-FOREVER enthusiasts will like this, but the average audience may be tepid. The story of a society matron who cannot divorce her faithless husband without involving her own sister-in-law, and who goes to the dogs like a kitchen maid. However, fine actors like Paul Lukas, Paul Cavanagh, Don Cook and Juliette Compton support, and it will please wherever Chatterton pictures are popular.



GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN—
Warners

FRANK FAY, debonair French bachelor, is the gift; Laura La Plante, gorgeous American blonde, is the final receiver. He passes through many lovely feminine hands, however, before she gets him. Mostly in a hilarious manner. Good gags and new ones. Worth many a laugh. Nothing sensational in the story, but still amusing. Laura's beautiful in her return to the screen. You'll want to see her.

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

**MAN OF THE
WORLD**
Paramount



WILLIAM (SUAVE) POWELL turns in another grand performance as an expatriated American living by his wits in Paris. The story hasn't much action, but it's so dramatic, emotionally, that you don't mind. And Bill isn't fooling when he says he loves Carole Lombard, who is lovely. Cal York tipped you off to that. Wynne Gibson is the other girl. Lawrence Gray has a small part. Good picture.

**A TAILOR
MADE MAN**
M-G-M



THIS is a blues-chaser, and superior to the recent Billy Haines laugh operas. Although Haines has his usual jaunty self-confidence, he plays it with restraint, thereby proving he's really a good actor. He's supported by an unusually fine cast. Incidentally, it's funny without being suggestive. This is the second time this has been done in pictures. Charlie Ray first. Now Bill Haines.

**THE LAST
PARADE**—
Columbia



THIS is Columbia's contribution to the big parade of gangster talkies now marching—and shooting—across our screens. It's a jim-dandy, too, with thrills, suspense, romance and some good comedy dexterously mingled. The cast is as well-balanced as the plot—led by Jack Holt, Constance Cummings and Tom Moore, all three do excellently. The boys are rivals for Constance's favor. Jack wins.

**MR. LEMON
OF ORANGE**
—Fox



EL BRENDDEL bursts into stardom in this one, which is a burlesque on racketeers and racketeering films. It's mistaken identity stuff, and El Brendel and Fifi Dorsay do their best with the material they have. You may not laugh as much as you expect from an El Brendel picture, but the Bantam car sequence, and what happens when he swallows a tiny mouth-organ, are funny.

**BACHELOR
APARTMENT**
—Radio
Pictures



THE Nth degree of sophistication! Yet the amusingly risqué situations are served with a plot which actually holds story interest. Lowell Sherman proves he is not only a finished actor, but a finished director. Mae Murray makes a spectacular return as the modern vamp, a restless married woman. Hats off to Irene Dunne, Claudia Dell, Noel Francis, Charles Coleman, Norman Kerry, Ivan Lebedeff and Purnell Pratt.

**HONOR
AMONG
LOVERS**—
Paramount



EXCELLENT performances by Fredric March, Claudette Colbert and Monroe Owsley do all they can to save this story of love between boss and secretary from triteness. Owsley, at present First Cad of the Cinema, is the weak laddie Claudette marries—but she and Freddie walk out of the final fade-out hand in hand. And first-rate dialogue helps.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 126]

A Melancholy Wisecracker

We move the camera close to "Wild Willie" Haines, a lazy funny-man who loves—and knows—his antiques

By

Harry Lang

TWAS a group of Hollywood *cognoscenti*, and they were having fun telling what various film folk made them think of, in one pungent phrase.

"Hobart Bosworth," for-instanced one, "makes me think of Sunday afternoon in Philadelphia."

"And Clara Bow," up-piped another, "reminds me of an inflamed carbuncle on Will Hays' neck!"

"While Laurel and Hardy," wisecracked a third, "are, to me, just succotash!"

"What of Gary Cooper?" asked one.

"The Love-Life of a Giraffe," answered another.

"Doug Fairbanks—senior?" prompted a voice.

"Mahomet on a Pogo-Stick," was the solution.

"What about William Haines?"

Silence. Great minds pondered.

Then from a corner came the voice of a black-haired girl. She knows Bill Haines well. She's worked with him on the lot, and has met him socially.

"I know the answer," she said.

"What?" they chorused. "'The Specialist'—bound in white velvet."

So everybody agreed, and that's how they started talking about Haines. It seems everybody knew something about him—or something he'd done. Hollywood's like that. Everybody knows a lot about everybody else.

"**Y**EAH," observed the One-Who-Knew-Him-When; "that crack about 'The Specialist' bound in white velvet is pretty apt. You could take Bill Haines and Rabelais and four mule drivers an' start 'em at scratch, and Bill would have the rest blushing inside of fifteen seconds! And then he goes to sleep on lace pillow slips in a bedroom that would make Clara Bow's look like a fireman's."

"Uh-huh, he's kind of nuts on fancy furniture and antiques," continued the One-Who's-Seen-His-House. "Y'ever been up at Bill's place? Say, he's got the greatest collection of early American furniture and pieces that there is in Hollywood."

"He runs an antique shop, too, over here in Hollywood, but everybody knows that by this time. Makes money at it, too. Got a nice piece of change out of Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks. Sold them antiques to furnish their portable dressing-rooms with."

"Marie Dressler was at one of his parties once," explained the One-Who-Knows-Him-Well, "and she—who's traveled all over—said she'd never seen a more perfect host and a more perfectly appointed table than at Bill's party."

"You know, he sort of prides himself on that. He's not like other bachelors—leaving everything to the servants. Bill runs his house himself, and he is amazingly good at it. He even sees to his larder himself, just like a housewife, and orders every menu for every dinner he gives, instead of leaving it to some one else. And what dinners! Giving formal affairs is his delight."

"**W**HAT a husband he'd make," sighed the Sweet-Young-Thing.

"Not if he ever knows it," replied the One-Who-Knows-Him. "Bill's a confirmed bachelor. Says he has never been in love with any girl yet, and doesn't intend to."

"What about Polly Moran?" asked the One-Who-Reads-Fan-Magazines.

"Oh, that's a story. It seems that Bill likes to startle people," said the One-Who-Knew-Him-When. "Well, early in his movie career, a news woman met him on the lot one day and asked him if he had any news. 'News?' echoed Bill, 'well, I don't know if it's news or not but I'm gonna marry Polly Moran.'"

"Bill said it as a joke. But the writer took it seriously—and published it!"

"Well, Bill thought the joke was so good, he continued the gag. Polly Moran, who's as much of a clown as he is, helped him. Out of that, a grand friendship grew, and Bill and Polly are probably Hollywood's two best friends."

"**H**E'S the despair of photographers. They never can get him to pose quietly. Sometimes they think they've got him—and when the plate is developed, they find he's making a fool face or sticking out his tongue or something nutty like that. He hates to pose in full dress."

"Is he always a wisecracking smart-aleck?" demanded the Girl-Who-Wants-To-Know-All.

"Moody as a prima donna," replied another. "He can be as bubbly as champagne for days, and then all [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



William Haines and his mother, Mrs. George Haines. She's a gentle, white-haired Virginia matron, and the one great love of Bill's life—in spite of all these yarns about Polly Moran! Haines swears he'll remain a happy bachelor



Photo: Herbert Lewis

WILLIAM HAINES, for years the screen's favorite smarty-cat comedian, stands at a crisis in his picture career. He needs some good stories as never before! Meanwhile, on the opposite page, Harry Lang turns the spy-glass on this popular star

Screen Fashions You Can



Those are real honest-to-gosh gardenias Dorothy Jordan is wearing on the neckline of her georgette evening gown. A new way to wear flowers and a smart way, if you ask me.

If you wear artificial flowers instead of real ones, you're still in fashion. And remember this—flowers help even the most beautiful woman look more beautiful.

Wear court earrings like Karen Morley's if you want to look royal. But don't wear any other jewelry at the same time or you'll look like a jeweler's window. Earrings are back in the fashion picture—especially for evening



— Seymour

Wear—Chosen by Seymour

Here are some of fashion's stars that twinkle on the silver screen. Not like some movie folks—a star today but only an extra tomorrow. These costume stars are going to brighten fashion's firmament a long time.

Let me tell you what's smart about them, so you can have something quite like them for yourself—if you want to.

It's exciting, isn't it, to see a costume on your favorite movie star that you know you can wear yourself. They show you so dramatically how to wear fashions. How to tilt a hat, wrap a coat, tie a scarf, or swish your ruffles into a ballroom in the manner of a grand duchess.

Still more exciting, I think, to know the costume's smart—and why.

May brides—June brides—any summer brides get a thrillingly good idea about bridal gowns from Jean Arthur.

This one is antique ivory satin (white is rare in bridal gowns now, you know). The proverbial bridal lace is used in yoke and sleeves. An idea of Vionnet's, cleverly adapted.

Notice how the train just seems to flow naturally out of the gown. It's all right to wear a train on a wedding gown—you wear it only once. I call this a fine interpretation of the most important of all gowns—the bridal gown.





SEYMOUR PICKS THESE FASHIONS FOR SPORTS WEAR

One of my favorites of all summer hats. This new elegant sailor is a favorite of Laura La Plante's, too.

Linen-like straw—low shallow crown—brim not too wide—stiffened edge bound so it stays away from your face—as a good sailor should.



This is a slick sport suit Evalyn Knapp is wearing.

Yellow—smart color. Angora jersey—smart fabric. Short jacket, scalloped—good.

Notice the white and tan opera pumps she's wearing. You just have to own a pair if you want to be in fashion this summer.



This is a sports dress you'll see often this summer. Reason: it's easy to wear and smart as can be.

Lita Chevret looks good in it—you will, too. Gaily striped, sash tied, it has shoulder-covering sleeves—a fashion winner!

— Seymour —

Fashion Headliners for Afternoon Wear

Lanvin has made herself and Paris famous for fashions by designing perfectly swell dresses like this one Tallulah Bankhead is wearing. It's blue crepe with a flattering scarf collar and even more flattering drapery lines.

Garden-printed chiffon is fashion-fine for afternoon bridges and garden parties, says Leila Hyams and I—and millions of others who know. Note its deep bertha with scalloped edge. Ankle length—right for this kind of dress. Good hat, too.

A gorgeous girl—Carole Lombard. A gorgeous dress—this beige crepe roma creation. The fox trimming on the three-quarter sleeves is an especially good fashion point. Her gloves are long enough to meet the short sleeves, another fashion point.

— Seymour





— Seymour —

Dorothy Jordan is just the right type for this soft little dance frock shown at the left.

Let's give it a fashion test. Has it the smart Empress Eugenie drop shoulders? Check, it has. Is it ruffled? Right, it is. Is it white? Yes, ma'am. Made of fashionable chiffon? Righto. And does it just miss the floor? It doesn't touch it.

100 per cent for Dorothy. Congratulations on a perfect fashion score.



Advice: have at least one lace dinner dress.

This one worn by Eleanor Boardman is wearable by many. You'll look especially attractive in it if you're the feminine type—like Eleanor. If you're tired of black—good news—wear brown, as she does, and still be in fashion.

Good jewelry here—sparkling crystals. Too bad the frock is so long—it should just miss the floor.

— Seymour —



Evalyn Knapp scores as a fashion picker again. This collarless suit of hers is certainly a wow. Lightweight wool in woodland green—good. The jersey blouse is in three colors—good. She's wearing mesh hose—good. Those alligator oxfords are good. But say, Evalyn, a scarf would have made this outfit slicker.



See the wide revers on this suit—that's a military touch.

The tricorne is a military-looking hat—good fashion alone—better fashion when worn with a suit like this one June MacCloy wears so well

Blue and white. The oxfords, mesh stockings and white gloves complete the cast of this perfect fashion picture



Loretta Young shows good judgment, I think, in framing her pretty face with this soft knitted straw turban. Good, too, because of its two colors—tan and brown. I like the pert ornament over the left eye don't you?

— Seymour —



DOES she look like a woman peering over the brink of forty—this vivid girl who has loomed large on the American screen for over twenty years? Mary Pickford comes to the critical age. Now read, on the opposite page, how gallantly she faces it!

As Mary Faces Forty

MARY PICKFORD has decided to accept maturity gracefully—even to grow old in the same manner!

By Ruth Biery

There is news in this simple statement. News in which every woman in the world should be interested. For to grow old gracefully is a difficult thing.

Much has been written recently about Mary's individual problem. Much more has been said in Hollywood about Mary's frantic clutching for the youth which is slipping from her. She is face to face with forty! People have said that Mary would not face it. They are mistaken.

A year and a half ago they would have been correct. Although I could have written then that Mary Pickford was frightened, I refrained because I was waiting to see who would win the battle—Mary Pickford or Gladys Smith.

Gladys Smith, the little Irish minx who was carried onto a Montreal stage as a child to help make money enough to bury her father, would not have worried when she had reached that beyond-thirty-five period. She would have handled the problem with the same astuteness and indomitable courage as she handled the necessity of making money.

Mary Pickford, the "Queen" of a very real Kingdom, had a much more complicated problem. Queen Marie of Roumania has struggled many years with the same battle.

"I will not give up making pictures! Why should I? I am young. The public still wants me.

"There is no trouble between Douglas and me. We are devoted, as much in love with each other as ever.

"If mother had only lived!" (The mother whose influence had helped to raise the Queen to her throne.)

THESE are some of the statements Mary Pickford made me eighteen months ago across the luncheon table at Pickfair. I did not believe them, but I remained silent because of the eyes of the woman who said them. They were the most unhappy eyes one could imagine. Tears came to them frequently. She spent three hours describing the homage she, with Douglas, had received in the Orient.

She emphasized how the women had stooped to kiss her boots; she unpacked boxes of presents to show me what the followers had heaped upon her. It was Mary, the Queen, speaking. And Mary the Queen could not or would not

admit that her day of youthful rule was nearing the end.

Only once did Gladys Smith peep momentarily through that heavy silken curtain which the Queen had so carefully drawn about her. But those all-too-few glimpses showed me that a battle was raging. A battle between the fundamental woman and the artificial one Hollywood had made.

Recently, I spent two hours with Mary Pickford in her studio bungalow. Here are some of the things Gladys Smith told me during that period:

In This Amazingly Frank Interview Mary Pickford says:

"I cannot deny that there may be a separation. I can only say there is none now. Just a vacation for Douglas.

"I have never been a happy woman. For the first time I am learning about contentment.

"I hope to make another picture, but I may never make it.

"I am adding a codicil to my will. It says that when I go, my films go with me. They are to be destroyed. I pleased my own generation. That is all that matters.

"I haven't half as much money as people credit to me.

"I still shake all over when I am in the presence of Gloria Swanson."

"I hope to make another picture, but I may never make it. Certainly, I will never make another bad picture. If the right story comes my way, the right director, I will do it. Of course, I have to fulfill my contract with United Artists, which calls for one more. I am speaking of beyond that period.

"A spirit stronger than myself has always whipped me to action. It was as though some outside force lashed me from one step to another; one picture to another. *The urge isn't nearly so definite as it used to be.*

"I AM having such a good time playing." Her eyes twinkled. "I feel as though I were playing hooky. Weren't your best school days the ones on which you played hooky? I am getting into the habit of loafing. I love it. I am really afraid now of the day when my fiery ancestors will catch me moping and whip me again into action. I used to be afraid they wouldn't.

"I have never been a happy woman. It is not my nature. For the first time I am learning about contentment.

"If I never had another kind thing said about me while I live, I would still say I have been blessed all the way. Nobody has had a more remarkable career. No one has more lovely things to remember.

"I am actually trying to hide as long as I can. I almost went back onto the stage when I was in New York. Those Irish ancestors almost had me. I was afraid I was going to break out into self pity and go to work. I didn't.

"I understand about Mother now. (Gladys Smith pronounces that word with a capital letter.) It was right. It is all a matter of philosophy. All life is a matter of correct thinking. It isn't so much what you do. It's the inside that counts. I am putting up a little white fence around my inner self. I want to keep people from tramping on that; it doesn't make much difference what they say about Mary Pickford.

"I AM adding a codicil to my will. It says that when I go, my films go with me. They are to be destroyed. I am buying all my old films for this purpose. I would rather be a beautiful illusion in the minds of people than a horrible example on celluloid. I pleased my own generation. That is all that matters.

"Pictures have progressed. My pictures will soon be old-fashioned. My old pictures are already old-fashioned. It

is marvelous for me to remember 'Daddy Long Legs.' I do not want to see it. I am more happy in the memory of it than I was during the success of it.

"Douglas?" She smiled. "If I had a girl I would not spank her. I would spank a boy. Boys need punishment. A man feels he must go on a trip and suffer physical discomforts. He likes going unshaven. A woman must have a nice, warm bath.

"I couldn't imagine myself trekking six days—three on an elephant and three on a donkey—[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

Do You Want a



Did you think the Hollywood studio offices were more glamorous than yours? A corner of the script department at M-G-M, where typists prepare scenarios. Edith Farrell, its head, is the smiling lady

WANT a job in pictures? Wait—don't rush out here! It's a hypothetical question I'm asking.

Well, what sort of a job? Acting?

Oh please! You've been told for twenty years how tough it is to crash the golden gates of Hollywood.

The acting division is a small part of the mighty army that makes our talkies. There are about 6,000 actors charging up and down the studios—and some of those are more hopeful than successful.

But between ninety and a hundred thousand men and women labor in the motion picture colony—doing everything from running the whole shebang to sweeping out.

Their jobs are tremendously varied, and some of them are interesting and well paid. What would you like to be? For instance, on the regular weekly payroll at Fox are 775 persons—of which fifty-four are actors under contract. The rest are the butchers, bakers and candlestick-makers of the film world.

Naturally, this isn't the full Fox manpower.

Thousands are hired on a daily or weekly basis.

I wanted to find out what Hollywood thinks of its job. I talked to representative people in nearly every department of the business—asking them what their work entails, how they happened to go into it, how they like it and what they think of it as a choice for other young men and women.

And here are the answers—the first comprehensive survey ever made of the myriad jobs of the movies!

ACTING: After talking with a dozen prominent members of this most-talked-about branch, no one was found who would take the responsibility of advising others to try it! They have

entered it from almost as many different avenues as there are people in it. Betty Compson from fiddling, Corinne Griffith from a beauty contest, Billie Dove, Joan Crawford,

Lilyan Tashman and many others from Broadway choruses. Lew Ayres came from a Los Angeles orchestra.

“ACTING is too uncertain. The chances are one in ten thousand. If you win today, you may lose tomorrow. The money is large, but not steady. You can starve more easily than you can succeed. The hours are ungodly, the trials almost unsurmountable, the heartaches inevitable.”

They all said the same, yet all admitted that once in it, they would not go to another profession. One example shows what they mean. Ruth Chatterton had many years of stage experience, yet she went to her last eight dollars in Hollywood with no work in sight. A loan enabled her to continue the gamble. She won.

The salaries vary. Extras get \$7.50 a day. And the girl who has become a star from an extra is the eternal myth of the business! Bit players receive from \$10.00 to \$50.00 a day, and specialists more. Contract players draw from \$75.00 a week to eight and ten thousand.

“And remember,” Betty Compson told us, “it takes an actress of any standing at all the better part of \$9,000 a month to live in the strictest economy, because of the demands made upon her.”

DIRECTING: E. H. Griffith made “Holiday,” one of 1930's most successful productions. He says:

“I came via newspaper reporting, with Monta Bell and others. My ambition was to be a great writer. It still is. I am using directing to help toward that end. Where can I learn more about story construction?”



For forty years she's taken care of theatrical clothes! This is “Mother” Coulter, now in charge of the period costume department at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios

Job in the Studios?

By
Jeanne North

Here is the only thorough and reliable article ever printed about all classes of employment in the picture studios!



The make-up departments of the studios offer chances to beauty shop operators. Erne Westmore, head of the shop at Radio Pictures, supervises work on Irene Dunne, famous as *Sabra* in "Cimarron"

"Actors seldom make good directors. Those who have been actors will admit they were bad ones. An actor must concentrate on one rôle; a director must differentiate among many."

"Writing is good preparation for directing. Travel is the best possible training. I should advise a young man to leave school early, if necessary, to get in his travel."

"My advice to young boys with ambitions to direct is: don't. If a boy has the ability, intelligence, perseverance, ambition and determination to be a good director, he can make far more out of life in business."

"Make two or three good pictures and you are on the top; make two or three bad ones and you are in the gutter."

"We have no home life. We eat from a counter more often than we do from a table. We have no time for vacations because we are working on stories between pictures."

A twinkle entered his eye. "However, if young men pay any attention to me, they won't make good on any job—they'll be too discouraged. The acid test is:

"Are you easily discouraged?"

SCENARIO Writing: Frances Marion began as a newspaper reporter at seventeen.

She sold her first story of importance, "The Foundling," to Mary Pickford, sixteen years ago.

Alan Dwan, the director, said: "I will pay you \$250 for it if you will write the continuity, help with the wardrobe, act as press-agent for the production and help with the cutting."

A few years later she was the first woman to receive \$1,000 a week for her work. June Mathis learned of it and insisted upon the same salary.



Newspaper experience and contacts got pretty Eleanor Packer a good job in the publicity department at M-G-M

TODAY, Miss Marion makes around \$100,000 a year, the "around" depending upon whether she is under salary or selling originals. She is the highest paid woman in her line and ranks among the three highest of either men or women.

"Newspaper reporting, by all means, for training. This means contacts with life. A good way to start in a studio is as script girl, and since they are usually hired from the stenographic force, stenography makes an excellent preparation."

"Experience as a cutter is invaluable as it is a sure way of learning to know your film."

"It is strange, but when you are climbing the ladder it is fun. The fight up brings the greatest happiness. I don't know what

I would have done if it hadn't been for the talkies. They were new; we had to fight all over again. The way I fought to prove I could write dialogue! And during the day of musicals I re-studied music, took lessons again.

"Now, I am taking Spanish lessons for foreign versions."

"As long as there is something to fight for, it is fascinating."

"Opportunities? Of course, there are opportunities. Studios need good stories more than they need anything else. Anyone who has ideas and is willing to work all hours and think of nothing but work, can succeed. I never go to parties. During the filming of 'The Big House' when I wasn't on the set, I was in the projection room seeing rushes or in the cutting room helping the cutter."



Betty Roberts is a big shot at Radio Pictures. As head of the scenario department, she knows all the answers

Do These Hollywood Jobs Look More Thrilling Than Yours?



"The trouble with so many girls and men is they won't work!"

A woman heads the scenario and reading departments at Radio Pictures. Incidentally, Berry Roberts is a real power in that organization.

Her position is really a self-created one. She has charge of the stenographers and the readers, and helps in the selection of scenario writers. She selects stories for the supervisors and directors, contact agents, outside writers, advises on the final cutting of pictures. She commenced as a secretary but always found reasons for staying late and arriving early. She says, "I have gone up because I made myself useful to so many people—made them learn to depend upon me."

She hires numerous people and admits to a real difficulty in finding efficient ones. "We want readers who can write a clear synopsis, secretaries who are real helpers and have initiative. Anyone can make a place for himself or herself in a studio, who is willing to work." She pays from \$25 a week to \$100 for good readers, secretaries and assistants.

THE Paramount reading and scenario department complains of the same difficulty. Irene Francis heads the readers under the supervision of Edward Montagne and his assistant, David Lewis. Lewis is a young chap who reached the executive field via stage acting. He ran away from school to try the footlights, had several successes, lost his voice, went to his last five cent piece, secured reading to do at home for Paramount. (Ann Harding followed the same course.) He came to Hollywood as assistant to a supervisor. The supervisor went out; Lewis was

Is this a job? Erne Westmore, chief make-up expert on the Radio Pictures lot, devotes some personal attention to the task of teaching Pearl Eaton's chorus girls to fix their faces

shunted back to the reading department where he worked up to assistant to Montagne.

The reading department should offer splendid opportunity, but few people in it have the ambition to get out of it.

They don't work hard enough. To get ahead in a studio you must dedicate your life to it. Marion Dix, Charles Furthman, Dorothy Arzner, Ann Harding have been readers. Most of our people come from colleges.

A complete stranger begins as low as \$25; good readers get from \$60 to \$100. Enid Hubbard is Paramount's best West-Coast reader. She writes synopses so well that stories have been purchased because the synopses were better than the original.



One of the most delicate jobs in pictures—cutting the finished film. There are many excellent cutters among Hollywood's girls. One of them is Blanche Sewell, a real expert at M-G-M

IN the Paramount scenario department is Virginia Kellogg, formerly press-agent for Fred Niblo. When Niblo left Metro she visited me. "I am going to get into scenario work or die," she stated. It is that do-or-die spirit which wins. Although she is just a beginner, she has already had two original stories accepted by the studio where she landed.

A script girl must be a stenographer, so ninety per cent of them have secured their jobs via this route. Catherine Hunter, for years with First National and now "freelancing," was a stenographer in Wall Street. Doris Kenyon, a personal friend, placed her as a secretary in the First National Studio. Then scripting.

"We must know each detail of a picture. If the star carries a glove in the left hand on the first day of shooting, and there is a re-take of the shot on the last day, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]

This is no attempt to glorify an actor who has passed on. It is the truth, every word of it. Louis Wolheim was one of the finest and most generous souls I have ever known

J. R. Q.



The Hard-Boiled Samaritan

HAROLD LOCKWOOD, Wallace Reid, Barbara La Marr, Rudolph Valentino, Mabel Normand, Dustin Farnum, Rudolph Schildkraut, Alma Rubens, Milton Sills, Lon Chaney.

Now we add the name of *Louis Wolheim*.

Each time there has been a death, those on the lot where the star worked have created a fund for floral offerings. Louis Wolheim made most of his recent films for Radio Pictures. Co-workers there followed the custom; collected the money. But when the question of flowers arose, the objections were unanimous.

"Louis wouldn't have wanted flowers. He wouldn't have wished us to spend money that way. He would have cussed at us!"

The money was given to a fund to feed the hungry.

Miles Connolly, Radio producer and closest friend of Wolheim, says, "Ours was a double tribute because it is the tribute Louis would have wanted."

His co-workers had many memories to encourage them to such an action. They already knew what the proprietor of a fashionable restaurant told us, recently: "You have no idea how many people will go hungry since Wolheim has gone. He paid the checks for large numbers here each day."

While he was working on "The Silver Horde," he noticed an extra man whose eyes were inflamed. "What the H—" he demanded. The next day, the extra man was in the hospital with a great eye surgeon averting blindness.

His use of harsh language was only comparable to that of John Barrymore; his generosity to that of Marion Davies.

He was under contract to Howard Hughes at \$1,500 weekly, but had an arrangement that he should receive all moneys

above that amount when he was loaned to other companies. For several years he had received \$3,500—since his first sensational success in "Two Arabian Nights."

Yet, Mrs. Wolheim is far from a wealthy woman. Friends doubt whether she has enough for real comfort. The money went to the poor of her husband's profession.

He was considered a "Red" by members of his profession. Miles Connolly says of that: "His so-called radical tendencies came from his terrific desire to help the unfortunate, the poor and the suffering. He had a passion to make the world better. He believed no one should get more from life than he gave to it. If business men made a profit greater than the energy invested, he felt these profits made millions unnecessarily poorer. He could never understand why some should wear rich furs and others starve."

HIS hard-boiled face was a mask; he was a child who never knew quite what it was all about. I think he felt he would live to help a great world-change for the better."

When he was given his last rôle in John Gilbert's "Gentleman's Fate," he was assigned the dressing-room that was once Lon Chaney's. Being superstitious, he refused to take it and occupied the one next door!

You have read of his college degrees (Cornell), of his love of anything mathematical, from bridge to musical composers such as Bach. Of his insatiable search for knowledge. He was one of the really brilliant intellects of the industry.

I think that Wolheim's character is best illustrated by a story of his location days in "Danger Lights." Miles City, Montana, is granted to be one of the country's roughest centers. The cowboy and overall millionaires [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 137]



Garbo's idea of style is to be comfortable. Yet her plain beret became the byword for feminine *chic*. And now her vagabond felts threaten to rival the beret's popularity



Kay Francis likes hats that follow the lines of her shapely head. The secret of a small hat's smartness is in the way it's worn. And how that Francis girl wears 'em!

CLOTHES

Habits of

Hollywood

By Ruth Biery

Bob Montgomery's off-screen clothes are, to say the least, informal. Instead of collar and tie, an old yellow scarf dangles around his neck

HOLLYWOOD has a lot of claims to note and notoriety. Its sky is the bluest, its sunshine the brightest, its art-business the maddest and its liquor the worst in all creation.

Yes, and its inhabitants have the oddest, quaintest dress habits, devices and vices of any group of men, women and children under Heaven.

True, Broadway claims this distinction (?) for its people, but I propose to show that Broadway is a piker in this regard.

Read on, then, and discover the clothes tricks, conceits and habits that give Hollywood the color and excitement of a three-ring circus.

Jack Oakie's day-in-and-day-out costume is patent leather shoes, the sweat shirt and flannel trousers! No hat. Always the same—whether he is on Hollywood Boulevard, the tennis court or at the Paramount Studio.

Josef Von Sternberg, the discoverer of Marlene Dietrich, always wears a belted coat which makes him look shorter. He wears no hat. But he always carries a cane.

Ivan Lebedeff wears an equally weird combination. Spats, morning coat, striped trousers. And, no hat.

Remember Lon Chaney's caps? One gray, one brown. The gray for blue and light suits. The brown for all others. No one in Hollywood can recall ever seeing Lon Chaney in a hat.

Clive Brook's wife is progressing a little in her fight against her husband's cap habit. Clive Brook is really one of our best dressed men, you know. He would never think of wearing a suit *twice* without its being pressed. But he loves caps and for years has worn them—pulled far down over the left eye.

Mrs. Brook used to insist upon a hat when he went to town to see his lawyer. Now, she must be insisting more often because Clive does wear a hat, frequently, although we understand he always carries a cap so he can wear it if the desire becomes too compelling.

WHEN it comes to the hat habits of the ladies, we run into secrets, my dears, real secrets. For instance, Ann Harding and Jetta Goudal. You know Ann's hair. Well, there's so much of it that when it's coiled on her neck, in the established Harding fashion, there's not a hat in the country big enough to cover it. So Ann has her hats made—not according to style, but according to the size of knob they must cover. The result is that Ann Harding frequently looks like one of your country cousins whom you'd hesitate about asking to visit you in the city.

Ann isn't any too careful about clothes, anyway, and by the time she's pulled a hat down over that glorious yellow bundle on the back of her neck, whatever shape the designer *intended* for the front is pretty well forgotten.

As for Jetta Goudal. Her idea is to have hats which rest on



Fitting this heavy knot of hair into a modern hat is like putting the proverbial square peg into a round hole. It can't be done! So Ann Harding buys hats to fit the hair



Dick Barthelmess and his "topper" are familiar Hollywood sights. He's apt to wear it on the most informal occasions. Dick is heavy set, and not so tall, which may explain it

Bizarre, quaint or commonplace—every star has a sartorial stunt or two that's almost a trade-mark

top of the knot so that she may avoid the tribulations which beset Miss Harding. But this system has difficulties, too. At Howard Greer's tea, the other day, the little contraption perked on that twist looked for all the world like the old family skillet. Incidentally, the black band which so often encircles Miss Goudal's neck is pinned, in the rear, to the hair-knot.

Jetta has often been described as "high-hat." Really, she isn't. I have wondered if the difficulties of bending her head or turning it from one side to another with the weight of that knot and the strain of the back ribbon tied to it, have not given the world that high-hat, unbending opinion of Jetta. Incidentally, Jetta is the girl who wears her evening corsages of orchids or gardenias wound around her bare arm—in serpentine fashion.

NORMA SHEARER goes in for very small hats, close fitting, molded to her head almost as a kid glove is fitted. She frequently wears double-pearled earrings with them—just two little pearls that fit as closely to the ear-lobe as the hat does to the head. And the next time you see Norma in sports or street clothes, notice her beads. Made to order for each costume. She designs them. For one lavender sport costume, she used heavy buttons which she had dyed to the right color and strung with a tiny white bead between each. In the evening you will find her wearing three bracelets. Red, white and blue. Sapphires, rubies, diamonds. The only formal jewelry she desires.

Kay Francis is another who makes a fetish of small hats.

Of course, Clara Bow spurns hats—another charter member of Hollywood's non-hat fraternity. In the daytime she wears sports pajamas. Rides to the studio in them; prances around the lot in them. She does keep a street dress in her dressing-room so she can change if she goes to the Boulevard between shots or at luncheon. But she longs for the day when women will wear pajamas even for shopping. During the summer she even ventures forth on the thoroughfares in them.

Clara wears high heels except in some of her picture rôles. It doesn't make any difference whether she's in evening gowns or pajamas—she trips along at the same dangerous height.

Hollywood calls these *Bowjamas*. Clara wears sports ones for daytime, hostess ones for entertaining, and bedtime ones for bedtime. She keeps a dress handy just for shopping



We saw her one day at a football game in sports clothes and red satin high-heeled slippers. She goes to reds, you know, defying all the preconceived ideas that redheads should avoid flaming colors.

Joan Crawford favors felt hats. "I don't *feel* comfortable in anything else," she explains. Her hatter delivered eight to her dressing-room at one time, recently. All vagabonds, each cut just a bit different, but if it were not for the great variance in color, you really could not tell one from another. However, hats are not Joan's most unique clothes habit. It is having several dresses made exactly alike, in different colors. Last summer she bought a cunning red and white polka dot sport dress for thirty-five dollars, and liked it so well that she had her seamstress copy it in three different polka dot combinations. She has been known to do the same with evening gowns.

BILLIE DOVE orders hats in the same fashion. She begrudges the time for extensive shopping, so chooses as many as eighteen at the beginning of a season. All shaped alike—from an especially becoming pattern designed for her by her hatter. Every shade of the rainbow. Her gowns, if you please, are then ordered to match the hats she has ordered.

Which reminds us. Joyce Compton recently startled the Mayfair with a new black velvet [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]



At the left, Edna Best, the little English star who ran away from Hollywood and a talkie career to be with her husband, right. He's Herbert Marshall, brilliant British actor now on Broadway



A Hollywood Runaway

The reason Edna Best fled the talkies is so honest no one believes it!

By James M. Kahn

WHEN Edna Best, the little English actress who was cast opposite John Gilbert in "Cheri Bibi," left Hollywood, "Cheri Bibi," Gilbert and everyone else on the M-G-M lot flat, and dashed 3,000 miles across the continent to join her husband in New York, Hollywood, used to just the opposite, raised a cynical eyebrow and mused:

"I wonder what the *real* reason is!"

Hollywood would do that, because the simple, touching story of a woman who preferred home and husband to a career in the movies was altogether out of place in that mad, topsy-turvy mecca of complicated marital and romantic careers.

But that *is* the real reason—just that!

Edna Best, happily married to Herbert Marshall, handsome English actor now appearing in Phillip Barry's "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" in New York, was unhappy 3,000 miles away from him.

It was the first time in their married life of more than two years that they had been separated for so long and by such a distance, and Edna, obeying that impulse, simply hopped on a train and wired the studio from San Bernardino that she was on her way.

When that new bombshell burst in that already well-shell-shocked community, everyone had a different explanation, ignoring, of course, the explanation given by Miss Best herself.

Everyone had the *real* "lowdown."

"Why, haven't you heard, dearie?" asked one. "Well, it seems that at a rehearsal of the picture, at which she was very nervous, she had to go over something several times, and Gilbert got very peevish.

" 'How much longer do I have to act with this stick?' Jack shrieked, and she burst into tears and left the act.

"That's the real reason, dearie."

THAT story, however, hardly bears out the other one that Gilbert, upon hearing of Miss Best's sensational departure, screamed with mirth and said:

"Good for her! I wish I had the nerve to do something like that!"

Furthermore, Gilbert has a splendid reputation for being courteous and considerate to fellow-workers on a picture, particularly new-comers to Hollywood. He had already ex-

pressed himself at the studio as being delighted with her screen and voice tests and thought her very clever.

Another well-circulated story was that Miss Best acquired an overwhelming inferiority complex upon reaching the sun-kissed shores of California, which was only heightened when she saw the ease and casualness with which the experienced old-timers went about their work, and that she fled in terror, feeling she'd never make the grade.

Those are Hollywood versions of a story so simple that it just couldn't be believed, but the truth is beginning to soak in at last.

In fact, M-G-M executives, at first considerably put out by Miss Best's abrupt leave-taking, are now beaming like little cherubs over a letter of explanation from Miss Best in which the word "husband" was mentioned seven times.

They have taken the trouble to make it plain that all is forgiven, and that they are looking forward to the return of Miss Best *and* her husband, who is also entering the talkies, in the early fall.

AT present they are happily re-united in New York, where Mr. Marshall continues to charm both the little woman and capacity audiences in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow."

When the play has finished its run, both will return to England for a combination business and pleasure trip. Bent on doing everything together, they both are in partnership with Gilbert Miller, the Anglo-American producer who sponsored Mr. Marshall's present Broadway vehicle, and it is largely in connection with the Miller-Marshall-Best theatrical enterprises abroad that they are making the trip.

Until this comes off, Miss Best will fill in her time in New York in a new play with Basil Rathbone, which is now in rehearsal.

As it doesn't require that she leave New York—and Herbert Marshall—she has entered into it with her old zest.

After their theatrical engagements and their trip to England are over they will return to Hollywood in the early fall—together.

Then, with her husband on the same lot with her, maybe in the very same picture with her, Edna Best will begin all over again on an American talkie career that, even at its best, she has concluded, runs second to that more desirable combination—a husband and home.

Four wise ways to loveliness that famous women use

Distinguished for their beauty ...for the irresistible grace with which they carry on an aristocratic tradition... the world's social leaders follow Pond's way to the unfailing charm of personal loveliness.

Wherever their brilliant pursuits may take them, they give to exquisite skins this special

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Mrs. Morgan Belmont
Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt
The Countess Howe
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Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton
Mrs. Alfred Victor du Pont

care... and face an admiring world with radiant loveliness... assured success.

Follow their example. Equip your dressing table with these Two famous Creams, these softer Tissues... this marvelous Skin Freshener... Then watch for the enchanting new beauty that must glow in your skin!



1—For thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream, with upward, outward strokes. Let the fine oils sink into the pores and float the dirt to the surface.

2—With Pond's Cleansing Tissues wipe away all cream and dirt. These fleecy-soft Tissues are 52% more absorbent than ordinary tissues. Peach or white.

3—With Pond's Skin Freshener briskly pat your skin till it is all aglow—to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm, promote natural color.

4—Now a dainty film of Pond's Vanishing Cream, for powder base, protection, exquisite finish. Use it on your neck and arms, too—wherever you powder.

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"YES—I am SAYS IRENE RICH

This charming screen favorite tells how 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars keep the lure of youthful skin . . .

■ "I don't mind confessing it a bit," says Irene Rich with her warm, irresistible smile. "I really am thirty-nine years old!

"A screen star never worries about birthdays, you see, as long as she doesn't *look* old. To hold her public she must keep the fresh loveliness of youth.

"That is why in Hollywood we guard complexion beauty above all else. We know it says 'youth' quicker than anything else. Any woman who wants to keep her charm right through the years should keep her skin always soft, smooth, youthfully aglow."

How does this lovely star guard complexion beauty? Just as so many other Hollywood actresses do—605 of the 613 important ones! "*I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly,*" she says.

■ IRENE RICH AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS

(left to right) Frances, 20 years old, Jane (in background) 14, their mother, actually 39! Still radiantly youthful, still irresistibly appealing, Irene Rich says: "Any woman can keep her youthful freshness right through the years. The right soap can do wonders for your skin. I have used Lux Toilet Soap for years, and my daughters, too, use it."

For every type of skin, the Hollywood stars find, this fragrant, lovely white soap is the perfect complexion care. Surely you will want to try it!



The caress of dollar-

a-cake French soap

Youth LUX

39 years old!"



Photograph by Autrey
Hollywood, 1930

■ **IRENE RICH**, the screen star whose loveliness has endeared her to millions, confesses frankly to thirty-nine birthdays. And why not? Above is one of her most recent photographs. Years have only added to her charm. Today she faces even the cruel test of close-up lights triumphantly youthful, as this picture (right) from one of her recent films shows!



Toilet Soap—10¢



VERY YOUNG LEADING MAN—"Of course, my pet, I'll be terribly, terribly proud to be a father—but what will my public say?"

Important Money

(Since Warners signed Ruthie Chatterton, Willie Powell and Katie Francis for huge sums, the actors in Hollywood are again talking in a lot of cyphers.)

*I saw Jack Warner yesterday—
He offered me a million.*

*But shucks! I tossed the contract back
And told him, "Don't be sillion!"*

*"Just give me thirty grand a week,
A palace at the shore,
Six cars, eight maids, a swimming pool
And I'll not ask for more!"*

*"Oh yes, I'll want a contract with
Ten automatic options—
And probably a dressing-room
With all the new controptions!"*

*I handle all big shots like that—
"Give up—or I'll take air!
What's that? A bit at Paramount?
Geel! Lend me taxi fare!"*

Fun's Fun!

Leo Townsend tells Walter Winchell he thinks Gloria Swanson is running around with Gene Markey because she thinks Markey is a title. . . . Some mad wag—I suspect Willie Haines or Eddie Nugent—hung a sign on Buster Keaton's dressing-room, reading "Danger: Women at Work!" . . . Katherine DeMille, Cecil's daughter, has given up acting for a time and is holding the script on her dad's set. Can't you just hear it? "Yes, Pop!" . . . Some good marquee signs

Reeling Around

*with
Leonard
Hall*

lately. In New York—PAGLIACCI, the first grand opera in sound film, THE DOORWAY TO HELL. In London—ONE HEAVENLY NIGHT. Next week—THE DEVIL TO PAY. . . . "The Village of Sin," famous Russian picture, was directed by O. Proebashenskaja. *The Film Mercury* wants to know why the feller doesn't come to Hollywood and make a name for himself? . . . Charles (Ex-Buddy Ex-Star) Rogers gets his morning headache worrying about which of his five cars he'll take to the studio. And when he was a kid hit, did I buy five gallons of gas for his one-lunged flivver? A whole Hollywood novel in two lines. . . . Richard Dix, it is said, will sing in "Marcheta." Well, we can always remember "Cimarron."

The Gag of the Month Club

This month's award goes to Groucho (Silly) Marx without effort.

The fastest-cracker of the four Marx boys arrived in Hollywood to begin work on the next Paramount comedy of that funny family.

As a matter of course, he was interviewed.

"Mr. Marx," asked an earnest young newsman from the *Los Angeles Times*, "do you want to play *Hamlet*?"

Groucho gave him the eye.

"Not," replied Mr. Marx, "unless he gives me a stroke a hole!"

Getting Personal

When Clara Bow was getting her rest after the DeVoe trial, she spent most of it hiding away at the ranch owned by Charlie Mack, of Moran and Mack. . . . Yes, and Clara and Charlie Rogers won the popularity contest conducted by the *Chicago Times*. Garbo and Lew Ayres, second. . . . Harry Langdon, with three suits filed against him in Hollywood, is playing in vaudeville somewhere else. Harry found he couldn't laugh off the suits. . . . Alice White's chauffeur is named Charles Ray. . . . Did you know that Uncle Carl Laemmle of Universal is now so hard of hearing he has to use ear-phones to hear his own talkies? It's a break for him if he mislays them now and then. . . . Will Rogers set out to be a Methodist minister. Then the chewing-gum habit got him, and now he's a millionaire. . . . Ina Claire is a numerologist, like a lot of others in Hollywood. Ina found the lucky number and made "The Royal Family." . . . Though Anita Page is a great big girl now, eleven o'clock is still the deadline, or bedline, and her pappy still calls for her at parties. . . . Arthur McLaglen, Vic's fifty-seventh or ninety-fourth brother, was married in Hollywood to Marian Lord. . . . Robert Montgomery has rated a brief Broadway holiday after arduous work on the Metro lot. . . . The progress of cinematic art in America—the Pennsylvania censors made so many cuts in "The Easiest Way" that four subtitles had to be written in to explain the action. Clarence Brown, famous Metro director, has just given up \$15,000 for a new plane guaranteed to deliver 175 miles an hour.

*...and on her cheek
there blooms the radiant
blush of Health*

*Glowing health and unblemished
beauty can reward those who
follow the Saline Treatment*

TO the art of the cosmetician, to the maker of fine creams and lotions, every woman should bow in gratitude. For pure creams and unfailing care do much to clear and guard your skin.

But cosmetics, however good, and creams, however fine, guard only the surface of your skin! And many a woman blames her creams and lotions when the fault lies in herself—she has neglected *internal* cleanliness!

She, then, should know the virtues of the Saline Method—for the surest, simplest way to internal cleanliness is with Sal Hepatica—the saline way to a clear and healthy system.

In Europe, well do women know the

virtues of salines. At the season's end, to Vichy, to Wiesbaden, to Aix—come the lovely Viennese, the cool beauties of England, the dark, slender women of France. There they drink the saline waters of the famous health springs—and



return to the European capitals with complexions refined, with bodies revived.

For years, physicians have recommended the saline method for correcting acidity and the long list of ills which come from faulty elimination.

Colds and acidosis, rheumatism, headaches and auto-intoxication are driven away. Digestions are regulated. Complexions are cleared. For salines purify the bloodstream.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how your complexion takes on the radiant clarity of health.

Send in the coupon—and let us send you, free, the booklet, "To Clarice in Quest of Her Youth"—which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

★ ★ ★
BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G-51, 71 West St., N. Y.
Kindly send me the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

★ ★ ★
Sal Hepatica
© 1930

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]



Will Rogers tries his gags on the boy friends. Between scenes for "A Connecticut Yankee," Will reads one of his daily telegrams right out loud. Left to right, William Farnum (*King Arthur*), Will himself, and Brandon Hurst (*Merlin*). Director David Butler, in civilian clothes, seems the best audience of the whole lot

THE stars used to have their faces lifted. Now they have their voices lowered.

It's the talkies, mates!

Dr. Marafioti, over at Metro, has been relaxing John Gilbert, and in "Gentleman's Fate" Jack's voice is several tones farther down in the chest, much to everyone's delight.

It is even said that Garbo, herself, is tinkering with her voice. She's said to be worried about its huskiness, and would like to iron it out a bit. Don't do it, Greta! The minute you go canary on us, you'll lose a lot of that fascination!

ANITA PAGE now tips the scales at 118. Careful, Anita!

THERE'S still plenty of fight in Mary Nolan.

Of course, the Hollywood version of her row with Universal is that there was too much fight in her to begin with—and that most of it was directed at Ernest and Junior Laemmle. The roaring of the tempestuous beauty of the Universal lot was altogether too reminiscent of the pre-talkie tantrums of Pola Negri, and the inevitable outcome was the abrupt termination of her contract.

But, fighting still, she says she's on her way back. She's playing a dramatic sketch in vaudeville now which she hopes will show producers the wide range of her dramatic talents and the kind of parts she wants to play.

She wants a respite from the steady succession of "bad woman" parts to which she took such an explosive dislike at Universal.

HOLLYWOOD versions of the tumultuous Mary don't exactly jibe with her own plaintive accounts of how hard things were made for her.

She says she got a bad deal because she happened to be Imogene Wilson before she became Mary Nolan.

One does know that her vitriolic outbursts, when Pauline Starke supplanted her in "What Men Want," made her unpopular and that after she had gone the entire company played

the fashionable game of "Murder." At the suggestion of Carmelita Geraghty, each member told a different story of how they had murdered La Nolan!

At any rate, only twenty-six, and still beautiful, her heart is still in pictures, she says, and with protests that are as determined as they are pathetic, she insists she'll be back.

So it seems that you just can't keep Mary Nolan down.

IF any of our Honolulu readers happen to see Phyllis Haver leaving the boat with an elderly gentleman, let us assure them it is not an elopement. She is still crazy about her husband, Billy Seeman.

Billy's father died recently, and his uncle was so broke up over it that Phyllis took him away on a holiday.

Billy had to remain in New York to run his big "White Rose" canneries.

BETTY COMPSON admitted in a recent interview that she might marry someone the second time who was several years younger than herself. Even as much as ten years younger.

Hugh Trevor, who has been her boy friend since she divorced James Cruze, satisfies the situation.

Incidentally, Trevor is the nephew of William Le Baron, head-man for the Coast studio of Radio where Betty makes pictures.

ALICE DAY and her husband, Broker Jack Cohn, are happy.

Alice's little son, born in March, is doing fine, and so's Alice—and so, need I add, is Jack.

REPORTS persist that Pola Negri is coming back to America to make talkies.

She's said to have a one-picture contract with Radio Pictures, with options. It would be her first audible screen effort.

Well, doggone it, come on, Pola. Hollywood's been getting a bit dullish!

NEITHER London nor the little gray comic himself will soon forget the welcome the British capital gave Charlie Chaplin when he landed in the country of which he's still a citizen.

Riots at the dock, the London railway station, and up and down the town. Pandemonium at the premiere of "City Lights." Visits with all and sundry nabobs, from Premier MacDonald down. A quick trip to the teeming East End, where Charlie spent his boyhood.

Rumors of a knighthood—which Charlie probably wouldn't accept, anyway.

Berlin—the same story. Mobbed at the station, with Marlene Dietrich ill-advisedly crashing in on the reception and being politely put aside until Charlie was properly hailed. Then she and the comic had a talk at his hotel.

And again in France, the same whoop-de-doo. All for a little gray-haired comedian who is called the greatest living master of the art of pantomime!

TWENTY million movie fans—grab your shotguns and swords and get ready for battle!

A learned board of judges headed by Newton D. Baker, former Secretary of War, has chosen America's twelve greatest women.

Social workers, artists, educators and authors—and not one picture actress!

What about Clara Bow? What about Garbo—or is Scandinavian birth ruled out? I'm boiling!

NOTHING daunted, director Josef Von Sternberg, discoverer of the Delectable Dietrich, picks the six most beautiful women

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 82]

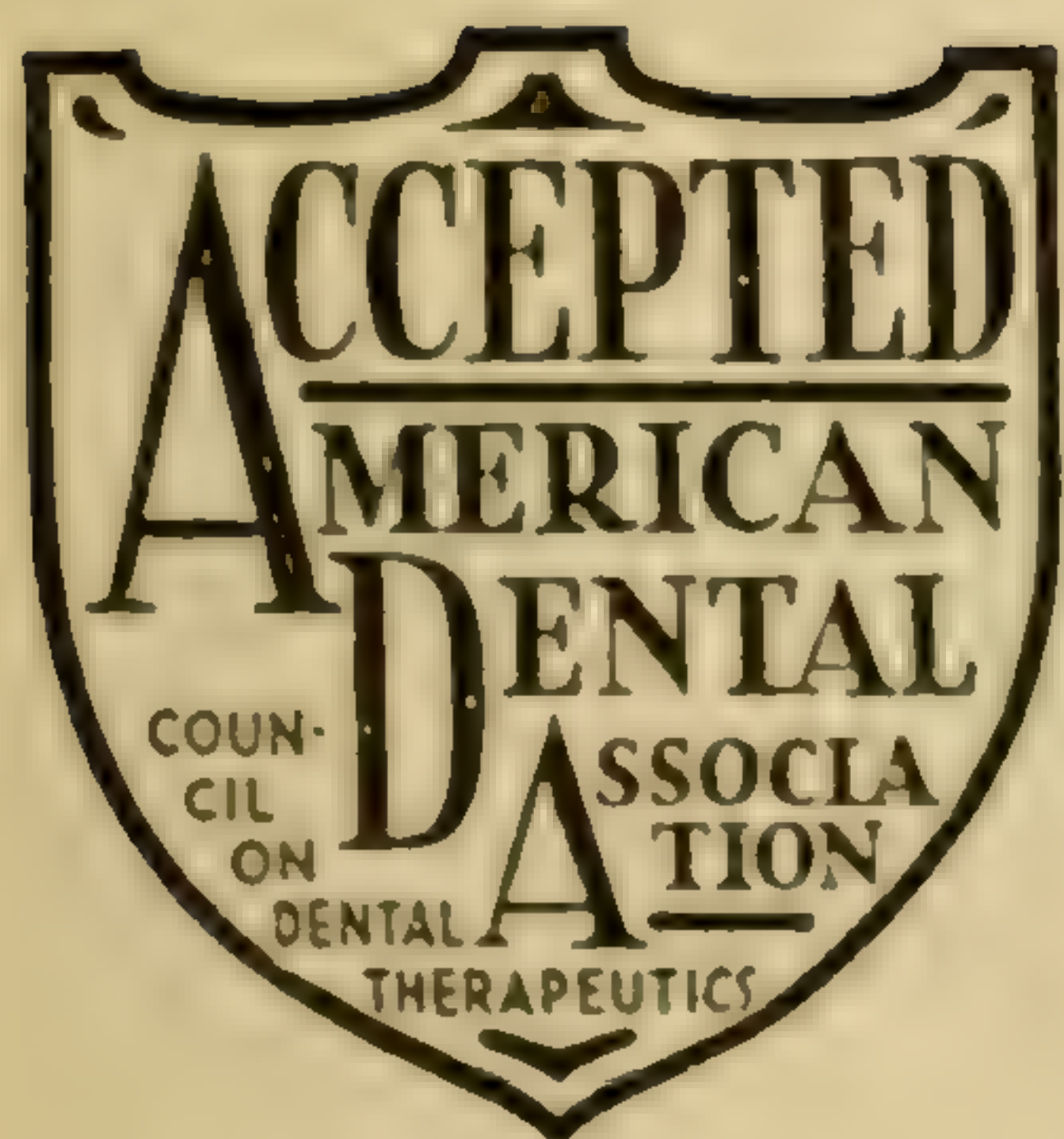


How do you like Evalyn Knapp's smart sports scarf, with its flower design, and bag to match? And how do you like Evalyn? You'll see her next in First National's forthcoming "You and I"

THIS TOOTHPASTE

KEEPS MORE PEOPLE'S
TEETH CLEAN THAN ANY OTHER
DENTIFRICE IN THE WORLD—AND
HAS FOR OVER 30 YEARS . . .

yet sells for **25^c**



See if the seal of
acceptance is on
the toothpaste
you buy

COLGATE'S has *health-fully* and *completely* cleansed more people's teeth than any other toothpaste the world has ever known.

Colgate's has been more universally recommended by dentists through the years than any other dentifrice ever made.

And now—climaxing 30 years of leadership—Colgate's has been accepted by the American Dental Association, Council on

Dental Therapeutics. The seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.

Colgate's sells for 25 cents because more people use it than any other make. The price is important—but the quality, not the price, has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]

in Hollywood. Thus during the thunderbolts of slighted darlings.

Here are Joe's picks—

Greta Garbo, Lily Damita, Clara Bow, Frances Dee, Joan Crawford and Marlene Dietrich (My oh me, this last is a surprise, Joel).

Well, it's a good pick. One man's pippin is another's headache, and *vice versa*.

JACK OAKIE is making his first Western picture.

"Every time I play a whole scene without falling off the horse, all the real cowboys on the set cheer," he says.

YOUNG Frank Albertson is one of our newer grooms.

The Fox juvenile plunged off the deep end with Virginia Shelley, a pretty girl in pictures, not long ago.

"Love and careers mix," say the Albertsons, smiling broadly.

WHEN Universal made "Dracula," the thriller, officials knew they were taking a chance. The subject was so morbid that it might have no audience appeal. But it went over big. "Dracula" proved a box-office success.

So a lot of officials of Universal threw a big party to celebrate. One who was not invited to the party was Tod Browning.

Tod Browning directed "Dracula."

Of course Hollywood has taken to backgammon. Conrad Nagel is one of the victims.

He carries a pocket-sized backgammon board with him wherever he goes. Well, almost.

GOODNESS gracious, there's a restaurant in Hollywood which actually doesn't want publicity. They beg people not to let their name get into print.

It's Armstrong and Schroder, at Wilshire and Santa Monica.

And their reason? They are afraid Gloria Swanson will stop coming there almost every evening to eat steak, her favorite food. When the public go to a restaurant to see the stars eat, the stars go somewhere else.

LOWELL SHERMAN has a trick superstition. In the cast of each picture he is to direct, he insists on having at least one person from the cast of the last picture he made.

"WHY won't you tell the amount of money you inherited from your grandmother?" we asked Carole Lombard, who has contented herself with explaining she would never have to work again if she didn't wish to.

"Because everyone would be wanting to borrow from me," was the simple explanation. Wise baby!

AND now there's the bozo who says that Harry Carey may be a star in Hollywood but he's suicide in Japan. Get it?

EVELYN LAYE, the booful blonde of "One Heavenly Night," seems to have lost out in Hollywood.

Samuel Goldwyn has allowed her option to lapse. Before that Warners wanted her for the rôle of Trilby in Barrymore's "Svengali," but they couldn't see the \$50,000 she asked.

So the English Miss Laye seems all set for a brilliant career—in England.



Mary Brian gets her copy of PHOTOPLAY from the new "News-O-Mat" vending machine in Hollywood. A quarter in the slot, a tug at the lever, and Mary gets the latest news about herself

"CIMARRON" not only put Richard Dix back into the limelight as one of the leading cinema actors but, more important to Richard, who admits he has a mercenary streak, it boosted the weekly pay check. It's now \$5,500. And before you say it's too much, remember that a salesman is entitled to ten per cent and Dix's name is the salesman for "Cimarron." The way that picture is going, it's not ten per cent, either.



Making talkies on a battle-wagon! The Navy lends the Battleship Colorado to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for scenes for "Shipmates." Of course, the gobs just hated having this crowd of pretty girls on board! As you can see by the way they're crowded back of the lights, they aren't interested. It must be the cameras they like!

A STUDIO visitor—a friend of somebody-or-other, and one of those gushy young things!—was introduced to Ricardo Cortez on a First National set the other day.

"Oh, Senor Cortez!" she began—and forthwith rattled along in excellent Spanish for several minutes.

Cortez listened and smiled indulgently, until she paused.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I don't speak Spanish."

She looked startled.

Then a light dawned.

And she chattered on—this time in exquisite French.

Again Cortez patiently waited.

When she paused again, he turned to a studio aide.

"Say," he pleaded, "won't someone tell this lady that the only language I know is English?"

She was quite disappointed.

Ricardo Cortez' real name, she learned later, is Jack Krantz.

He was raised in Brooklyn, N. Y.

CARMEL MYERS wants \$52,000.

Who doesn't? But Carmel is suing as the result of an automobile accident in which she suffered a broken wrist.

Carmel charges that Milton C. Bren lent his car to her husband, Ralph Blum, knowing that its brakes were defective. Over an embankment they went.

Carmel's wrist cracked—and it hurt just \$52,000 worth.

JOAN BENNETT'S bodyguard is a Great Dane dog—a mammoth beast.

It roams the grounds of Joan's big, isolated house, by night.

It used to belong to Rudolph Valentino.

ONE way to end a perfectly good screen career is to kick El Brendel in the eye. Or maybe you'd just like to do it on general principles.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

In more than 1600 cities . . . all over the world . . . beauty experts agree on olive and palm oil beauty cleansing

Madame **BERTHA JACOBSON** of London

tells how to retain the complexion of Youth

THAT ruddy, out-of-doors English complexion. It defies weather. It defies time. And beauty experts in Britain's capital believe that one particular facial soap does much to guard that youthful, wholesome beauty. They advise Palmolive. Their clients use it.

Madame Bertha Jacobson speaks for thousands of her colleagues in beauty culture when she warns against "the harsh effects of soaps not made exclusively of olive and palm oils."

In over 1600 cities—do consider the tremendous reaches of Europe and America that must cover!—beauty specialists advise Palmolive Soap as a safeguard to skin loveliness. And in England, Mme. Jacobson, a pre-eminent leader in her field, is quite emphatic in her reasons for suggesting its use.

Need for soap and water

"When women come to me for advice on the care of the skin," she says, "I always impress on them the need for soap and water, as cleanliness of the skin is the first step to beauty."

"By using Palmolive you can always be sure your skin will retain its natural loveliness."

Unless impurities are removed from the skin by the use of gentle, soothing soap lather, they form blackheads, pimples, blemishes of all sorts.

Now, because of its olive and palm oil content, Palmolive has been found to be most efficient in cleansing the skin . . . gentler, easier on the youth of the skin. That is why Madame Jacobson and over 20,000 other beauty experts advise it. Why you should use it—to keep that schoolgirl complexion.



YOUTH! Wholesomeness! Due, in large measure, to the captivating freshness of that schoolgirl complexion!

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEA and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.



TEJERO of Barcelona helps the olive-skinned Spanish beauties to keep complexions lovely by advising Palmolive Soap.



"Palmolive leaves the skin delightfully smooth. It is refreshing, pure, safe. Your skin needs its gentle lather, for true cleanliness, twice daily."

Bertha Jacobson

of Maison de Beauté Pompadour, Ltd., 11/12 Dover St., Mayfair, London, W. 1.

DAHLSTRAND of Stockholm Beauty adviser to the loveliest women in Sweden, places "Palmolive first among soaps."



Retail Price 10c

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]



What susceptible hippopotamus wouldn't lie down, play dead or even yodel for these pretty First National girls, Mae Madison and Gladys Ford? One spat from Mae's wand, and this hippo was a good doggie! First National's publicity boss rushed the girls over the minute Al Barnes' circus train came steaming into town to help make a circus picture

Antoinette Morales is a little Spanish dancer who has a part in "Women of All Nations." She kicked a little too far and Brendel was standing where he shouldn't have been.

It was pretty serious and, for a time, it was thought that the comedian might lose the sight in that eye.

And poor Antoinette was so upset that she didn't wait to see if her option was going to be renewed.

She just packed her things and went straight back to New York.

MARION DAVIES' pet superstition is the one about not having thirteen at table.

She'll hold up even a formal dinner for more than an hour to find a fourteenth guest.

NO matter how serious the occasion, Buster Keaton always has a good laugh!

Shortly after Kathleen Key stormed into his dressing-room, demanded \$20,000 from him to keep from making a scandal, wrecked the place pretty successfully and manhandled Keaton, equally successfully, Buster hung a sign on his dressing-room door. It read, "Closed for repairs." Shortly afterwards, he hung up another one which said, "Opened under new management." He also had

printed slips of paper which every woman who comes into his dressing-room must sign.

The statement makes it clear that you enter at your own risk and that Buster is not responsible for murder, arson, falling hair or arches, indigestion or loss of husbands.

NOW that Director Van Dyke's black men, Mutia and Riano, who played in "Trader Horn," have returned to Africa, the secret can be told.

Of all the delicacies that America afforded, the one thing upon which they spent all their extra cash was potato chips.

SIX months ago Conchita Montenegro was dancing in Paris. An M-G-M official saw her and brought her to Hollywood for foreign versions.

When she landed, she could say only "Hello" and "Goodbye" and "No."

Today she is playing the lead in the English version of "Never the Twain Shall Meet," starring Leslie Howard. She prattles English almost like a native. She will tell you she learned so quickly because she is so ambitious. M-G-M will tell you she is a Lupe Velez and Dolores Del Rio rolled into one.

She's a cute youngster with a nose like Gloria Swanson, and she's popular with the

men. Mr. Charles Spencer Chaplin was one who was beginning to take particular notice when he departed for Europe.

HOLLYWOOD'S gagsters just can't resist playing with the title "Cimarron."

One cracked off that they serve "Cimarron buns" at the Radio studio restaurant daily, now. But the prize—a bottle of cyanide!!—goes to the wag who said:

"Say, what's become of So-and-So? I haven't Cimarron lately . . .!"

TO look at that funny pan, you'd never think she had a care in the world. And that just goes to show how wrong you'd be. Polly Moran is the champion long distance worrier of the film colony.

Around about option time, Polly turns a seagreen and forgets to laugh at Billy Haines' cracks. The big silly—as if there weren't a dozen studios who would be tickled to death to sign her if M-G-M didn't renew! But everything is moonlight and roses now. Metro has signed her again, as everybody knew they would.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]



Try this over on your zither! Lilian Bond, the new Metro find from musical comedy, wears this novel sports costume—a black and white jersey suit, with the jacket full of musical notes

Why do so many women prefer this tooth paste?

THE answer is simple and logical. Listerine Tooth Paste is kinder to the teeth.

This delightful thrift dentifrice contains remarkable cleansing and polishing agents—noted for their gentle action. We searched for years before discovering them. They are harder than tartar and consequently remove it. But they are softer than the precious tooth enamel and are therefore harmless to it.

So, teeth cleansed by Listerine Tooth Paste retain their natural health, firmness, and brilliance.

If you are not already using this unusual tooth paste, get a tube today and try it. Compare it with any tooth paste at any price. And judge by results alone.

More than 3,000,000 men and women have made this comparison. Now they pronounce Listerine Tooth Paste their favorite. They like the quick but gentle way it gets rid of discoloration, stains, and tartar. They like the thorough way it cleans. The beautiful brilliance it imparts to teeth.

And they welcome that wonderful feeling of freshness it leaves in the mouth—a sensation associated with Listerine itself.

Incidentally, at 25¢ the large tube, Listerine Tooth Paste saves you \$3 a year over dentifrices in the 50¢ class, on the basis of a tube per month per person. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



Listerine TOOTH PASTE

Buy gloves with
that \$3 it saves

There are so many things you can buy with that \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. Gloves are merely a suggestion.





A top o' the morning treat

GET OFF to a flying start for the day. Heap Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes high in your bowl. Float them in cream. And then taste them. You'll wonder how bran flakes could taste so good!

And look what you get in every serving. *Three vital elements!* Here's crunchy *whole wheat* to nourish you. Here's extra *bran* to help keep you fit—just enough to be mildly laxative. And above all, here's the matchless taste of PEP—the wonderful flavor that only Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes have.

Vim, health, and marvelous flavor all combined. That's why Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are so good to eat and so good for you. That's why they are *better bran flakes*. Children love them and so will you.

Serve them often for breakfast. Enjoy them at lunch. Make them the main dish for the children's supper. The more of them you eat—the more you'll agree that Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are the best bran flakes you ever ate.

Sold by all grocers. In the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

. . .

You'll enjoy Kellogg's Slumber Music, broadcast over WJZ and associated stations of the N. B. C. every Sunday evening at 10.30 E. D. S. T. Also KFI Los Angeles, KOMO Seattle at 10.00, and KOA Denver at 10.30.



Kellogg's

PEP BRAN FLAKES

Jobyna *and* Dick



Give a Party *for* Six

WHEN Jobyna Ralston married Richard Arlen, Paramount star, back in 1927, she gave up a promising screen career to settle down and become merely "Dick Arlen's wife." Since then, Joby has turned her talents into housewifely channels, and an invitation to one of her little dinner parties is a promise of good food and fun.

She believes in rather simple menus, except for formal dinners. Here is a typical one:

Caviar Canapes with Celery

Cream of Chestnut Soup

Fillets of Flounder
with Waffled Potatoes

Crown of Lamb with Purée of Peas
Parsley Potatoes
Hot Biscuits with Preserves

Moulded Russian Salad
with Cheese Sticks

Coffee Frappe
Demi-tasse
Crackers and Cheese
Candy and Nuts

Moulded Russian
Salad

REDUCE strong consomme so that when cold it will be jelly-like in consistency. Set individual moulds in a pan of ice water. Pour in consomme one-quarter inch deep. When firm, decorate bottom and sides of moulds with cold cooked carrots, beets, and potatoes cut in fancy shapes.

PHOTOPLAY'S photographer catches Mr. and Mrs. (Jobyna Ralston) Arlen preparing for one of those Hollywood orgies. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. (Sue Carol) Nick Stuart, Mary Brian and Buddy Rogers. Dinner was followed by a scandalous evening of backgammon but probably none of the neighbors called the police

By Carolyn Van Wyck

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

Add consomme to cover vegetables, and as soon as firm fill moulds two-thirds full of any cooked vegetables that may be at hand. Add consomme by spoonfuls, allowing it to become firm between the additions, and put in enough to cover vegetables.

Chill thoroughly, remove from moulds, and arrange on lettuce leaves. Serve with mayonnaise.

Coffee Frappé

White of 1 egg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coffee
4 cups boiling water
1 cup sugar

Beat white of egg slightly. Add cold water and mix with coffee. Turn into scalded coffee pot, add boiling water, and let boil together one minute. Place on back of stove ten minutes to cool. Then strain, add sugar, and freeze to a mush, using equal parts of ice and salt.

Serve in frappé glasses, with whipped cream that is sweetened and flavored.

IF any of your guests are on a reducing diet you will have to make some changes in the Arlen menu. But most people have learned that by eating smaller portions of everything they need not deprive themselves of any foods, not even potatoes, bread or sweets.

If you want to simplify the menu, you can substitute a fruit cocktail for the caviar and a thin soup for the cream soup.

TANGEE



*"Lipstick
must look
natural"*

SAYS FRENCH AUTHORITY

"Let us caution every woman who would be fashionable this season," says *Le Jardin des Modes*, of Paris, *greatest French fashion magazine*.

"Flashy, glaring lips can ruin the effect of the prettiest and most expensive ensemble. The Fashion this season is individual, romantic and feminine.

"TANGEE Lipstick well answers these requirements because it blends with your individual, natural coloring." ©

TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, \$1. Non-Greasy! Natural! Permanent! **NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL**, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick for professional and evening use.



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up."

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. P5
417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name _____

Address _____

These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

WYNNE GIBSON ("June Moon," Paramount) is counted on for big things on the Paramount lot. Wynne began in the theater as a musical comedy heroine, playing in "The Gingham Girl" and "Little Jesse James," among others. Paramount has discovered dramatic talent in the girl. She's five feet, two, with dark hair, gray eyes and a lot of charm.



RAY MILLAND ("The Bachelor Father," M-G-M) was born in Ireland, educated in Wales and calls himself British. His real name is Jack Millane. After juvenile labors on the London stage, he appeared in several British pictures. Coming to America, his test at Metro was successful, and he was at once assigned to the Marion Davies comedy.



SIDNEY FOX ("Bad Sister," Universal) scored a personal success on Broadway at eighteen, in the farce "Lost Sheep." Picture scouts found her, and at nineteen she was on the Universal lot, under contract. She weighs only ninety-four pounds, is just five feet tall, and has dark brown hair and eyes. You'll hear from this child!



HARDIE ALBRIGHT ("Young Sinners," Fox) is the latest able young actor from the New York stage to crash the talkies. Fox scouts saw him in the juvenile lead in "The Greeks Had a Word For It" on Broadway, and slapped a contract on him. He's twenty-six, six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. A good actor.



LILIAN BOND ("Stepping Out," M-G-M) is an English girl, now twenty-one, who began her theatrical career in musical shows, like so many others. Coming to New York, she appeared in a few plays and then stepped before the camera in the cast of some short subjects. Her looks and talents got her a nice contract with Metro in Hollywood.



ALEXANDER KIRKLAND ("The Tarnished Lady," Paramount) is a young actor who scored a sensational success on Broadway in "Wings Over Europe" a few years ago. Since then he has run his own stock company, and now makes his talkie debut opposite Tallulah Bankhead in her first picture, originally called "New York Lady." Alec is about twenty-three.



GLENDA FARRELL ("Little Caesar," First National) shared in the glory of this fine picture of gangland with Edward G. Robinson. It was Glenda's first picture. Following this, she returned to New York and during the current season has been playing in "On the Spot," an Edgar Wallace melodrama, with Crane Wilbur and Anna May Wong.



DOUGLAS WALTON ("Body and Soul," Fox) was born in Canada twenty-one years ago, and educated in the mother country. Made his stage debut in London, returned to Canada and played in stock, and migrated to Hollywood to take a chance on breaking into talkies. He did. Walton is a six-foot blond. Fox has him safely contracted for.



Baby Teeth are *important*...Mother

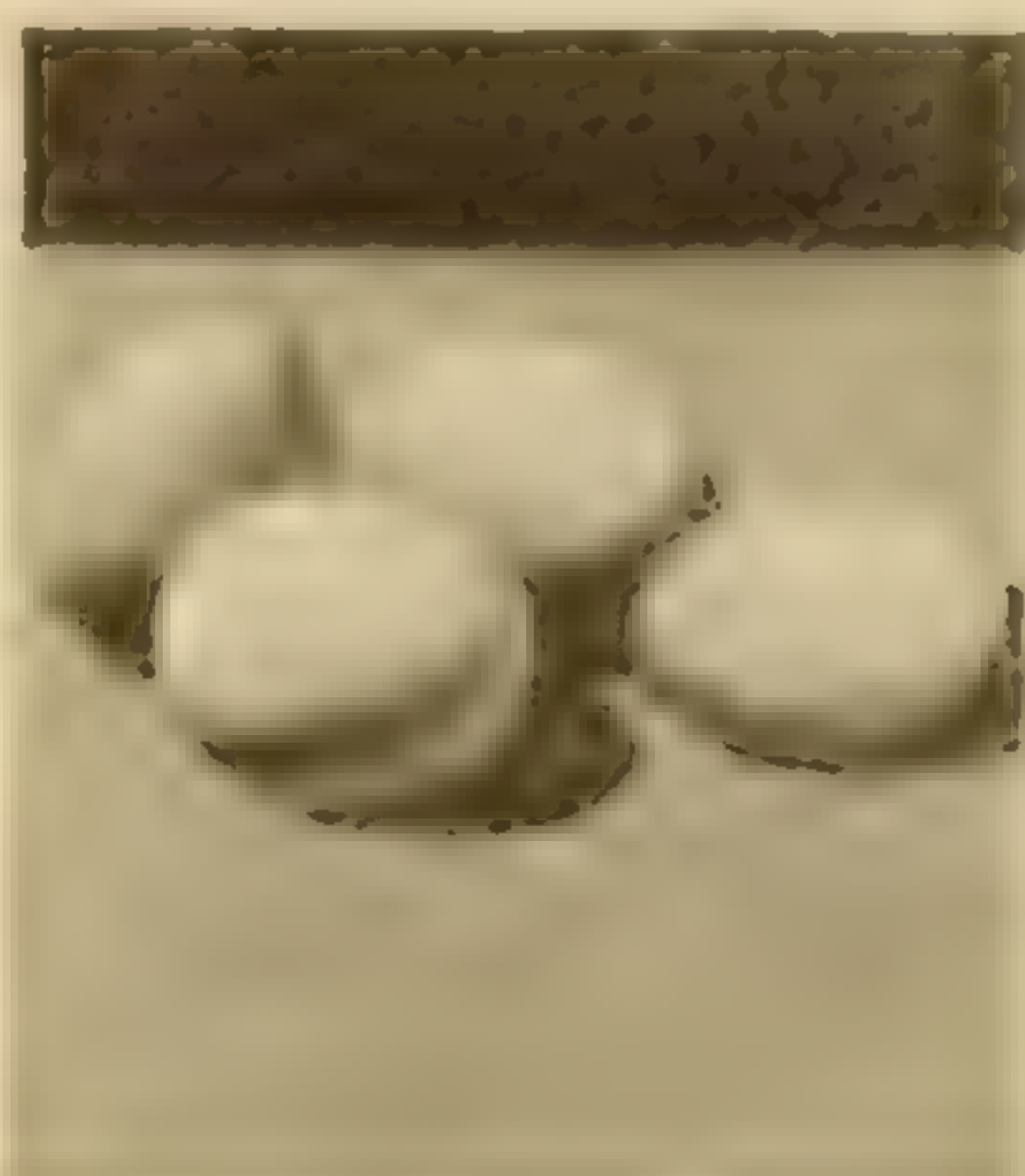
Neglect them and your child may pay the penalty in later life. Here is some helpful information.



MILK is abundant in the mineral which makes up the major part of the tooth.



ORANGE JUICE, the best known source of vitamin C; aids in keeping gums healthy.



EGGS, the best natural food source of the sunshine vitamin—also rich in iron.

Do these three things...to have strong, healthy teeth

1. At the left are some suggestions of what is good for you. 2. Use Pepsodent twice a day. 3. See your dentist twice a year (children oftener).



NO mother needs to be told how easily the first (baby) teeth decay. What many do not know is the trouble these teeth, if neglected, may cause in later years.

To be safe is so simple. Take your child to your dentist every few months—*immediately* should you notice the slightest sign of decay or other trouble. Between times make sure your child uses Pepsodent tooth paste night and morning—without fail.

Pepsodent—especially for children

Pepsodent tooth paste is especially recommended for children. The cleansing agent in Pepsodent was developed after thousands of experiments and many years of research. It polishes enamel to a brilliant lustre. It is *twice* as soft as the polishing agent commonly used in tooth pastes. *Pepsodent* is *supremely safe*, as hundreds of laboratory tests on teeth have proved conclusively.

TURN TO PAGE 17

Important announcement of a remarkable new discovery in this magazine! (not a tooth paste)



Film

is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay... to cause unsightly discolorations on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

Pepsodent tooth paste is the most effective way of removing the troublesome film from teeth, which is the major cause of decay and other serious troubles.

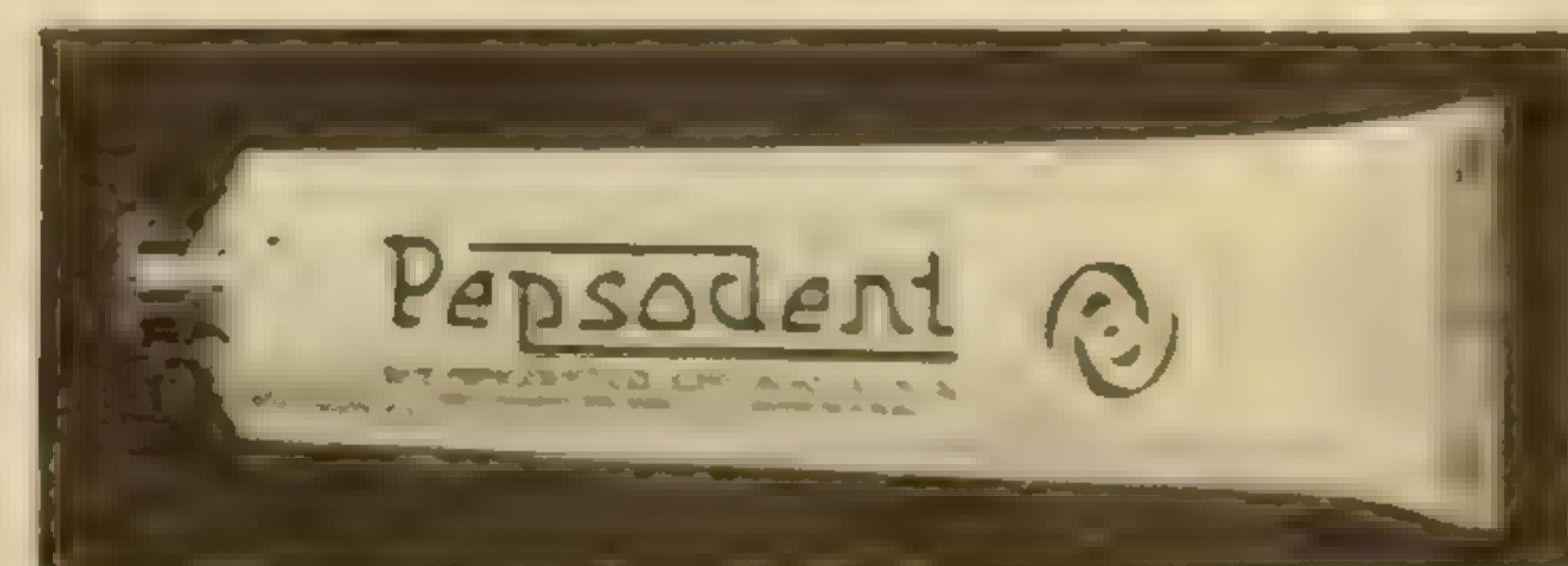
Film holds germs of decay against the teeth. To remove germs you must remove this dangerous germ-laden film.

Film absorbs the stains from foods and fruits. Removing film makes teeth gleam and sparkle.

Pepsodent—the special film-removing dentifrice—is the scientific way to lovely, healthy teeth through life.



Ames 'n' Andy is used in your Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network.



Pepsodent—the special film-removing tooth paste



At 9 feet—

HOW LOVELY!

At 3 feet—

WHY DOESN'T

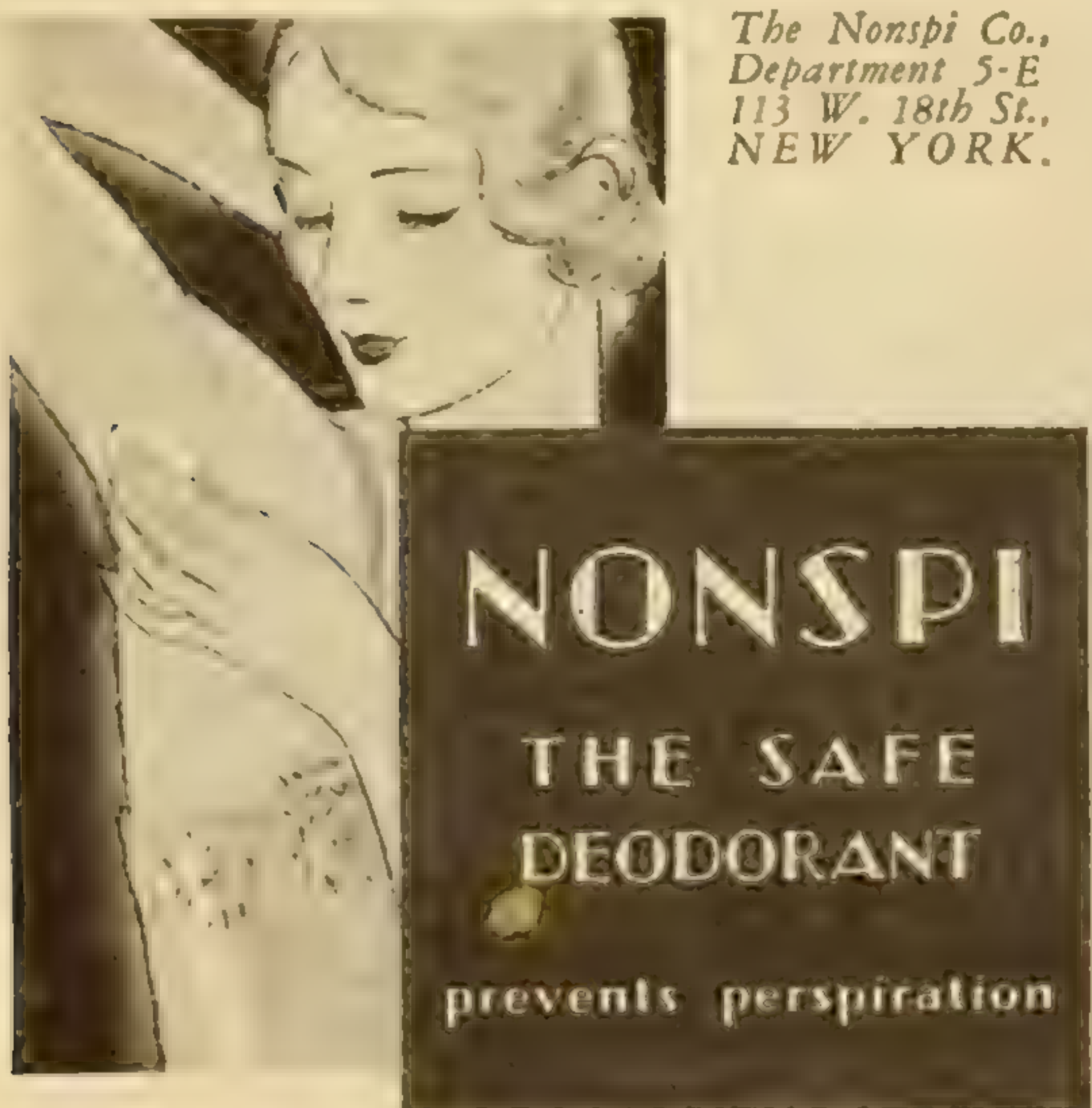
SOMEONE TELL HER?

? . . . Is the woman who has armpit odor aware of it?—NO. She can notice it in others. Others can notice it in her. She can seldom notice it in herself.

? . . . Is it safe to use an underarm deodorant? YES, if you use Nonspi. This deodorant contains an ingredient not found in any other which makes it do its work better, more safely. In fact, it is the one deodorant pronounced both safe and effective by competent medical authority.

? . . . How long does one application last? 72 hours (3 days). You need to use Nonspi only twice a week to be always free from armpit odor, always free from the danger of staining costly frocks.

? . . . Can I try Nonspi? YES. Send 10¢ for a generous trial bottle, enough for two or three weeks. Or start today; get a full-sized 50¢ bottle, at any drug or dept. store.



The Nonspi Co.,
Department 5-E
113 W. 18th St.,
NEW YORK.

NONSPI

THE SAFE
DEODORANT

prevents perspiration

Short Subjects of the Month

IT'S the day of the sport subject in shorts. Bobby Jones is beginning his Vitaphone series; Bill Tilden, the great tennis player, is on the Coast for Metro, and Johnny Farrell, famous golf pro, is making a series for Pathe release.

One of Johnny's pictures is reviewed in this department this month.

IN THE ROUGH

Pathe

This is the third short Johnny Farrell, the golf pro, has made. He goes round a Florida course, keeping up a running fire of talk with his caddie, explaining shots. And Johnny makes some marvelous ones in this, and on the up and up. A swell short.

THE BRIDE'S MISTAKE

Sennett-Educational

A whirlwind comedy of the old chase school, with peppy Marjorie Beebe doing most of the rough work. The automobile ride she takes with the goofy Dr. Grim is a thrilling affair. Big, gusty sighs of relief when Marj emerges from the gas tank, safe.

LAUGHING GRAVY

Hal Roach-M-G-M

This time Messrs. Laurel and Hardy carry on their droll idiocies in a rooming-house. The owner doesn't crave dogs—and the boys have one. The resulting complications, including Mr. Hardy in a snow storm and a nightshirt, are howls.

EX-PLUMBER

Educational

Lloyd Hamilton again, but not so good this time. He just can't help getting involved with a lovely lady, and his wife is no great help to his peace of mind. Mitchell Lewis plays a comedy Russian count, and Addie McPhail is the little wife.

SHE WENT FOR A TRAMP

Radio Pictures

Don't rush out of the theater when this title flashes on the screen, for you're going to be vastly entertained. The featured comics are Hugh Herbert and Roscoe Ates, the latter famous as the stuttering barber in "Cimarron." Good short.

DOG-A-LOG

Universal

This is a great one for the kiddies. It's a very pleasant little comedy involving a cute youngster named Bobby Nelson and his pup, Mull. They dream of all kinds of high adventure, and we have a hunch elders will like it, too.

CHICKENS COME HOME

Hal Roach-M-G-M

Our friend Hardy has gone into politics, and Stan Laurel is his dumb business manager. Just as Hardy is about to be elected Mayor, a tough baby from his past bobs up. Plenty fun follows. Thelma Todd and Mae Busch, in support. Swell and riotous.

LIME JUICE NIGHTS

Radio Pictures

Karl Dane and George K. Arthur move into a London night club and raise thunder and things. Georgie is a waiter, and Karl is a stewy patron with a pretty wife. Imagine the complications. It's a well-gagged comedy, and makes you laugh.

MASQUERADE

Warners-Vitaphone Variety

One of the month's two-reel dramas. Vivienne Osborne, well-known stage leading woman, does a lot of emoting in the course of the picture, and our villainous old friend, Roy D'Arcy, reappears in a brief rôle. There are even a couple of songs! Mild.

A FOWL AFFAIR

Christie

This *must* be the last step in animal comedies. Now chickens and ducks are dressed up in pants and skirts and told to act pretty. It's a rural melodrama, not very new or funny, but the dubbed-in human voices help laughter along somewhat.

THE FATAL CORD

Paramount

Eugene and Willie Howard, comedians of many a Broadway review, star in a labored, simple sort of comedy about four men adrift on a raft, who play cards to see who wins the last water and biscuit. Willie's dialect is good for some spotty laughter.

THE DOG DOCTOR

Sennett-Educational

You are advised to see Andy Clyde in this one, surrounded by a yelping, gamboling crowd of mutts. As the lovable old veterinarian, forced to sell out his business to satisfy his wife's social aspirations, he almost forces tears among the laughs.

CHECK AND RUBBER CHECK

Columbia

Another of the Eddie Buzzell series that Columbia has been putting out—directed and acted in by the split-pint comedian. This short consists of continuous and rapid wise-cracking by Eddie—in fact, he's 99.44 per cent of the picture.

FEELING FIT

Universal

This comedy stars Lloyd Hamilton, but fails to bring out the best of the big boy's talents. First he is a gardener, and then an accident lands him in a crazy-house instead of a hospital. Complications, plenty. A comic named Bill Franey gets laughs.

Earl Luick, head costume designer for Warner Brothers and First National Studios, creates many of the gowns worn by stars of the screen. His original models are often made of Skinner's Silks.



Modeling masterpieces



"The flowing beauty of Skinner's Chiffon, and other Skinner weaves, is of material assistance to me in achieving the subtle, graceful lines so essential to distinctive effects.

. . . EARL LUICK

WOMEN everywhere are becoming more and more conscious of the clothes worn by American screen actresses. One reason is the *originality* of famous Hollywood designers in interpreting the mode of the moment. Another is their unusual care in the selection of fabrics. Nothing short of the best will do. Hence, in silks, a preference for those bearing the name *Skinner*.

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS

New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia San Francisco
Mills, Holyoke, Mass. Estab. 1848

Skinner's Silks

Crepes
Crepe Satins

Georgettes
Shantung

Chiffons
Sport Fabrics

Obtainable by the yard at leading silk departments. Also in ready-to-wear dresses and ensembles at smart shops.

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

For the sheath-like perfection of this evening dress, designed by Earl Luick, Skinner's Chiffon was admirably adapted. The result—a charming adornment for lovely Loretta Young, First National Star.



Questions & Answers

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. If you want a personal reply, be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



Ann Harding and Clive Brook in "East Lynne"—the talkie version of the old melodrama which has caused ecstatic comment this month

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

"EAST LYNNE"—the old melodrama of bygone days, lost none of its appeal in the talkie version. The fans acclaimed it as one of the finest pictures yet made, and were strong for Ann Harding—an Ann exquisitely beautiful in the costumes of our grandmothers' day and giving such a sincere and unutterably sad performance as the tragic *Lady Isabel*. Oh, the weeping that was done!

Ann Harding has that same quiet air of sincerity off the screen as she brings to the rôles she plays. Her eyes are gray-blue and she has never bobbed her hair, which is a beautiful ash-blond. She is five feet, two inches tall and weighs 106 pounds. You're going to see a lot of her in the future; she has signed a new long term contract with RKO-Pathe. Ann is married to Harry Bannister, an actor whom Pathe has also put under contract, and she has one small daughter, whom she adores. While you're reading this, Ann will be working on "What Every Woman Knows"—Barrie's play which Lois Wilson made in the old silent days.

THELMA WHITTAKER, NEW ORLEANS, LA.: Marlene Dietrich's picture, "Dishonored," is somewhat reminiscent of the life of Mata Hari, the famous international spy. Garbo is scheduled to play a similar character in the near future.

MILDRED WILLHOITE, FORT WORTH, TEX.: The present Mrs. Dick is Jessica Sargent. Mary Hay was the first Mrs. Richard Barthelmess and they have one little daughter. Dick was born May 9, 1897. He has just finished a picture at First National, called "The Finger Points."

BLANCHE CURRAN, BALTIMORE, MD.: Alice White's last picture was "The Widow from Chicago." Yes, sure enough, Charlie Farrell married Virginia Valli and they're honeymooning now in Europe.

ANGELINA OISEE, KENSINGTON, CONN.: There's no doubt about that picture you sent in being none other than ZaSu Pitts.

SARAH F. SNOW, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.: Douglas Fairbanks divorced Beth Sully in 1918 and married Mary in 1920. Beth Sully married James Evans, Jr., but later divorced him and is now Mrs. Jack Whiting.

MARY HELEN GRAVES, STATESVILLE, N. C.: The two songs in "Morocco" sung so entrancingly by Marlene were called "Apples" and "Give Me the Man." Gary Cooper's next picture will be "City Streets."

MRS. A. W. W., DETROIT, MICH.: Fredric March was born Frederick McIntyre Bickel. He is married to Florence Eldridge and they have no children as yet. Gladys Walton was born April 13, 1904. She has been married twice and has two daughters by her second marriage.

PEGGY ANNE BEDILL, TORONTO, CANADA: Here's the lowdown, Peggy, on Kent Douglass. He was born in Los Angeles, Calif., Oct. 29, 1908—the same year as Joan Crawford. He is six feet tall and weighs 170 pounds. His hair is blond and his eyes are hazel and he is not married. He was on the stage prior to his movie debut in "Paid" and we're all hoping, like you, to see a lot more of him. His real name is Robert Douglass Montgomery.

E. JENSEN, DETROIT, MICH.: Walter Huston was born in Toronto, Canada, and hasn't changed his name. He is married and has one son.

PAUL BRYANT, PRINCETON, IND.: The cute little French girl in "Half Shot at Sunrise" was Dorothy Lee, now under contract to Radio Pictures. Her real name is Marjorie Millsap, and I'm sorry to have to tell you, Paul, that she's married. Way back in 1930 she became Mrs. James Fidler. She is five feet tall and weighs all of 97 pounds. Before going into pictures in 1929, she was on the stage.

EMILY MIGUEZ, NEW IBERIA, LA.: June Walker, or Mrs. Geoffrey Kerr, was born in 1904 in New York City.

VINCENZO LA MONTIA, TORONTO, CANADA: You're wrong about Olive Borden—she's not hiding, she's rehearsing very hard for a stage play in New York. Richmond, Va., was her birthplace in the year 1907. Rudy Valentino's brother is not making pictures. There are a number of Italian actors appearing in foreign versions in Hollywood.

JUNE E. POWELL, BROOKLYN, N. Y.: Richard Cromwell was born in Los Angeles twenty years ago. He has light brown hair and gray-blue eyes and is five feet, ten inches tall. His name is really Roy Radabaugh.

R. WIENER, NEWARK, N. J.: Lew Ayres has impressed a lot of people as he has you. He was born in Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 28, 1909, and was educated at the San Diego High School and afterwards at the University of Arizona. He just misses 6 feet by an inch, and weighs 155 pounds. His hair is dark brown and his eyes are dark blue. Before going into movies, he was a banjo player in an orchestra.

KENNY GILMORE, TORONTO, CANADA: Don't argue any more, Kenny. Just tell your friend that Rin-Tin-Tin is very much alive and earning \$1,250 for his master in vaudeville. That's a dog for you!

"DOTING" DOTTY, GREENVILLE, OHIO: Ronald Colman entered pictures in America in 1922. He was married at that time, but has since separated from his wife, Thelma Raye, who lives in England. She has a child by a former marriage. Ronnie lives in Hollywood and has a beach house also—at Malibu. We wouldn't know about his lady friends.

ROBERT M. ANDERSON, NEW HAVEN, CONN.: Well, Bob, it's hard to tell whether Ruth Chatterton and Clive Brook will co-star together again. Ruth has only three more pictures to do with Paramount and then she moves her make-up box over to Warner Bros. They certainly were great together.

DOROTHY HUEN, BROOKLYN, N. Y.: Norman Foster was the "young man" in "Young Man of Manhattan." Claudette Colbert is his missus.

J. F. BROMUND, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.: Marie Dressler's real name is Lelia Koerber. She was born in Coburg, Canada.

BARBARA PIPES, WASHINGTON, D. C.: "I'll Bring a Love Song" was the name of the theme song in "Viennese Nights."

DORA IRELAND, TORONTO, CANADA: There are two William Boyds—one, the older, is known as William (stage) Boyd. The other, informally known as "Bill," is married to Dorothy Sebastian.

HANS LEWIS, LURAY, VA.: Jack Holt was born in Winchester, Va.; Bebe Daniels in Dallas, Tex.

HOPE, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.: Don't bother about pictures, Hope. Stay at home and look after your two children. There are a great many people without jobs in Hollywood now.

ANN RONDELLI, CHICAGO, ILL.: The last news we had of Percy Marmont was from London, where he is appearing in a stage play.

MRS. ELIZABETH WILSON, DETROIT, MICH.: Lewis Stone has been married three times. He first married Margaret Langham, then Florence Oakley and just a few months ago he married Hazel Woof. He has two daughters and that's his real name. Buck Jones has had one marriage and one daughter.

Starry loveliness.. even under the sun



By Frances Ingram

IF only every woman in the land would do as these three did I was with them a year ago—in May—at a Westchester weekend. One is almost forty, one in her thirties, the other close to twenty. They were going to have the most delightful summer, at Narragansett. But this thing of coming back in September, with skin dry, coarsened by salt wind and glaring sun! How to prevent *that*!

"You help us. Remember, we don't intend to spend our summer days in a beauty salon!"

Well—they *did* follow my method with Milkweed Cream, all through June and July and August. And in the fall I saw the youngest again. "You're a dear," she said. "Look at my skin. Could you guess I'd had a summer at the shore? And mother and Aunt Carol were as lovely-looking in their evening frocks as in sports clothes—all summer. Skin as soft and radiant as the day they were born! Wait until you see them! You're a wonder!"

Of course I'm *not* a wonder. But I do think that Milkweed Cream is wonderful—if you use it every night as a cleansing cream. And then—all this at home, in just a few minutes!—film your skin afresh with it and follow my starred instructions for keeping the skin young and firm at the six places where time will first leave its fingerprints.

So many, many women tell me—write me—that Milkweed Cream is a marvelous cleansing cream and equally marvelous for toning the skin and erasing the tiny lines which might otherwise deepen into wrinkles. Won't *you* try it?

MY MANNEQUIN, SAYS FRANCES INGRAM, SHOWS WHY

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

★ **THE FOREHEAD**—To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.

★ **THE EYES**—If you would avoid aging crows' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.

★ **THE MOUTH**—Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the lips with cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.

★ **THE THROAT**—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover generously with Milkweed and from the hollow at the base, stroke upward toward the chin.

★ **THE CHIN**—To prevent a sagging chin, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from under the chin outward, under the jawbone, toward the ears. Then pat firmly under the chin and along the jaw contour.

★ **THE SHOULDERS**—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.

INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

THREE SIZES... 50c... \$1... \$1.75

FRANCES INGRAM, Dept. A-51
108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

At 10 P.M. each Tuesday, tune in on WJZ or associated N.B.C. stations, to hear "Through the Looking Glass with Frances Ingram." Send for our free booklet "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young."

Name _____

Address _____



Flatter
your eyes
and don't be afraid
**LASHES
STAY SOFT**

JUST A TOUCH of darkening shadow on lashes—what can be more flattering? It brings out the beauty, the luster, the *life* of your eyes.

But—ordinary cosmetiques so often look unnatural—"made-up." So often they make lashes brittle and stiff . . .

Now—a new cosmetique has been created which gives lashes a *Double Treatment*. First, it darkens lashes—with a soft, delicate and absolutely natural touch. Then it *softens* lashes. Of course, "brittle" or coarse lashes are impossible with a cosmetique which actually keeps lashes soft . . .

This utterly different cosmetique is the new Liquid Winx. Now for sale at drug and department stores.



Liquid Winx is absolutely water-proof. It won't smudge or smear. 75 cents. For those who prefer the solid form cosmetique, Winx offers Cake. It is packed in a charming silvery compact which fits into the flattest handbag. \$1.

For
Lovely
Lashes



Rules of \$2,000 Story Contest

See Pages 52-53

1. Stories must be submitted in typewriting. They can be from 1,000 to 5,000 words in length, but must not exceed 5,000 words. All stories should be written on one side of the sheets of paper and mailed in a postpaid envelope to:

Judges, PHOTOPLAY Magazine-Warner Bros.
Story Contest, 221 West 57th Street,
New York City.

2. Stories should not be submitted before May 15th, and the Contest will close at midnight on July 15th.

3. Stories will be read, prior to award of prizes, only by the Judges of the Contest and persons employed by them for that purpose. The Judges of the Contest will submit such stories to Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., as the Judges deem suitable for picture purposes. No stories will be returned at the conclusion of the Contest. They may at the option of PHOTOPLAY Magazine be destroyed or kept on file.

4. Every story must be signed with the full name of the person submitting the same and must be accompanied by the form or a copy of the form which appears on this page, personally signed by the contestant, together with his or her full address, in which the contestant agrees to the conditions set forth therein and herein. These rules and the form should be read carefully by contestants before submission.

5. Everyone, whether a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine or not, may enter this Contest, except persons in any way connected with PHOTOPLAY Magazine or Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., their relatives or members of their households, or anyone actively employed in the production department of any other motion-picture company.

6. The Board of Judges shall consist of three persons to be chosen by the Editor of PHOTOPLAY Magazine. The decision of the Judges shall be final.

7. The winner of the Contest shall receive \$2,000 in cash. In case of a tie equal prizes of \$2,000 each shall be awarded to each tying contestant.

8. It is the desire of Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., to secure as many original stories suited for dramatic purposes as is possible. It is understood that the Editor of PHOTOPLAY Magazine or the Judges of this Contest will submit to Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., such stories in addition to the one selected as winner of the prize as they or any of them deem suited for dramatic purposes. It is understood that Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., shall pay an equal prize of \$2,000 for each such story, if any, as is so submitted to and approved by it and used by it for the production of a motion picture based wholly upon such story.

9. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., will donate the prize or prizes which PHOTOPLAY Magazine

will pay for the winning story and for such additional stories, if any, as may be selected by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., as hereinabove mentioned. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., will be entitled to full and complete rights of every nature for any and all purposes throughout the world in and to all stories submitted as well as to use the name of any successful contestant in connection therewith. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., may use any story in whole or in part, alter the same, change the title, and require the execution of any papers by any successful contestant which it deems necessary or expedient.

10. There is always danger that contestants become so convinced of the merit or originality of their own stories or ideas that they are suspicious when they see something approximating theirs which may come from another source. To avoid all questions of this sort or of any other character whatsoever, all contestants must submit and will be deemed to have submitted their story or stories and ideas upon the distinct agreement and understanding that neither PHOTOPLAY Magazine nor Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., shall be liable in any way save to pay such prize or prizes as may be awarded and that said PHOTOPLAY Magazine and Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., are released from any and all liability for any cause or reason by each contestant.

11. Every effort will be made by the Editor of PHOTOPLAY Magazine and the Judges to make this Contest as fair and open as possible and to conduct it in strict accordance with the Rules of the Contest. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., will simply donate the prize or prizes and will be under no obligation either legal or moral to do anything except to donate the same.

12. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., shall not be bound to use any of the stories even if they win prizes and shall not be bound to produce a motion picture from the prize winning story or any story that may be selected and paid for by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., as aforesaid. All copyrightable matter and all rights therein, including the copyright and the right to secure and renew the same, shall be the property of Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.

13. Stories expressed in exactly the same language or slight variations of the same language, which would seem to indicate collusion between different individuals, shall not be submitted although any one person may submit stories based upon the same central ideas but having different treatments.

14. No profane, immoral, libelous or copyrighted matter shall be submitted.

15. While facility of writing and style of expression are not necessary to the winning of the prize, the clearness and specific quality of the story or idea will be considered.

16. Any single individual may submit any number of stories.

IMPORTANT This Coupon or copy of this Coupon must accompany each story

In submitting the accompanying story as a contestant for the cash prize offered by PHOTOPLAY Magazine, I agree to all of the terms and conditions contained in the "Rules of the Contest" as published in said magazine, which terms and conditions I acknowledge I have read, and in consideration of the conduct of said Contest and of my story being examined and considered in said Contest, I hereby release said PHOTOPLAY Magazine, PHOTOPLAY Publishing Co. and Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., from any and all claims or liability, present or future, by reason of any use or asserted use thereof, in whole or in part, in any form or manner, by either of them, except from payment of a prize if awarded to me.

I state that this story is wholly original with me.

I hereby grant and assign this story and all of my rights of every nature therein throughout the world to the PHOTOPLAY Publishing Co. and Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., together with the exclusive right to use same in any form or manner, and the right to adapt, add to or substract therefrom, without any compensation to me or my legal representatives, save for a prize of \$2,000 if such prize is awarded to me, pursuant to the "Rules of the Contest."

..... L. S.

..... Address

inconspicuous



MODESS FOR THE SMART YOUNG SET

THE smartest young things are using Modess these days—because they don't have to worry about it. Like their mothers, they find Modess has everything necessary to make it the safest sort of sanitary convenience—perfect protection—complete comfort—deodorant—easily disposable. Modess can be worn under the scantiest frocks without being the least bit conspicuous.

There are two types of Modess—Regular and the new Compact. Modess Regular is standard thickness. Thousands of women already know that it is the best possible sort of sanitary protection.

The Compact is Modess Regular gently compressed to half its thickness. It is designed to supplement the Regular for wear with evening clothes—for packing in the week-end bag—for times when less thickness is necessary. Many women—and young girls particularly—will find that the Compact is satisfactory at all times.

The next time you buy, try a box of each. See what a perfect combination they are.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.



Modess Compact and Modess Regular are packed in boxes of twelve—and are priced the same.

modess

A minute
alone



... and MUM!
that's all you need
for complete protection

THE old days when women thought that frequent bathing and a dash of perfume or talcum was protection against underarm perspiration odor, are gone forever.

And how glad women are! What a comfort it is to know that you can carry real insurance against this meanest of Nature's tricks.

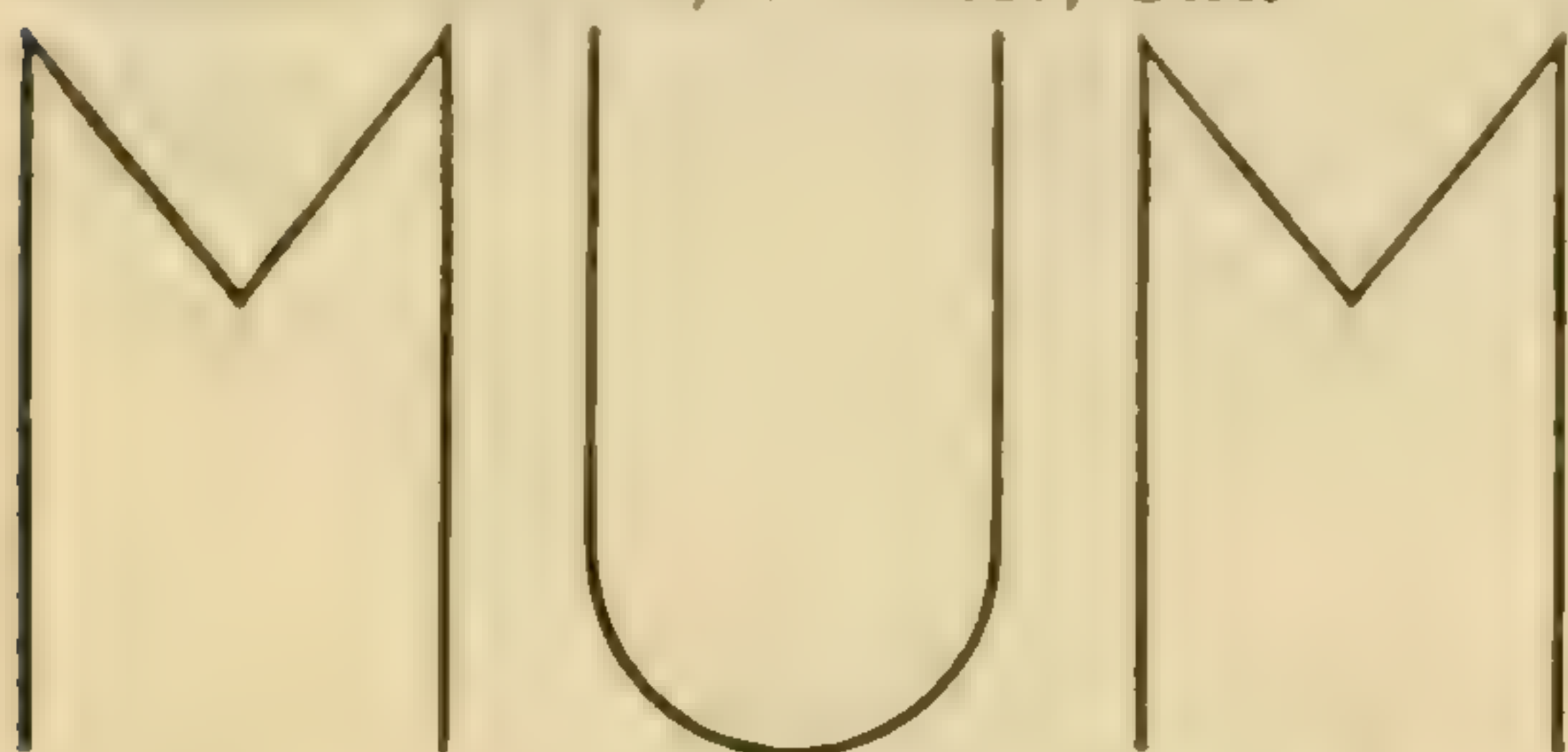
Mum! A minute alone, any time, anywhere, and you're safe from that odor which always marks one as—well, at least insensitive to the nicer refinements.

That's why Mum is such a joy! You can use it while you're dressing. No fussing, no waiting for it to dry.

There's nothing in Mum that can possibly injure fabrics. And there's nothing in it that irritates the skin—even a sensitive skin. You can shave, put on Mum at once—and never a smart or burn!

Another thing—you know how odors cling to your hands when you prepare onions or fish for dinner, or when you have to sponge a spot with gasoline. Mum rubbed on the hands kills every lingering trace of odor instantly!

Carry Mum in your purse with your compact. Have underarm niceness always at hand. You can get Mum at all toilet goods counters, 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 80 Varick St., New York, N. Y. Canadian address, Windsor, Ont.



SANITARY NAPKIN USE. You will be grateful to know that Mum on the sanitary napkin gives complete protection.

Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Publix Studios

Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
George Bancroft
Carman Barnes
Clara Bow
Mary Brian
Martin Burton
Ruth Chatterton
June Collyer
Juliette Compton
Jackie Coogan
Robert Coogan
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Leon Errol
Stuart Erwin
Stanley Fields

Kay Francis
Skeets Gallagher
Mitz Green
Phillips Holmes
Carole Lombard
Paul Lukas
Marcia Manners
Cyril Maude
Rosita Moreno
Jack Oakie
Guy Oliver
Eugene Pallette
Ramon Pereda
Charles Rogers
Lilyan Tashman
Regis Toomey
Fay Wray

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson
Luana Alcaniz
Michael Bartlett
Warner Baxter
Joan Bennett
Humphrey Bogart
El Brendel
Lucile Browne
Robert Burns
Joan Castle
Virginia Cherrill
Marguerite Churchill
William Collier, Sr.
Joyce Compton
Roxanne Curtis
Donald Dillaway
Fifi Dorsay
Charles Farrell
John Garrick
Janet Gaynor
C. Henry Gordon
Louise Huntington
Warren Hymer
Keating Sisters
Richard Keene
Jane Keith
Nancy Kelly
J. M. Kerrigan
James Kirkwood
Elissa Landi

Dixie Lee
Marion Lessing
George Lewis
Myrna Loy
Edmund Lowe
Claire Luce
Leslie May
Jeanette MacDonald
Kenneth MacKenna
Frances McCoy
Victor McLaglen
Una Merkel
Don Jose Mojica
Goodee Montgomery
Lois Moran
J. Harold Murray
George O'Brien
Maureen O'Sullivan
Gaylord Pendleton
Nat Pendleton
Rosalie Rae
Will Rogers
David Rollins
John Swor
Lee Tracy
Spencer Tracy
Ruth Warren
John Wayne
Marjorie White

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

Robert Ames
Amos and Andy
Henry Armetta
Mary Astor
Roscoe Ates
Joseph Cawthorn
Betty Compson
Ricardo Cortez
John Darrow
Claudia Dell
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Eddie Foy, Jr.
Noel Francis
Ralf Harolde
Hugh Herbert

Rita LaRoy
Ivan Lebedeff
Dorothy Lee
Sharon Lynn
Everett Marshall
Joel McCrea
Jack Mulhall
Edna May Oliver
Roberta Robinson
Lowell Sherman
Katya Sorina
Ned Sparks
Leni Stengel
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey

Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd.

George Arliss
John Barrymore
Noah Beery
Joan Blondell
Joe E. Brown
Anthony Bushell
James Cagney
Donald Cook
Bebe Daniels
Irene Delroy
Robert Elliott
Frank Fay

John Halliday
Leon Janney
Evalyn Knapp
Allan Lane
Winnie Lightner
Ben Lyon
David Manners
Marian Marsh
Edward Morgan
William Powell
Barbara Weeks
Jack Whiting

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ina Claire
Ronald Colman
Dolores Del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
Jean Harlow

Al Jolson
Evelyn Laye
Chester Morris
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Richard Cromwell
Constance Cummings
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Margaret Livingston

Bert Lytell
Dorothy Revier
Dorothy Sebastian
Miriam Seegar
Barbara Stanwyck

Culver City, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

William Bakewell
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Edwina Booth
John Mack Brown
Lenore Bushman
Harry Carey
Joan Crawford
Jose Crespo
Marion Davies
Reginald Denny
Kent Douglass
Marie Dressler
Cliff Edwards
Julia Faye
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
William Haines
Neil Hamilton
Hedda Hopper
Lottice Howell
Leila Hyams
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Arnold Korff
Andre Luguet

Ellen McCarthy
Joan Marsh
Adolphe Menjou
John Miljan
Conchita Montenegro
Robert Montgomery
Grace Moore
Polly Moran
Catherine Moylan
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Edward Nugent
Monroe Owsley
Anita Page
Lucille Powers
Marie Prevost
Marjorie Rambeau
Duncan Renaldo
Norma Shearer
Gus Shy
Lewis Stone
Lawrence Tibbett
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Lester Vail

RKO-Pathe Studios

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
James and Russell
Gleason

Ann Harding
Eddie Quillan
Helen Twelvetrees

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Mickey Daniels
Dorothy Granger
Oliver Hardy
Mary Kornman
Harry Langdon

Stan Laurel
Gertie Messinger
Our Gang
David Sharpe
Grady Sutton
Thelma Todd

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Margaret Adams
Lew Ayres
John Boles
Hoot Gibson
Bela Lugosi

Charles Murray
George Sidney
Slim Summerville
Genevieve Tobin
John Wray

Burbank, Calif.

First National Studios

Richard Barthelmess
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Joe Frisco
Walter Huston
Fred Kohler
Dorothy Mackaill

Marilyn Miller
Ona Munson
Dorothy Peterson
James Rennie
Otis Skinner
Loretta Young

Long Island City, New York

Paramount New York Studio

Tallulah Bankhead
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Maurice Chevalier
Claudette Colbert
Norman Foster
Miriam Hopkins

Fredric March
Marx Brothers
Frank Morgan
Ginger Rogers
Charlie Ruggles
Charles Starrett
Ed Wynn

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.
Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

Gilda Gray, 22 E. 60th St., New York
William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.



Lowell Sherman, star and director of the new Radio Pictures production, "Bachelor Apartment." On the table beside him is No. 326, a square mahogany desk clock. \$11.

Lowell Sherman tells time by Telechron[★] Clocks in "Bachelor Apartment"

SUAVELY, smoothly, Lowell Sherman stars in the productions he directs for Radio Pictures. Handsomely, truthfully, Telechron Clocks mark the minutes for this versatile star-director. A number of them appear in his sparkling new picture, "Bachelor Apartment." Be sure to see it when it comes to your local theater!

Other Radio Pictures directors depend upon Telechron Clocks too. They're used in the pictures produced on the RKO lot, whenever up-to-date clocks are called for. Because of their modern, well-designed cases. Because of their convenience. Above all, because of their accuracy.

Telechron Clocks plug into ordinary electric outlets. They never need winding, oiling or regulating. Telechron Master Clocks check generator speeds in power-houses and assure Telechron precision. Only clocks marked "Telechron" will bring you true Telechron service!

You can have in your own home Telechron Clocks just like those you see on the screen. There's a dealer near you, listed in the classified telephone directory. He has all manner of models to show you—from stately grandfather's clocks for your hall

to clever little clocks for your dressing-table. Some of them have chimes, alarms, illuminated dials and other special features.

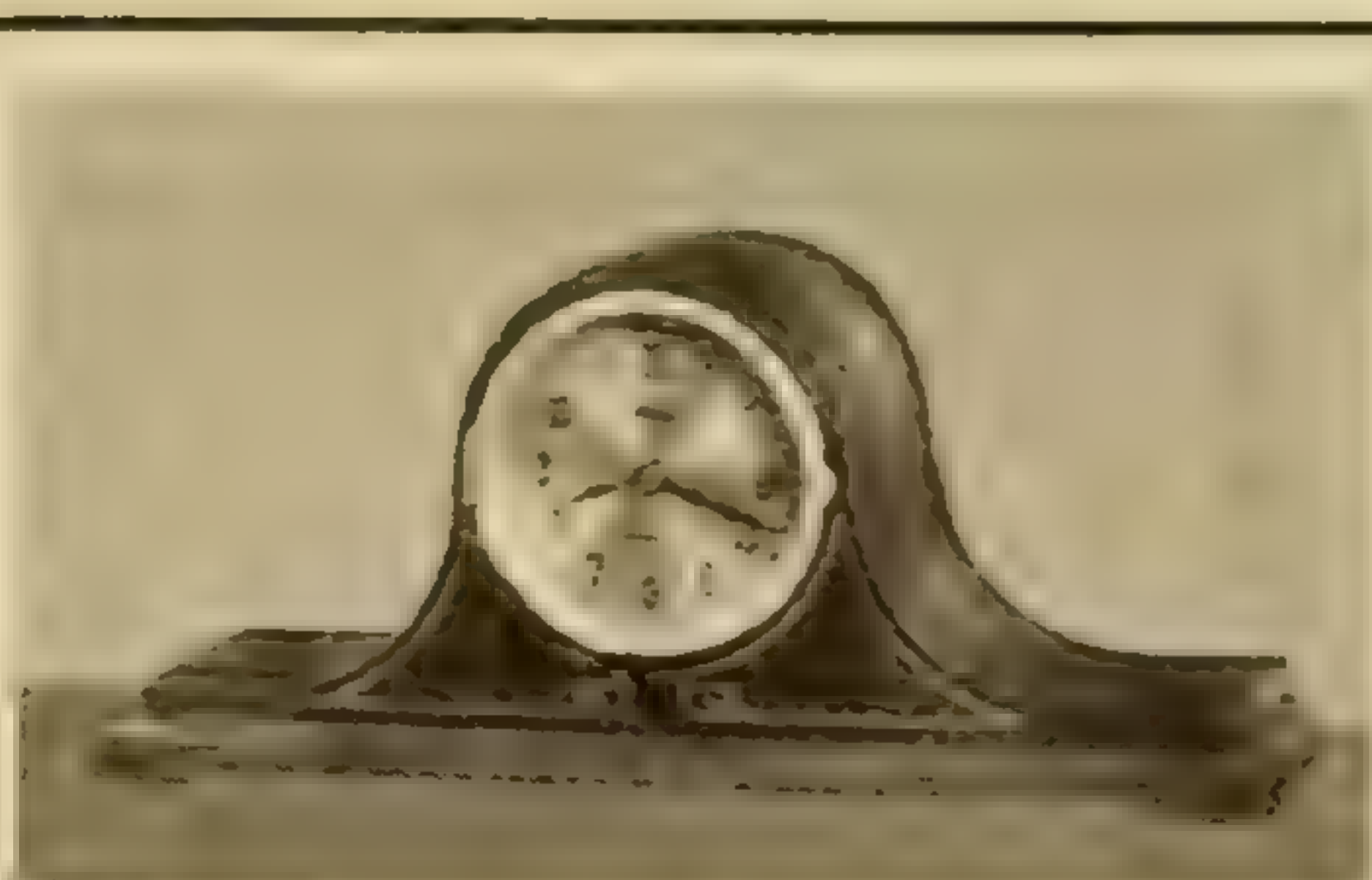
Telechron Clocks range in price from \$9.75 to \$55. The Revere Clock Company of Cincinnati, Ohio, manufactures strike and chime clocks with Telechron motors, priced from \$30 to \$1000.

★ Telechron is the trade-mark, registered in the U. S. Patent Office, of the Warren Telechron Company

WARREN TELECHRON COMPANY
ASHLAND, MASSACHUSETTS
THE REVERE CLOCK COMPANY
CINCINNATI, OHIO



Bullfinch—Mahogany banjo. 20½" high. \$19.75



R-802. Colonial design. Mahogany. Chimes. \$29
Same pattern, hour and half-hour strike. \$30



Hostess—For the kitchen. Moulded case. \$4.75

"Chic" Sale—The Specialist

tells about

"THE LITTLE
FELLER
with the
BRIGHT
FACE"



YOU take the Tyler boy. Born an' raised right here in this county so naturally nobody ever noticed him.

He took to wearin' loud neckties an' gettin' his suits by mail order, but was utterly ignored. Played the drum in the band, bought a yeller roadster, parted his hair in the middle an' smoked so many cigarettes his hands shook like a leaf, but still he wasn't recognised. Took a mail course on developin' a winnin' personality an' was such a failure even the postman was discouraged.

Talked with a travelin' man one day who fairly sparkled. Upshot of it was he went to town an' got a little box of chocolate tablets. Today you can ask any stranger in any crowd to point out the Tyler boy an' the stranger will say, "There he is—the little feller with the bright face."

"Chic" Sale

OVER 26 million boxes of "those little chocolate tablets"—Ex-Lax—were sold in 1930—that's popularity for you!

Ex-Lax is simply delicious chocolate combined with the scientific laxative ingredient, phenolphthalein, of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose.

Ex-Lax is safe, gentle, effective—for every age. At all druggists—10c, 25c and 50c boxes.

FREE Complete set of
"CHIC" SALE SAYINGS
and sample of Ex-Lax

Name.....

Street and Number.....

City..... State.....

Mail this coupon to The Ex-Lax Co., Dept. PH-51
P.O. Box 170, Times Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

The Chocolated Laxative

Ten Years Ago in



"The Sheik" himself with Agnes Ayres. Just ten years ago Rudolph Valentino came to fame as *Julio* in "The Four Horsemen"

FUNNY how a tornado sneaks up on us! In the issue of PHOTOPLAY for May, 1921, our learned critic, Mr. Burns Mantle, is called upon to write a review of a picture called "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

The piece is mildly appreciative, and ends by saying that "an attractive boy named Rudolph Valentino plays *Julio*."

Attractive boy. Humph! Might as well tell a man that Marlene Dietrich has nice eyes.

Of course, how could anyone know that within a year this Valentino was to stampede 50,000,000 women, set the young men of the republic to greasing their hair and wearing sideburns, re-awaken interest in the tango and start a rage for pseudo-Latin love-making on the screen that was to die only when the screen went vocal? Or that Rudy's death was to be internationally mourned and his funeral be a mixture of a royal pageant and a strike riot in a mill town?

No—Burns couldn't guess these matters. But isn't it funny how a cyclone creeps up?

WE announce the marriage of Tom Moore, in 1921 one of our most popular young leading men, and Renee Adoree, a little circus girl from overseas.

They met while playing in a picture called "Made in Heaven," and that, says our writer, is where this marriage was made, too. Well, maybe it was, but it ended elsewhere.

Tom was the dashing star, and Renee had become a sparkling musical comedy child. They met on New Year's Eve, in New York, and were married February 12, in Hollywood, with Mabel Normand attending the bride and Jack Pickford as best man.

The scene shifts to 1931. Renee Adoree is out in the desert, pretty much alone, trying to get over lung trouble. Tom Moore—he plays from time to time. But oh, it was a grand romance ten years ago, and all the girls got a great thrill out of it!

GOSSIP as of May, 1921—

What do you think? Carmel Myers is married. The lucky man is I. N. Kornblum, a childhood friend, and they kept the marriage

secret for nearly two years. In 1931 Carmel's husband is named Ralph Blum.

Jackie Coogan is getting offers of \$1,500 a week since he débuted with Chaplin in "The Kid." He's just finished work in "Peck's Bad Boy."

Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge are reported engaged. The lady coyly has nothing to say at present.

John Barrymore is a daddy. A daughter has just been born to Mrs. Barrymore, who was Mrs. Leonard Thomas, New York society woman who writes poetry under the name of Michael Strange.

It is reported that D. W. Griffith is going to film "Faust," with Lillian Gish as the harassed *Marguerite* and John Barrymore as the unfortunate "hero." (He never made it.)

IN the gallery this month, fancy pictures of Agnes Ayres, Dorothy Gish, Betty Blythe, Marguerite Clark, Corinne Griffith and Jacqueline Logan . . . Cecil De Mille resumes his dissertation on marriage, continued from last month. He says, in part, "I have been married eighteen years. In eighteen years I have never passed a Saturday night at home. In eighteen years I have never said where I was on a Saturday night, nor what I was doing, nor with whom I was. And in eighteen years, I have never been asked." Well, can you beat that? And we don't believe that the De Mille of "Don't Change Your Wife" and such things ever made a picture called "Saturday Night Husbands"! . . . Beautiful picture of Alice Joyce—who was then, and still is, Mrs. James Regan. . . . Pearl White is playing in a feature picture called "Know Your Men." Ah!

SOME of the month's pictures—

Charles Ray's "The Old Swimmin' Hole" makes its appearance—probably the high spot of Charlie's career. A charming, simple story—and told on the screen entirely without titles. This was the first titleless picture in film history. And tremendously successful.

"What Every Woman Knows," the famous Barrie play, comes to the screen at the hands of William De Mille, with Lois Wilson as *Maggie* and Conrad Nagel as *John Shand*.

A PIN-PRICK

was an Open Door

to Death

WOUNDED MEN filled the Grand Hotel in Paris. The finest medical talent in France was there to treat them. And yet, the deaths were appalling!

It seemed as if the surgeons' knives were deadlier than enemy bullets. For, almost every man operated on died of infection. In despair, the surgeon Velpeau cried, "A pin-prick is a door open to death!"

That was during the Franco-Prussian War, only a brief sixty years ago. Then, the need for disinfection had scarcely been recognized. The theory that germs cause disease and deadly infection was still in dispute!

What a contrast with present conditions! Now, disinfection is almost a religion with the medical profession—and whenever there is a real job of germ-killing to do, doctors and hospitals the world over turn to "Lysol" Disinfectant. They depend on it even at that most critical time of all—childbirth—when disinfection *must* be safe and thorough.

"Lysol," when diluted according to directions, is non-poisonous—yet all recommended dilutions are sure germ-killers. In any situation in your own home where you have cause for doubt, play safe—use "Lysol." Use it properly diluted wherever germs are apt to lurk—on wounds, cuts, and human tissue; in the household, on telephones, doorknobs, woodwork, nursery furniture, baby's toys, and utensils.

"Lysol" is the most economical disinfectant in the world, too. Every drop will kill 200,000,000 bacteria. A tablespoonful diluted makes four quarts of non-poisonous disinfectant. Get a large bottle of "Lysol" from your druggist today. Use it *every day* to disinfect while you clean. It is your surest safeguard against sickness and infection. Sole Distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, New Jersey.

"LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene

For forty years, "Lysol" Disinfectant has been the standard antiseptic depended upon for feminine hygiene, by women throughout the world. When diluted according to directions, it is absolutely harmless to humans—yet its cleansing and disinfecting action is so thorough that it kills harmful germs under conditions that render many preparations completely ineffective.



SIXTY YEARS AGO THE NEED FOR DISINFECTION HAD NOT YET BEEN RECOGNIZED

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Doctors and hospitals the world over depend on "Lysol" Disinfectant today

Lysol
Disinfectant



Be careful! Counterfeits of "Lysol" are being offered. Genuine "Lysol" is in the brown bottle and yellow carton marked "Lysol."

You should use GENUINE MAYBELLINE



says *Natalie Moorhead*

POPULAR ACTRESS FEATURED IN RADIO PICTURES

Every girl and woman can enhance her beauty by bringing out the loveliness in her eyes. For, when she transforms her lashes from scantiness to rich dark fringe with Maybelline Eyelash Darkener, her eyes become infinitely more expressive.

And when she blends a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow on her upper eyelids, she lends her eyes a note of the exotic, thereby making them more interesting.

The finishing touch to the perfect eye make-up is provided by the new indestructible Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Smooth, clean and easy to use.

You'll like genuine, harmless Maybelline preparations. You'll prefer them—just as the many famous stars of the stage and screen do—and just as millions of smart women have preferred them for over fifteen years.

All toilet goods counters have both the solid and waterproof liquid forms of Maybelline Eyelash Darkener in Black and Brown—the Eye Shadow in Blue, Brown, Black and Green, and the Eyebrow Pencil in Black and Brown. Insist upon the genuine.



Maybelline

EYELASH DARKENER
EYE SHADOW
EYEBROW PENCIL

All Maybelline preparations are 75c excepting the Eyebrow Pencil which is 35c.



Maybelline Co.
Chicago

Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]

"I let all the water run out of the tub," Gloria told me. "Then I fill it again, about half to three-quarters full, with warm water. I pour an ounce or two of sweet almond oil over the top and relax in it for ten or fifteen minutes, stirring the water about. My pores are open from the warmth and enough oil seeps into them to keep my skin soft and supple. As I get out of the tub some of the oil still clings to my body and I pat it gently dry so that none remains on the surface to soil my clothes."

GLORIA finds this bath restful, and beautifying. Yet sweet almond oil is inexpensive, and Gloria's luxury bath is within the means of almost every girl. And there are a number of specially prepared bath oils, delicately scented, that make bathing even more luxurious and very little more costly.

Marion Davies occasionally gives her neck a "honey rub." She pats the honey under her chin down to the base of her neck, and then massages gently with an outward and upward stroke.

Marlene Dietrich likes an ice massage after using soap and water or after removing cleansing cream. She rubs a smooth piece of ice lightly under her eyes and over the lids, always with an outward and upward movement; from the eyebrows toward the scalp; from the base of the neck upward toward the point of the chin and ears; from the chin and around the mouth upward toward the temples, and also over the nose. This keeps her skin firm and closes the pores.

Many of the film stars like the ice rub, but some of them prefer to wrap the ice in a piece of soft cloth instead of applying it directly to the face. Cold water is a less vigorous treatment and I, personally, think it is just as effective.

Marlene likes to follow a shampoo with a "perfume friction." Her maid takes a few drops of perfume in the palm of her hand, and then rubs Marlene's hair briskly between her palms, going all over her head in this way.

Billie Dove, whose hands are as well kept as her lovely face, uses a hand lotion after every washing. The water in Hollywood is rather hard and the air tends to dry the skin, so hand lotions are popular there.

Garbo likes to let the ocean fog seep into her pores, not only because she revels in the feel and smell of sea air but because she thinks it keeps her skin moist and healthy.

Lilyan Tashman gives herself an occasional "egg mask." She pats the yolk of an egg on her face, lets it dry and remain fifteen or twenty minutes, removing it gently with lukewarm water. Evalyn Knapp uses the white of an egg as an astringent in the same manner once a week. This is an old beauty formula.

But don't laugh when the egg begins to dry and you feel as though your face is in a vise. You won't get the best results if you laugh or talk while the egg is drying and doing its work. Most of the stars have a favorite astringent, usually a recognized product prepared by a reliable cosmetician, which they use regularly.

ANOTHER Hollywood stunt (an old, old beauty secret of the harems) is to put figs in a pan, barely cover them with milk and, after the regular facial cleansing, allow the steam from the mixture to penetrate the pores of the face.

Turkish ladies use fresh figs, but most of us would have to be content with dried ones. The girls who use this treatment give it credit for clearing their complexions and leaving them like velvet. I haven't tried it myself, but you might like to experiment with it.

But Sylvia, Hollywood's famous masseuse, is absolutely set against steaming of any sort, even when flavored deliciously with figs! She

descried hot baths, Turkish baths and steamed towel treatments because she believes they drain the tissues of nourishment and cause sagging muscles.

RUTH LOUISE:

Ann Harding doesn't use a hairbrush, but she massages her scalp twice a day. She doesn't think waved hair is becoming to her, and I don't believe she contemplates bobbing her hair. If she has withstood the temptation so far, she is not apt to succumb now. Maybe it never was a temptation to Ann!

PATTY:

When hair is at that in-between stage, there isn't anything you can do but wait for it to grow! Curling the ends would help a great deal, even if the rest of your hair isn't very wavy. Dancing lessons would help your ankles. Tap dancing is great fun and grand exercise. And it's not difficult to learn.

Send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope and ask for my complexion leaflet. That will help you get rid of blackheads. The colors that should be most becoming to you are soft shades of green, most shades of blue, deep orchid, gray, golden brown, burnt-orange, tomato, pale pink, soft rose, black with color touches, and white.

VIRGINIA M. C.:

Your coloring and type are just about the same as Patty's, so the colors given above will be becoming to you, too. The following squatting exercise is one of the best ones I know to reduce the hips and improve the figure generally. Do it smoothly and rhythmically, and try to avoid any sense of strain. When you begin to feel tired that means it is time to stop for a while.

Squatting exercise: Stand erect with feet close together in parallel lines. Rest your hands on your hips. Rise to tiptoe. Then sit in squatting position, bending knees sharply outward until the thighs and legs are doubled upon each other and the weight of the entire body is supported by the toes. Be sure to keep your upper body erect. Return to standing position. Repeat the exercise twelve times in the beginning, gradually increasing it to twenty or thirty times each day.

HELEN B.:

I think you should stay at school until you have finished your course. Your work there will help you greatly if you do get an opportunity to go on the stage later. Why don't you talk this over with your older sister or your aunt, tell them your ambition, and ask them to help you achieve it after you have finished school? Give yourself a chance!

MARIE:

For the large pores in your nose, use an astringent cream at night. That won't be quite as drying as the lotion you have been using. Avoid too many fatty foods, and keep your skin clean with soap and warm water, followed always by a cold water rinse.

These are the colors that will help to make a blonde of your type more lovely: Green, especially the deeper shades, to bring out the green of your eyes; green-blue, henna, golden brown, yellow, orchid, beige, white trimmed with a color. These colors will give more life to your hair and bring out the fairness of your skin.

SCHOOLGIRL:

Take advantage of your opportunity to learn shorthand. It will be valuable to you, even if you don't intend to be a stenographer. If you succeed in getting work on a newspaper you will find many uses for it, especially as a reporter. And you will find it helpful right in the classroom, for taking lecture notes and jotting down information.

Try this experiment.
Tek fits like this behind
your front teeth.*



Tek

the modern
TOOTH BRUSH

+ BETTER SHAPE + BETTER BRISTLES +

Tek offers you Better Bristles, lasting resiliency. This prime advantage is multiplied by the scientific shaping of these lively bristles. Tek's brushing head puts each tuft to work at every stroke—a positive cleansing of every tooth surface and crevice—plus

**Tek cleans easily where clumsy brushes cannot reach.*



automatic gum massage. Even behind your front teeth, in the narrowest curve of your dental arch where old-style brushes can't reach, Tek cleans because it fits. Try the experiment shown in the photograph at the left. Compare Tek to any other brush.

Prolonged Life and Guaranteed Value

When you try it you will say—"Tek is the best tooth brush I have ever used"—for two very good reasons—its *Better Shape* and *Better Bristles*. This sets a distinctly higher value on Tek—one which is guaranteed. Yet Tek costs no more than an old-style brush. Each Tek brush is sterilized and cellophane-sealed in a sanitary, clear-vision container. Handles in pastel shades of Lucite. Adult size 50¢. Tek Jr., 35¢. Product of the world's largest makers of dental accessories.

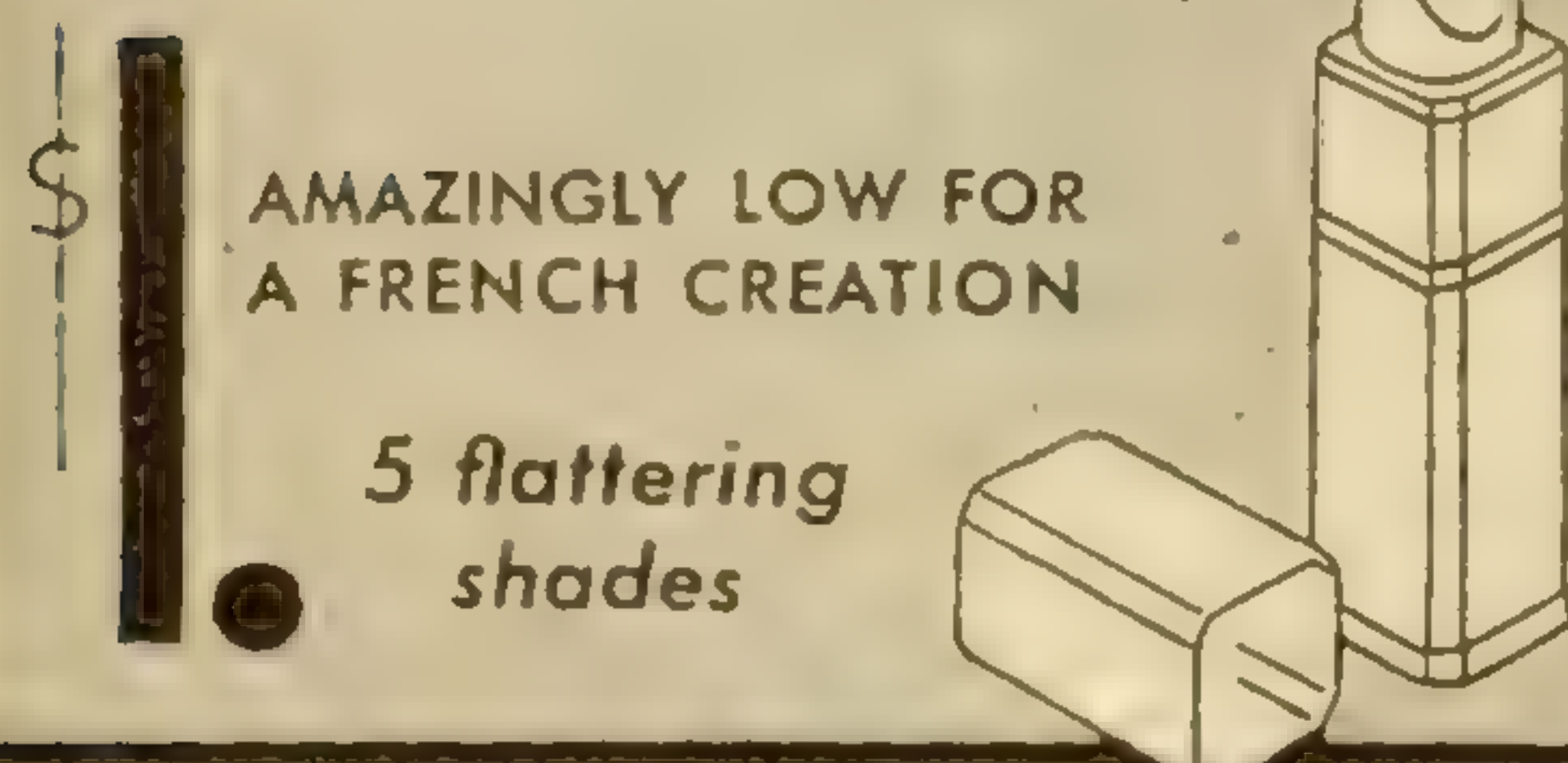
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Please send trial size Ybry Lipstick—10c enclosed

My hair is.....My eyes are.....

Name.....
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address.....

How Norma Shearer Got What She Wanted

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

understand. Mind you, she had *nothing* to offer the screen. But she had a steel will and directness of vision that would do credit to the gods of industry.

Norma used her head, her wits and this amazing force. I'll give you an example of that. When she got her first call for picture work (she got it by forcing an agent to send her out) she found that twelve girls were needed for a scene, and forty had been sent. She watched the assistant director quickly scan that group of girls and quickly pick out the ones he wanted—prettier, more experienced girls than Norma. She was at the back of the room, unnoticed. She watched him pick eleven girls without once glancing at her. Suddenly she coughed. The sound caught his ear. He looked her way. She flashed him her most engaging smile. "You'll do," he said.

AND, in that way, she got her first job as an extra. But her sister, who had not thought as quickly as Norma, was not chosen, so Norma went back to the assistant later and *persuaded him to use Athole as well as herself!*

Norma gave herself completely to her work. She shut out possible romances and all friends who could not help her. When she got her first bit, she refused to take extra work again. And that is the turning point in the life of every embryonic star. And that takes courage, for bits and small parts are hard to get, extra work comparatively easy. She almost starved during this period, but she held out because she was shrewd enough, even then, to know it was the way to succeed. In order to make enough money to carry her along she found work outside the studios as a model for commercial artists.

In this way, giving her undivided physical and emotional and mental powers to her work, she lifted herself up, *without pull, without friends*, to the place where young Irving Thalberg, who was then a producer for the Louis B. Mayer Studios, was attracted by her work on the screen and sent to New York for her.

Norma has often told the story of her first meeting with Thalberg. She thought, at first, that he was an office boy and then she discovered, almost instantly, that he was a producer. Now, she says, she knows that she fell in love with him at first sight. I'm prone to doubt that. It must have been love at second sight, for if she thought, upon first sight, that he was an office boy she did not fall in love with him. If Norma Shearer fell in love then, she fell in love with the producer.

SHE began playing leading rôles. Shortly after Mayer merged with Goldwyn and Metro she was made a star and, although she achieved a fair amount of popularity, she was never a sensation. She and Thalberg were closely associated in a business way, but there was no romance between them. Irving was in love with, and practically engaged to, another girl. Norma was merely one of his stars and a shrewd one, too.

She obeyed all the star mandates. She gave out marvelous interviews (the only woman I've ever known whose first words are invariably

the lead of your story). She was never connected with any sort of scandal. She indulged in no eccentricities that might have been criticized. She was, like Caesar's wife, beyond reproach. But she was not yet Caesar's wife. That came later. That came, and I'm sure it was coincidence, just as she was beginning to slip as a silent star.

There is no doubt that Norma Shearer loves Irving Thalberg. There is no doubt that she has managed her marriage as successfully as she has managed her career. But I believe that she *learned* to love her husband, as many another woman has done before her. Certainly Irving is head man in his own household.

Once Norma recounted an incident that proves this. Some one admired the clothes she had brought back from her honeymoon in Europe. She smiled and said, "They were almost ruined, every one of them. I had taken them out of the trunk and laid them out in our cabin on the boat just under a port-hole. During the night a terrible storm came up and Irving said, 'Norma, you'd better do something with your clothes.' I got up and put them away only a second before a tremendous amount of water burst through the port-hole."

If you will examine this simple story, you will find that it was Norma who got up and removed the clothes and it was Irving who suggested it. Norma is wise enough to know that men like to be head man in their own households.

WHEN the talkies came, Norma made the shrewdest gesture of her career. While others were crying loudly against the microphone and declaring the whole thing was simply a fad, Norma was quietly, calmly preparing herself for it. What long hours she worked, how she concentrated on her voice, only Norma Shearer knows. What the world knows is that she flowered into a mature, brilliant actress with the poise of Ina Claire or Ruth Chatterton. Norma, who had never been on the stage, who had had no previous training for that difficult technique, has become, without doubt, one of the greatest actresses upon the screen.

"The Divorcée," as you know, broke almost every box-office record. She stands at the top of her profession. She has everything that a woman could possibly want, great artistic achievement, financial success, a perfect marriage and a baby boy. What more is there?

Now, perhaps I'm just an old silly, but I think there is more. There is the warm, alive glow of a perfectly ridiculous action, ridiculously done. There is the fun of abandoning yourself to nonsense. There is the thrill of picking up friends here and there who don't amount to anything and can never do anything for you. There is the remembrance of an unreasonable romance with an impossible, ineligible youth. There's divine madness. There is also the beauty of giving way to an impulsive gesture. And there's a lot more. There's a lot more that Norma Shearer hasn't, as has nobody who has made her sort of success a god.

But Norma, I'm sure, doesn't want any of these silly things. If she had, of course she would have gotten them.

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For further information see pages 52-53 and page 36, this issue.

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The Perils of Marlene

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

with unwrinkled hosiery—can you imagine her hurled into eternity with one stocking bagging at the ankle?

Not Dietrich! Not if Joe Von Sternberg knows it!

NOW, I submit that this is all very pleasant. I'd far rather look at Marlene Dietrich's legs than at the Taj Mahal by moonlight, or even at a fat lady slipping on a banana peel and coming down.

But I further submit that Dr. Von Sternberg—discoverer, director and artistic exploiter of the glamorous Potsdam Peacherino—is definitely threatening the artistic advance of this star by overemphasizing those portions of the lady which lie below the Adam's apple.

In short, she is spending the time draping herself on chairs, divans and four-posters that might be devoted to showing us what a great actress she is.

Von Sternberg is to blame. He saw Marlene Dietrich's legs first and gave them to the American gaze, and we are all in his debt for

it. But he is now in a fair way to show them off until, in her next picture, we are apt to say, "Oh, yes—there are Dietrich's legs again, and very nice, too! Now, baby, let's see some of that swell acting we hope you can do!"

And if we don't see it, we're very apt to gallop down the block to the next tent!

I'm for Dietrich—and Dietrich's legs—till Pike's Peak's a dimple. But, in the name of the American motion picture public, I presume to warn Herr Doktor Von Sternberg that, just as pigs are pigs, legs are only legs, be they ever so magnificent. Be they ever, in short, Dietrich's.

I FURTHER announce that when I see Marlene Dietrich play a great drama magnificently, dressed from shoulder to toe in a suit of opaque blue union overalls, then will I get up on my seat and howl that I have seen one of the greatest dramatic actresses on the screen. As it stands today—this early in the game—we can't see the genius for the legs. The trees for the limbs, that is.

Here Comes Tallulah!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46]

from the South—a new personality and artist to her own people?

She's about five feet, three, and can't weigh much over a hundred pounds.

Eyes big and blue, and very well-managed and articulate.

Rather prominent nose, full mouth, determined chin.

Tallulah's hair is blonde, and worn in a long bob that curls up at the ends.

But those are just physical characteristics. Tallulah Bankhead has the glamour, the snap of mind and spirit, the smart and intelligent viewpoint that sets off the personality from the just-another-actress.

She glitters.

SHE'S got a temper, and a will of her own, this one. She's been known to raise thunder at times—and it's been taken, if not altogether liked, because she's Tallulah.

She can be as cold as the right eye of a defunct fish—and as hard as the ice it's packed in.

That's part and parcel of the glitter that goes to make up such a one as Bankhead. No complete softy can sway and rule the interest of the thousands.

About that name—she got it from her grandmother, who was named for Tallulah Falls, in the state of Georgia. It's Indian.

Once, before she went to London, Ethel Barrymore advised Tallulah to change the handle.

Barrymore suggested Barbara or Mary, and the Bankhead girl was trying to make a choice.

Joseph Hergesheimer saw her at lunch one day.

"I hear you're thinking of changing your name," the novelist said. Tallulah admitted it.

"If you do," said Hergesheimer, "I'll never write another line, and I'm a poor man who must write to eat. I like to eat."

Tallulah didn't change it!

And now, talking pictures. I asked Tallulah why.

"Let's be frank," she said. "We're all working for money. The legitimate stage is too uncertain. And I can get over to a wider audience in pictures, and a wider success—I hope."

Then, too, she was getting fed up with

giving the same old show every night. Talkies are an ever-changing panorama.

Of course, it's a new medium for her, and she was stumped once or twice. But she's a good, smart trouser. No tricks can stay tricks that Tallulah doesn't know—not for long.

Then, too, she wanted to come home again. Family and friends are here. Her father is a Congressman from an Alabama district.

And she wants to be known and liked in America. Home's home, and you can't get away from it.

I asked her if she had any preference about parts.

"Parts?" she said. "I have played—and will play—anything. Creating a character is pretty much of an accident, anyway. I played *Camille* just because I wanted to do something different.

"Jeanne Eagels made her biggest hit as *Sadie Thompson* in 'Rain,' but that's because it was a great part, and not because she did it better than her other rôles. Chaplin might just as easily have hit first on a palm beach suit and straw hat, and made another character."

Sound trouser's point of view, that. But then, acting's her one great interest. Acting—and talking. She's one of the best conversationalists going—her talk snaps and sparkles and rings.

She's a great mimic, with a leaning toward irony.

WELL, there's a picture of Tallulah Bankhead, Alabama girl who captivated London for eight long, successful years and is now making a dash on the interest and affections of the old home country.

You'll see Tallulah in "The Tarnished Lady." I hope the screen gives off the glamorous, interesting personage that is the girl herself.

If it does, she'll start conversation and arguments that will stretch from here to Michaelmas and back as far as Omaha.

She's that kind of girl! She's somebody!

And her native land may yet hear the cries of hundreds of Tallulah-mad flappers—the sort that echoed through London's streets.

"Ooh! Yoo-hoo! There's Tallulah!"

WATER WEAR NOW TAKES ON NEW MODE AND MEANING

NEVER BEFORE — SUCH

Style

IN SWIM SUITS



JOAN CRAWFORD, who rises to new star heights in M-G-M's "The Torch Song," wasn't alone at the beach when the camera clicked. LEILA HYAMS and KATHERINE MOYLAN were drinking their fill of ozone when JOHN MACK BROWN joined these "Flying Fish" enthusiasts; to say nothing of "WHEEZER," lovable little rascal of Hal Roach's "Our Gang," who would rather make mud pies than throw custard pies!

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IS GUARANTEED



As Mary Faces Forty

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

then being photographed before I dismounted to be presented to the King and Queen of a tribe. On that other trip I was really miserable. [I remembered the packing cases of gifts Mary Pickford had opened for me.] For eight weeks we were without green vegetables. I don't like meat and desserts. I lived on tea and wafers. We could have gone to Europe, but Douglas might as well have stayed at Pickfair. He would not have had the obstacles to conquer.

"SEPARATION?" Again she smiled. "Now, no. Douglas and I are two normal human beings who like each other very much. In six months or six years, how can I say in this peculiar, shifting, weird nightmare of a world what will happen? I cannot deny that there may be a *separation*. I can only say there is none now. Just a vacation.

"I haven't half as much money as people credit to me. But I have enough to live comfortably. Conservatively, I have lost two millions that I might have saved on productions. That is conservative. I am spending more money today. I am buying more expensive clothes. I am taking a pleasure in being smartly dressed. Life is very short. Why shouldn't I spend and enjoy now that I have earned it?

"Secrets?" Certainly I will tell you why I destroyed 'Secrets' at a loss of \$300,000. Although my talking pictures have actually grossed more than my silents ('Coquette' made \$300,000 more, playing in 3,000 houses, than 'Daddy Long Legs' in 9,000), I presume I am not at the pinnacle of success any longer. I am not a novelty and my pictures must be good. I have come to the conclusion that a good picture is almost an accident.

"Secrets' was not that kind of an accident. It was the most stupid I ever saw—including myself. I looked all right. I really photographed younger and better than I did in 'Kiki.' But it was all talk and no action.

"I believe talkies should not have more dialogue than silents had titles. I am not a gentle Julia type. It is what I hate most. It would be a good story for Ruth Chatterton. She is considered an actress. I am considered a personality.

"Age has little to do with pictures today. Look at George Arliss, Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery. People do not ask the age of Ruth Chatterton or Ann Harding. It is merit that counts now.

"I realize I am not a baby. I don't want to play *Pollyannas*. But I must have pictures where I not only can show merit as an actress but can live up to the public's conception of personality. I must be able to move in them. Which is why I say, if a really good picture comes along, I will probably make it but I will retire rather than make a bad one."

Gladys Smith speaking from the perfectly groomed figure of Mary Pickford. I even dared to say I liked Gladys Smith better; that I had not particularly enjoyed the thought of one of the people building a castle and barricading herself in it, entertaining royalty and royalty only.

Gladys laughed. "You never read about the other parties, do you? One evening a friend came up for the first time. She was dressed beautifully and with dignity. There were twelve very old friends at the table. Tom Geraghty, Marjorie Daw, one of my closest girl friends, Al Parker and his wife. Names you don't often read, perhaps. Suddenly Douglas disappeared under the table. He was tickling the guests' legs. It's a great game. You want to try it. The lady was a bit disappointed at first, but now she loves it."

"Do you know Greta Garbo? How do you like her?"

Gladys leaned forward anxiously. "Frances Marion called me and we are going to lunch with Miss Garbo. I am so thrilled. So nervous. I have been trying to plan what to say. She doesn't like to talk about her work, does she? Or her personal life?—I think I shall talk about Sweden. That will be a safe subject.

"Do you know, I still shake all over when I am in the presence of Gloria Swanson? The other day she was here and I had to change my clothes in front of her. I nearly died. I had on an old combination that was too long. I couldn't understand why I'd hung on to that one—why I hadn't discarded it long ago.

"I was so frightened when I saw Mussolini. I hid my autograph book behind my back. 'What have you there?' he asked finally. I almost stuttered telling him. What if he had refused to sign it?"

THERE was more, much more. My conversation with Gladys Smith was long. You can believe it or not, but I am convinced that Gladys Smith is as awed of celebrities (even when they visit Pickfair) as Mary Jones from Milwaukee is awed by Mary Pickford.

And I am also convinced that the struggle which raged between Gladys and Mary is almost over—the Gladys has almost decided to let Mary enjoy the memories of the past while she prances around in the present. Gladys goes ice-skating every Saturday afternoon with her niece. "I have loads of beaux in the rinks. We put pennies in the slot-machines to see what we can win. We're trying for a penknife but so far we've gotten only jelly-beans."

In fact, just between ourselves, I don't think it will be long before Gladys will have convinced Mary that she'd like to see Joan Crawford have a baby so she can get the joy of being a grandmother, even a step-one, while she is young enough to romp with the baby.

Heart Throb

I am a poor young man and have been an unfortunate cripple for the past twenty-four years, due to a doctor's mistake in injecting into my spine some medicine to cure me of diphtheria. I haven't walked a step since then. All these years I have been shut in from the rest of the world, deprived of all comfort and pleasure in life. Doctors diagnose my case of muscular paralysis as hopeless. All day long I must sit in a chair

like a prisoner in a cell. I am living a life of misery and if it were not for books and magazines life would be unbearable.

I am proud to say that I have been reading PHOTOPLAY for many years. In all these years your magazine has proved of much enjoyment to me as I like to read about the stars and doings in the movie world, even though I can't see any pictures at all.

H. J. D.

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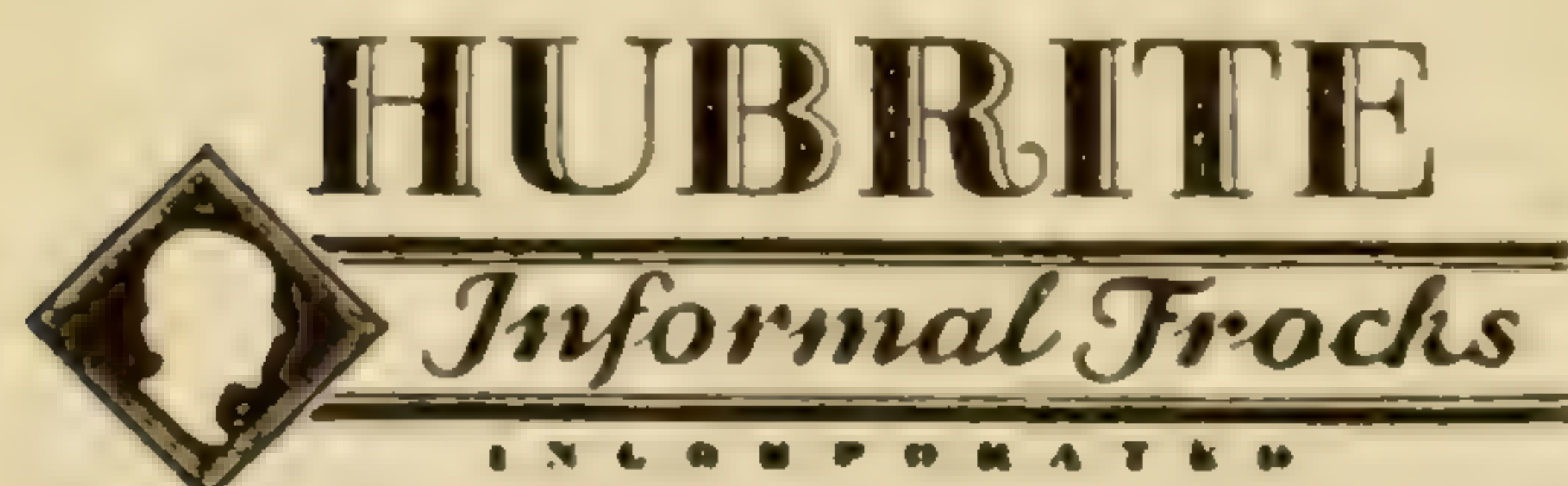
CLAUDIA DELL, charming Radio Pictures featured player, couldn't believe this Hubrite Informal Frock cost only \$5.95. "But," she said, "it's so soft, so smart, and so well made!"

This cotton meshanet dress (No. 527—Sizes 14 to 20), in yellow, pink, blue, green or white, is typical of every Hubrite Informal Frock . . . fine materials, carefully finished, cut to fit and priced unusually low—from \$2.00 to \$11.00.

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Send for Style Folder P-5

Prices slightly higher West of Rockies



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A Melancholy Wisecracker

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

of a sudden, he'll get morose and melancholy and be as quiet as a tombstone. We who know him well—or think we do—believe his smart-alecking is largely artificial.

"That smart-aleck character is one he's developed since his first picture appearance. You see, he first started in one of those country-boy rôles. His pictures looked just like Charles Ray. 'Heck,' he said, 'I don't want to be known as the Second Charlie Ray!' So he devised the direct opposite—the wise guy with smart cracks—and he's played that on the screen so much that he's that way off screen."

SO it went. So it went, on and on and on. One told this; the other that . . .

Now, the first thing that strikes people on meeting Bill is his size. Looks much bigger than on the screen. Really stands six feet, and is husky. Clothes worry him, because he doesn't think he wears them well. Has a very small wardrobe, compared with most screen stars. Likes quiet clothes—dark grays and serge blues, but does go in for red-hot-colored sweaters and belted leather coats. Hates garters and won't wear them, whenever he can help it. Never wears a straw hat.

The one big affection in his life is his mother. It's really an affection—not an affectation. She's a white-haired Southern matron. Bill was born in Vuhginiuh, suh!—Staunton, where the military academy is, but he never attended it, although untrue biographies say he did. His dearest possession—among all the lace pillows and pretty pictures and antiques that he likes to sit and look at by the hour—is a miniature of his mother. His sister once gave it to him for a Christmas present.

He drives a five-year-old car, "and I'll be driving it yet five years from now," he says. He never has the top up, and wears a beret because the wind blows his hair out of place. He has a chauffeur, who comes from Bill's home town in Virginia and used to be a Pullman porter. He has black hair, brown eyes and a beard that's so heavy and tough that barbers hate to shave him.

If you see him on the set, you'll always see him (except when cameras are turning) wearing a white silk scarf about his neck, tucked in his

collar. He wears it into the lunchroom, too. Whenever he can, he prefers to wear a scarf instead of a collar and tie.

He's extremely lazy and admits it. Likes to sit by the hour. His idea of a swell afternoon at the beach is not swimming or playing ball or racing, but just sitting. Nights, though, he likes to whoop it up. He is quite abstemious at that. Delights in getting a crowd together and then crashing in on other people's parties.

They don't ever know what he'll do on the set. Many times he has "broken" a scene by laughing at some one else on the set, or working a joke that's not in the story and couldn't be, or almost anything at all. Once he learned that actors on another set were quitting work at four o'clock. When four o'clock rolled around, he stopped in the middle of a scene, bawled "it's four o'clock and I'm going home!" and then sulked the rest of the day and evening because the director made him stay and work to the finish of the sequence they were shooting.

He's not jealous professionally—either of other actors or other clowns. "If somebody can 'steal the picture' from me, it's all right," he says, "because people will still say that the Haines picture is a wow, so I get credit anyway!" As for other buffoons, Bill loves to watch and laugh at their clowning just like other people like to watch and laugh at his.

He can bring tears to his eyes at will, and thinks he can do good sob-stuff scenes.

BILLY keeps his entire family—besides his mother, there are two brothers and two sisters. One brother, George, is his secretary. Once in a while, just for the fun of it, he gets his sisters and brothers work as extras in pictures.

He likes dogs. Innumerable stray mutts hang around that dressing-room-bungalow of his off the lot, because he sees to it that they're fed. He's always kind to dogs. That's more than he is to people. He likes to play practical jokes on people. Or shock them. Interviewers are always fair game, anyway, in his estimation. He usually tells them anything but the truth, or what he really thinks and believes.

"What's the use?" he says; "they never print what you tell them, anyway."



Hurrell

Next to his mother, William Haines loves antiques best—especially Early American pieces. This is the upper sitting room of his home, done in knotted pine in the Georgian period. All the furnishings are authentic pieces of their period. It's one of the most beautiful rooms in Hollywood—or the country, for that matter

SEX SWEETIES
You've heard of "Extrac" and "Extrac" that "But this **SEX SWEETIES** COMEDY, with **Harry Gribbon** is the funniest of the "Extrac" series.

BRIDE and GROOM
A collar button almost wrecked a wedding. Funny **Burrhead Jones** in a new **EXTRA TOOLS** production.

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Fun and feminine beauty and, above all, **Burrhead Jones** in a new **EXTRA TOOLS** production.

THE DOG DOCTOR
One of the most whimsical and appealing of **Andy Clyde's** "Pop" characters is in this new **EXTRA TOOLS** COMEDY.

WINDY RIFLE GOES HOLLYWOOD
A corking, snappy, fast-paced picture. **Jack** in a new **EXTRA TOOLS** production.

JUST A BEAR
A clown **Harry Gribbon** brings together a team that great **Sammy Seltzer**, **Andy Clyde** and **Harry Gribbon**.

EXTRA TOOLS
A new **EXTRA TOOLS** production.

CAST
JOHNNY HINES
CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD
CHARLES "BURRHEAD" JONES
ANDY CLYDE
HARRY GRIBBON
MARJORIE BLAKE
BUSTER KEATON
CLYDE COOK
LORD STANHOPE
WILLIAM J. BURNS
GLENN TRYON

Foot for foot of film, minute for minute of your time, you'll get more fun and more entertainment from one of Educational's comedy or novelty short subjects than from almost anything else on the program. They're packed with action. They're jammed with laughs, or thrills—or both. So, no matter what feature pictures are showing in your neighborhood, find out what short subjects are

playing, too. It may be time for you to see one of the comedies illustrated above. They're showing now in the country's best theatres. And you can count on any one of them to make a good show better.



STILL BEAUTIFUL IF NOT STILL NEW

—DEW (which may be used on a moment's notice) has kept it so



WHO doesn't wish that a new frock or gown would keep its fresh daintiness?

Hundreds of thousands of women have found that it can be done with the simple, pleasant help of DEW. This crystal-pure deodorant and instant non-perspirant keeps frocks and gowns free of perspiration stains and moisture spots.

DEW can be used at any time, even while dressing. It will not irritate a delicate skin or harm the most fragile of fabrics when the simple directions are followed. Use it as often as needed.

At all drug and department stores in spill-proof flasks:—25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00.

*DEW instantly and completely
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DEW

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time. Stops perspira-
tion instantly. Won't
irritate the skin.



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Inclosed is 10c. Please send DEW sample to:

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Address.....

City..... State.....

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

SOONER or later it always happens. Johnny Smack Brown, wife and baby, have been living in a simple little cottage in an obscure part of Hollywood for several years.

Johnny has been saving his money, but that can't last forever. Now he's building an English home in Beverly Hills.

WHEN you saw Richard Cromwell in "Tol'able David," you immediately placed Dick as a nice bashful kid.

The truth of the matter is that the lad is pretty doggone sophisticated, but somebody must have told him about preserving the illusion; so whenever he has an interview or goes to see a producer he stands just outside the door and takes off his tie and opens his shirt at the throat. It gives that fresh, boyish effect when he enters the room.

IF you've been wondering about Dolores Del Rio, here's the answer.

Cedric Gibbons, her husband, would rather she retired from the screen, but he knows that Dolores would be unhappy, so he has waived his objections.

However, Dolores' physical condition has

kept her inactive. She was much more seriously ill than the newspapers have led you to believe, and it will be some months before she'll be fit to work.

NEWEST cinemaland yachtster is Marjorie White. She just bought a 34-foot cruiser, and named it "Ali Baba."

Says she's going to give a yachting party for two-score script writers. "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves."

THE *Hollywood Script* revives this story about Chaplin, which will bear repetition.

A society matron asked him if he would attend a charity bazaar and occupy the box of honor. "You needn't stay," she said, "but if we can advertise that you will be there, we can sell more tickets."

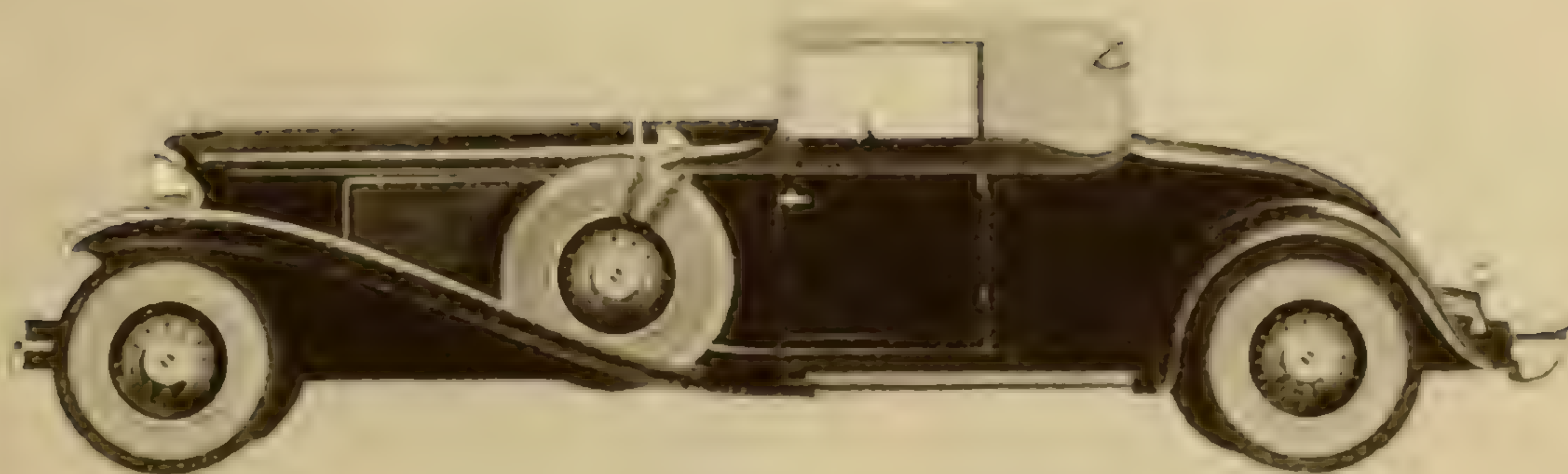
"Don't you think the Goldwyn lion would serve your purpose just as well?" was the comedian's serious retort.

ADRIAN dresses the stars for Metro pictures and he has made some interesting observations about some of them.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]



Shooting a ship scene for "Never the Twain Shall Meet" on an old tub in the harbor of San Pedro, the port of Los Angeles. Our old friend Mitchell Lewis is yelling a lusty and bewhiskered defiance into the microphone, while the sound-muffled camera grinds at, and the silver reflectors light up his face. Director Van Dyke, who made "Trader Horn," leaning on the platform, is bossing the job, while the script girls, in the lower left hand corner, check up on the dialogue and details of costume. Later on, as the light fails, the big arc will be put into action. It's all in the day's work



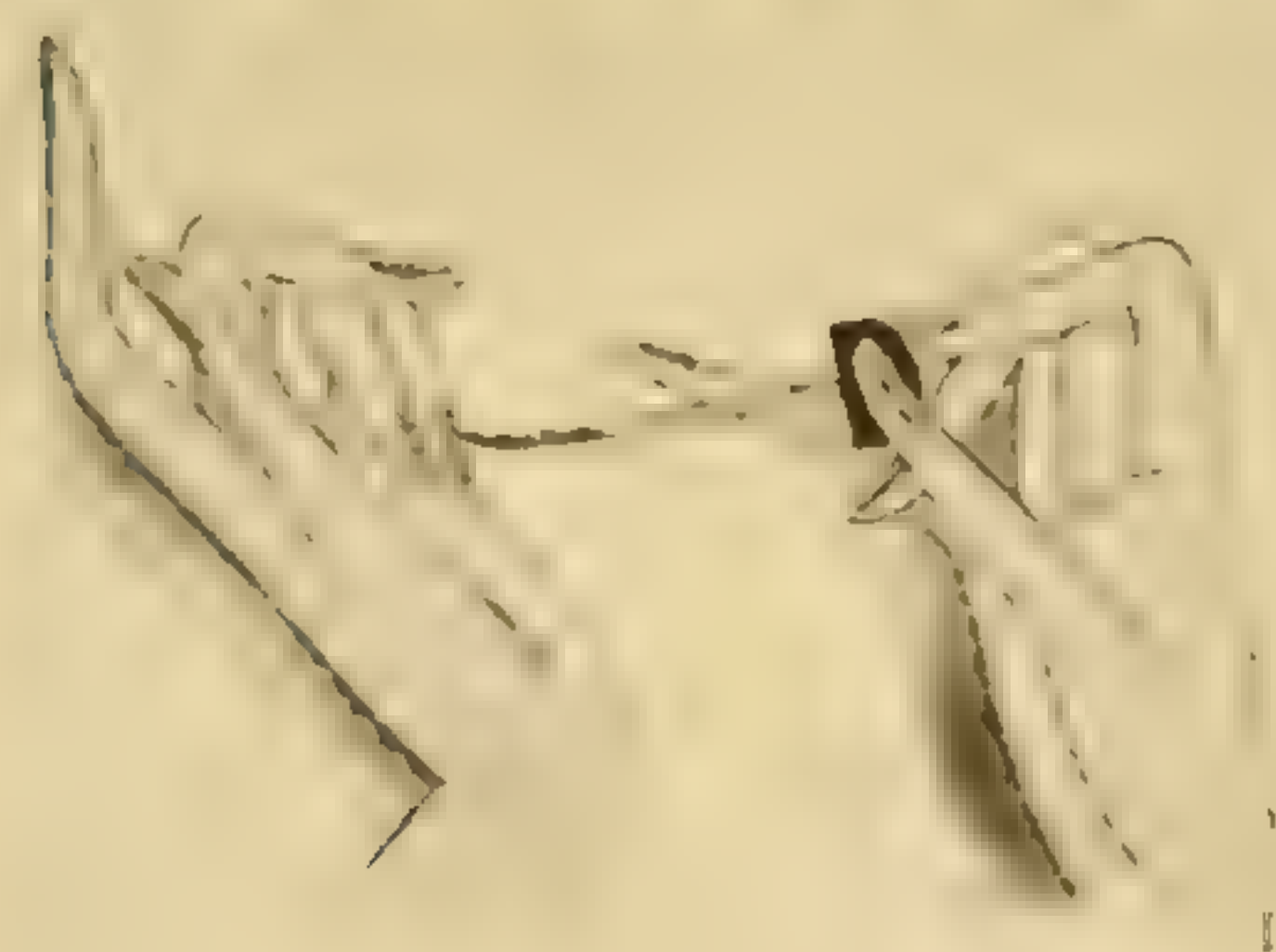
FINE CAR LEADERSHIP

The leadership of the Cord front-drive in the fine car field daily becomes more pronounced. This is traceable to the accumulative experience of Cord owners who enjoy advantages not obtainable in any other automobile. Included among these exclusive advantages are effortless handling, a different roadability, a sense of security, and an absence of fatigue for driver and passengers that obsolete any car less efficient and commodious. And now, an improved Cord car is available at prices comparable with ordinary standard cars—a sensational value in the fine car field.

BROUGHAM \$2395 • SEDAN \$2395 • CONVERTIBLE CABRIOLET \$2495 • CONVERTIBLE PHAETON SEDAN \$2595
Prices f.o.b. Auburn, Indiana. Equipment other than standard, extra.
AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

CORD
FRONT DRIVE

GLAZO creates the smart vogues in fingertips!



HAVE you some charming memories of fingertips of a special loveliness that are seen about nowadays? Memories, perhaps, of fingers delicately tipped with flower-like loveliness rising up in greeting . . . or of brilliant fingers dancing a ballet of impatience on the table-top.

Obviously, neither nature nor ordinary polishes can account for nails of such attractiveness. The uninitiated ask *what* and *how* this special charm; and the answer is—Glazo does it!

Glazo polishes, so prized and sought for their exquisite shades, have won wide and

distinguished approval. They brush on easily and smoothly, without piling up, chipping, or turning white at the edges.

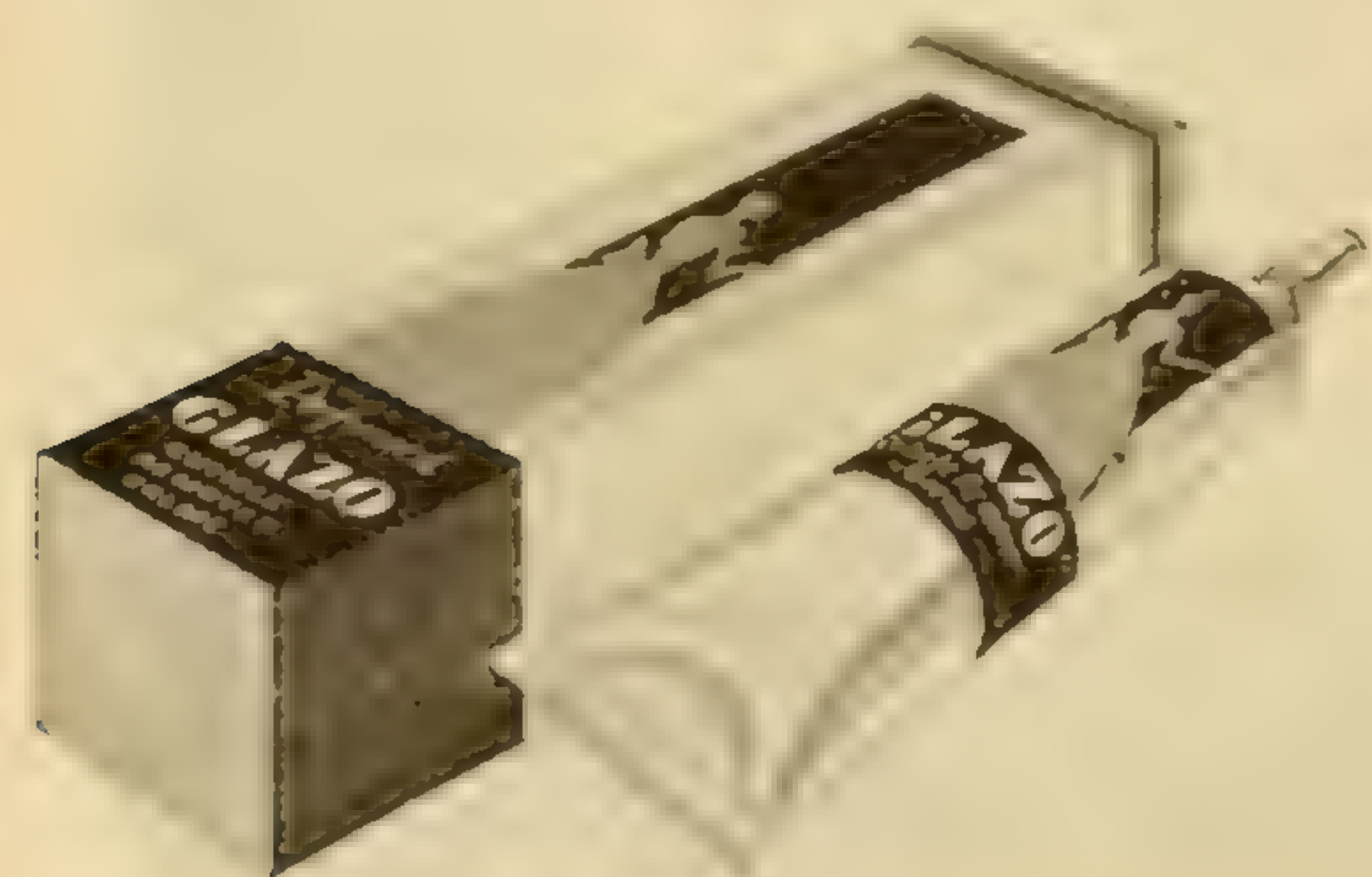
And Glazo's new Cuticle Remover Crème introduces a superior method of caring for the cuticle. Try this gentle, white cream, and find for yourself how even and smooth it leaves the cuticle edges. Other Glazo preparations assist in the perfection of the Glazo manicure—Glazo Nicotine Remover, Glazo Nail White, Glazo Cuticle Massage Cream. You will find these Glazo products at your favorite toilet goods counter.



(Above)—Perfumed Glazo Liquid Polish comes in Natural, Flame, Geranium or Crimson—large bottle, 50c. Perfumed Glazo Polish Remover, 35c.

(Right)—The famous Glazo twin package contains both Liquid Polish and Polish Remover, 50c. Choice of Natural, Colorless, or Deep Shell.

(Below)—Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème presents a new and superior method of removing excess cuticle. In a convenient tube, 50c.



GLAZO

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191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

I enclose six cents. Please send me samples of Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and the new Cuticle Remover Crème. (If you live in Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

Name

Address

City..... State.....

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110]

"In the old days, Joan Crawford could see herself in nothing but a skin-tight dress and circular skirt. She was like a little girl—frightened to see herself in anything else. Today, Joan is getting something akin to the flair of Gloria Swanson for clothes. It is as though she had found the key to life and the result is finding expression in her clothes. She is even creating new ideas and modes for herself.

"Before 'The Divorcee,' Norma Shearer was smart, but conservatively smart. There is a smartness which is interesting and one which is uninteresting. Norma used to be smartly uninteresting because she was afraid to dare.

It was necessary to sneak daring things upon her. No more. She leads the styles rather than follows.

"Greta Garbo is much interested in clothes for a picture (Adrian emphasized the *professional* interest) if she likes the story. She didn't believe she could wear the clothes in 'Romance,' so had no interest until they were completed. Then she adored them. What she really likes is smart modern things. If she has a picture where she can wear them, she warms up to the subject of clothes as much as any woman."

ROYALTY must never, never be mentioned in connection with ladies of the screen! A couple of European courts are agog over such



Hist! This sinister gent is back in Hollywood again, scattering mystery. It's S. S. Van Dine, creator of *Philo Vance*, the suave detective. Van Dine's newest is "Blue Moon Murder," and Walter Huston will play *Vance*. Others who have done the rôle are William Powell and Basil Rathbone

a coupling, which appeared in a newspaper of Budapest, Hungary.

A Hungarian journalist said the Princess José, daughter of the King of the Belgians, desired a separation from her husband, Crown Prince Humbert of Italy. The paper further said that the Crown Prince had "resumed his relations with an English movie star with whom he was well acquainted several years ago."

This gossipy note threw the courts of Belgium and Italy into a frenzy.

Rome issued no denial. From the Belgian palace came this statement:

"The honor of a family, whether royal, middle or working class, is entitled to protection. The Prince of Piedmont (The Crown Prince) may decide to bring legal action. Up to now His Royal Highness and the Belgian Royal Family have opposed with disdainful silence all such rumors."

Moral, never couple a motion picture actress' name with royalty, or papa-in-law will spank!

BILLIE DOVE collects fleas. Lots of them. They're her hobby. Dead ones, all dressed up in tiny clothes, and mounted in nutshells and such-like.

You look at 'em through a magnifying glass. If you're interested.

JOHN BARRYMORE has a lot of most eccentric and disconcerting ways, as Harry Lang has already told you. One of them is this: When Bramwell Fletcher came on the "Sven-gali" set to play the role of *Little Billee*, Jack would sit for minutes at a time staring at the boy. Every time Bramwell (what a name!) stepped before the camera, Jack stared and stared.

It was slowly getting the kid's goat, until director Archie Mayo took the young actor by the arm, led him to Barrymore and, guiding Bramwell's finger, touched Barrymore on the chest. "See?" said Archie, "He's human after all. Lookee, he doesn't even bite."

THEY'RE telling the story about the guy who was taken to a Hollywood hospital with what looked like facial paralysis.

"What's the matter? Lock-jaw?" asked the nurse.

"No," said the patient, talking out of the corner of his mouth, "I've been working in gangster pictures."

ONE of the strangest and most tragic cases in Hollywood is the case of Aileen Pringle, the girl who happened before her time.

When she first came to pictures she had a definite idea what she wanted to do. A sophisticated, charming woman of the world, herself, she wanted to play sophisticated, charming women of the world in films. But at that time such a thing was unheard of. When Aileen explained what she meant, the studio execs put her in Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks."

Aileen did this, but insisted that still wasn't the idea.

They couldn't understand. If you were a woman of the world, you were a naughty vamp in a velvet negligée. She tried to make them see that she wanted to be human as well. So they co-starred her with Lew Cody in a series of farces.

Aileen complained again.

"But we thought this was what you meant!" they said, quite confused about the whole thing.

So Aileen gave it up as a bad job.

The years passed, the microphone began its dirty work and exactly the type of woman that Aileen wanted to play became the vogue.

Norma Shearer does it perfectly. So does Ruth Chatterton and Barbara Stanwyck. Aileen could do it, too. Her voice is cultured. Her manner exactly the popular manner of the moment.

But they've forgotten about Aileen. She lived, professionally, before her time.



The Perfect Pair for washing woolens — IVORY SNOW and lukewarm water

Ivory Snow—tiny fairy-thin pearls of pure Ivory Soap—gives extra protection to all fine fabrics. Every tiny pearl is so very thin that it turns into gentle Ivory suds the moment water touches it. Even lukewarm water!

No waiting for hot water. No fussing with suds. No cooling to the safe faintly warm temperature. Now you start with lukewarm water, add Ivory Snow, and you'll have foamy suds in a single swish. No unmelted soap left to cling to woolens and silks.

So quick! So handy! So very, very gentle! A big box for 15¢.

New!

99 4/100 Pure



Silk
and woolen
manufacturers agree

"A perfect soap for silks," say Mal-linson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu. "The ideal soap for woolens," say the weavers of the fine Biltmore Hand-woven Homespuns, the makers of the downy Mariposa blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, leading woolen manufacturers.

TWO TYPICAL Case Histories



CASE NO. 11 . . . Stenographer, New York City. Age 24. Suffered from dryness and scaliness. Woodbury's Facial Soap brought natural lubrication. On 30th day dryness had entirely disappeared.



CASE NO. 250 . . . Baltimore, Md. Age 37. Bothered with conspicuous pores and oiliness. Noticeable improvement 4th day. On 30th day oiliness had nearly disappeared and pores were smaller.

TAKEN RIGHT FROM THE DOCTORS' CLINICAL REPORTS

Particularly Interesting to Women with

ENLARGED PORES • BLACKHEADS • BLEMISHES • DRY SKIN • OILY SKIN

In the recent Nation-Wide Beauty Clinic nearly every type and condition of skin was represented.

And in side-by-side comparison on the same faces, Woodbury's demonstrated that it could do more to correct faulty complexions and improve normal ones than any other method of daily skin care.

The test was conclusively simple. Leading dermatologists asked 612 women to use their usual cleansing method on the left side of their faces, and *Woodbury's* on the right side . . . for 30 days.

113 women began the treatment with enlarged pores, and ended the test with the problem either entirely or largely solved. Acne was helped 106 times . . . blackhead conditions improved on 103 faces. Excessive oiliness was corrected in 115 instances . . . dry, scaly skin for 81 patients.

Make a thorough test of Woodbury's Facial Soap. If it cost a dollar a cake instead of only 25¢, it would still be the most economical and surest way to skin loveliness. Woodbury's may be had at all drug stores and toilet goods counters, or mail the coupon.

MAY WE SEND YOU DAINTY SAMPLES?
JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC.

805 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.

I would like advice on my skin condition as checked below, also trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and generous samples of two Woodbury's Creams and Facial Powder. I enclose 10¢ to partly cover cost of mailing.

Oily skin ☐ Flabby skin ☐ Sallow skin ☐
Dry skin ☐ Coarse pores ☐ Pimples ☐
Wrinkles ☐ Blackheads ☐

Name _____

Address _____



Brickbats & Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

When I remember the lovely, laughing Joan Crawford of "Dancing Daughters" and compare her with the grotesque, hollow-eyed heroine of "Paid" I feel she should cut out this freak idea of starvation. She is letting her fans down badly!

KAY YARBOROUGH,
Washington, D. C.

Doug, Sr.

If "Reaching for the Moon" is a sample of a 1931 vehicle for Douglas Fairbanks and his unusual ability to portray good interesting entertainment, why not go back to classic literature where there is at least some semblance of plot and reason?

BETTY WARD DEFFEBACH,
Houston, Texas

Doug, Sr., was great in "Reaching for the Moon." This is an up-to-the-minute picture with lots of pep and admirably suited to the talents of the energetic Fairbanks. We hope to see him in more of this type of picture.

FRED CALLAHAN,
New York City

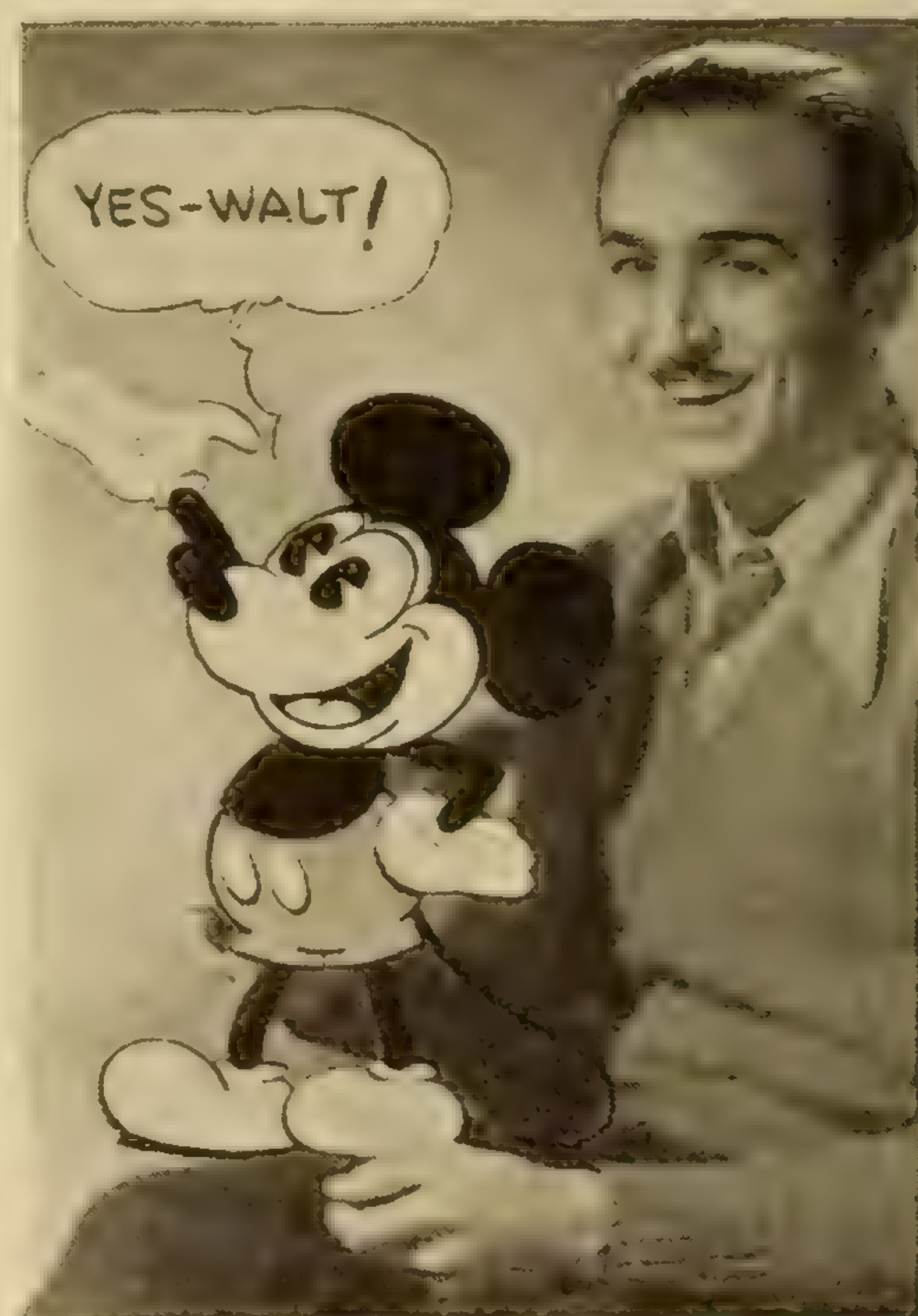
Watch Out, Producers!

Am I wrong in believing the song "Little White Lies" was composed in the spring of 1930, or was it in full swing the year after "the boys came home" as pictured in "The Last Parade"? What a slip! What a slip!

VIRGINIA HEMRICK,
Ft. Wayne, Ind.

"Dance Fools, Dance" was a great movie, and Joan Crawford an actress always worth seeing, but who was the dumbbell who had Cliff Edwards murdered at a subway entrance in Chicago, when that city hasn't any subways? M-G-M needs some little girl like me to watch out for these details.

G. S. S.,
Philadelphia, Penna.



Ever meet Mickey Mouse's daddy? The little cartoon comic, who seems to be about the most popular star in the world, is created by Walt Disney, the smiling gentleman here. And as you see, he has his star well trained in yessing, an old Hollywood custom

Ex-Buddy Rogers

I wonder why Buddy Rogers rates so many leads. The public admits he makes good scenery but is not crying for actors whose chief "acting" is wearing good-looking clothes—especially when there's Novarro and Montgomery in "them thar hills."

CLOVER ROSS,
Oswego, Kan.

I preferred Buddy Rogers' singing in "Heads Up" to John Boles in "Kiss Me Again." Let's see more of him and hear more of his singing.

DOLORES GOCHOEL,
Dayton, Ohio

"The Easiest Way"

In "The Easiest Way" Constance Bennett was charming and beautifully gowned—but the story! Why do producers go to such extremes? The home of the girl was unbelievably squalid and sordid while Brockton's apartment was so luxurious as to be in bad taste. Surely her choice of "the easiest way" would have been plausible without this vast difference. And the finish! Why must every fallen woman gaze through a window in a mist of tears at the happy family group? Maudlin sentimentality!

I didn't see enough of Hedda Hopper. She was simply grand.

DIANA HESS,
New York City

Ruth Chatterton

All this raving about Ruth Chatterton puzzles me. She has about as much emotion as a wooden Indian—and just about as much animation. She has a beautiful voice—and it is this trick voice that has hypnotised people into thinking she's a great actress. When she's glad, her facial expression is exactly the same as when she's sad! Her emotions don't go beyond her throat.

DIANA HESS,
New York City

"Unfaithful" is another triumph for Ruth Chatterton. She is by far the greatest dramatic actress in the talkies, and she has never given a bad performance. When I see one of her pictures I suffer all that she is suffering. She has the most expressive face and such a beautiful voice. To me she is the reigning queen of talkie-land.

BESSIE FLINT,
Montgomery, Ala.

Heart Throb

I might have been somebody if I had followed the straight path. And, now, thanks to some of the fine talking pictures that I have seen in the past two years I feel that I have a new lease on life and that this time I am going to make a success of my life instead of a mess.

I have done time, and I'm only twenty-one, but during those long months in confinement when some were plotting to pull "big jobs" when they got out, it was the pictures we were allowed to see at intervals that kept my mind away from thoughts of revenge and of tempting offers made by fellow prisoners.

Those who say that motion pictures are not up-lifting don't know as I do. They have been a means of giving me new hope and courage and have set my feet in the straight path.

R. S., Graft, Colo.



You feel at ease for Kotex is shaped to fit



Then, too, Kotex absorbs
scientifically, giving more
secure protection.

WHEN you realize how individual a problem sanitary protection is, you appreciate the fact that Kotex is so made that you can adjust it to your changing needs.

That, of course, is only one of the advantages of Kotex. It is shaped to fit inconspicuously under any frock, no matter how close-fitting. It is treated to deodorize—keeps one feeling dainty at times when that is more than ever necessary. It is soft—not only at first, but during hours of use.

Why Kotex stays soft

Kotex filler—Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding—takes up five times its weight in moisture—is so amazingly efficient that 85% of our great hospitals now use it for all kinds of surgical dressings.

Kotex owes its unique dependability and comfort to the fact that it absorbs laterally, leaving the pad soft and delicate despite its amazing efficiency, leaving the sides unpenetrated, which prevents chafing and irritation.

Kotex can be worn on either side. It will serve with equal efficiency, with no possibility of embarrassment. Adjust it (you can, you see, because of the layer construction) to meet changing requirements. Dispose of it quickly, easily. Buy it anywhere. Simply specify Kotex.

Kotex Company, Chicago, Illinois.

IN HOSPITALS . . .

- 1 The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
- 2 Kotex is soft . . . Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
- 3 Can be worn on either side with equal comfort. No embarrassment.
- 4 Disposable, instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

The new Kotex Belt, 50¢

Brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

(U. S. Patent No. 1770741)

KOTEX

Keeps teeth white



SMILE and conquer. No one can resist a charming smile.

But remember — your smile is only as charming as the snowy whiteness of your teeth permits.

Every day chew delicious Dentyne—the gum especially made to keep teeth white. It also helps to keep gums firm because its extra chewy quality gives them extra healthful exercise. Dentyne is the finest chewing gum on sale today.



Chew **DENTYNE** *...and smile!*



Moles

How to banish them

A simple, safe home treatment—16 years' success in my practice. Moles (also Big Growths) dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet.

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Do You Want a Job in the Studios?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

we must remember it was the left hand. When it comes to learning the picture business there isn't a better method."

Catherine received \$40 as a secretary and she receives the same as a script girl except on shorts where she assists the director—even directs during his absence.

Then she gets \$75. Incidentally, she has sold several magazine stories on her experiences as a script girl and has recently assisted Bryan Foy in writing shorts. Her ambition is scenario writing.

Dorothy Cairns was a script girl at Paramount until she sold "Sin Takes a Holiday" to Pathe. She has been offered several writing contracts but prefers to freelance, in the hope of selling enough originals so that she will not have to tie herself down to one department.

Anne Bauchens has been cutting film for fourteen years. She has cut every Cecil De Mille picture for twelve. "I had hoped to write but I found I couldn't create originals. But I could take the work of somebody else and create with it. Which is the work of cutting. A good director doesn't tell a good cutter what to do. He takes his shots and lets her or him make a picture from it. You are creating the finished story from the other fellow's ideas but you are still creating."

Cutters receive from \$75 to \$200 a week. Miss Bauchens gets \$135.

This work is hard on the eyes, as they are reading film continually. Matching the sound tract to the photographic film has more than doubled their work.

They have small rooms with a sound reproducing apparatus. I have spent hours watching them work.

They must not only be creative but they must be mechanically inclined and extremely accurate.

Peggy O'Day was Miss Bauchens' assistant. Today she is cutting foreign versions only for Metro. She cannot speak a word of Spanish, and yet she cut the Spanish version of "The Big House." She has learned to understand Spanish by listening to her sound tract and matching the words to the action of her picture. She started at \$6 a week cleaning negative, and was formerly an ingénue with her name in the casting directory!

Miss Bauchens' advice to young folk wishing to become cutters is to begin with stenography, go into script work, learn the way pictures are made, and then go into cutting as an assistant. Incidentally, I talked with a dozen cutters and didn't find a discontented one among them. Or a lazy one! You never get to be a cutter if you are lazy. During the making of a picture the hours are often eighteen at a stretch.

HARRY ALBIEZ is a "property boy," although he is a middle aged man. Six years ago he was standing leaning on a shovel in his alfalfa patch at Van Nuys, California. He had the urge to travel, but not the money. How could he get excitement, variety? The movies were ten miles away. He dropped his shovel and went to the old Selig lot. "I hit it lucky. I asked for a job and got it. By working fast and not sitting down and paying no attention to hours, I held it. Haven't been out of work since. I saw everyone was trying to duck Westerns. They had longer hours, more work and no more pay. I hit for them. I had wanted travel, I did. Went up into the Indian lands with Tim McCoy. Back a month and then left for the South Seas with 'White Shadows of the South Seas.' Also went there on 'The Pagan.' Been down through Mexico with a jungle picture. Spent a whole year in Africa with 'Trader Horn.' A property boy

does most everything, anyway, but on these location trips you do everything from wardrobe to seeing that there's plenty of wild animals sticking about.

"JOHN FORD started as a prop boy. So did Johnny Waters. He directs now and assists, too. They've made three assistant directors from prop boys on this lot (M-G-M) in the last three months. You learn about everything there is to know if you keep your eyes open."

Harry started at \$25 a week. He averages \$60 today. He says the way to get started is ask for a job, keep on asking for it until they know you mean business, work like the devil and join the union.

Studio drivers and gatemen are usually men past fifty.

It's the opportunity for old age. "Pop" Manatt has driven stars at Metro for thirteen years.

"The only difference between the days when I drove Geraldine Farrar and Pauline Frederick and today, when it's Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford, is they don't have as many location trips since the talkies. Driving ain't no place for a young man. No future. It's fine for an old man. Keeps life interesting. The stars are awful good to us. For five years Ramon Novarro has come out on the day before Christmas with a \$10 gold piece."

The drivers furnish their own cars and pay the upkeep. They are paid by either the hour or mileage.

"Pop" grosses about \$4,000 a year and nets approximately \$2,500.

Frank Tuttle (not the director) has been gateman at United Artists for eight years. When Douglas Fairbanks discovered he had been a champion bicycle rider in his youth, he took a personal interest in him as Doug does in all athletes, and presented him with a pedigreed dog. The white-haired man and huge dog became landmarks on the lot. Last week the dog died of old age. The man is unconsolable. He makes \$35 a week and his best story is an imitation of the way Gloria Swanson comes to the gate on Christmas day and says, "Will you accept this with a Merry Christmas?" This is a \$5 gold piece in pretty wrappings.

IF you are a beauty operator or interested in becoming one, your future in pictures lies in the Make-Up Department. The scientific make-up of today is only five years old, but it has become one of the most important parts of the industry.

Radio Pictures recently built a \$120,000 building to hold their department and placed Erne Westmore in charge of it. He personally supervises the make-up of each person playing in a Radio picture. On the first floor, his assistants make-up the stars; on the second the principals; on the third the ponies and show girls; on the fourth the extras. The make-up for "Cimarron" cost \$23,896, of which \$20,640 was paid for salaries of the people applying it.

Make-up men are unionized and the minimum wage is \$100 weekly; by the day, \$15. The heads of departments receive \$500 and \$600 weekly.

Erne Westmore and his brothers and father—all in motion picture work—have been in the beauty business all their lives. "We are in constant need of really good men and women; those who understand bone construction, high lighting, and so on. I have personally induced several to come from the East. But the average beauty operator is not skilled enough for studio work."

Hairdressers also come under this department. They receive from \$50 to \$75 a week depending upon their expertness.

Frequently, they become so efficient in working on one star that they are attached to her staff.

Ruth Chatterton, for example, has her own hairdresser.

Numerous stars have private secretaries.

DOROTHY GRAY



LIKE A TOWER OF IVORY...AN UNLINED YOUTHFUL THROAT

Your throat can be as flawless and beautiful as a slim ivory tower. How wickedly careless it is to let a crêpe-like texture give your throat cruel, aging lines! It is a simple matter to keep your throat flawlessly smooth. The Dorothy Gray treatments for preventing crêpy throat and correcting it have for many years proved their success in the Dorothy Gray salons. So that you may readily give yourself these treatments at home, Dorothy Gray preparations are sold at leading shops everywhere. Ask or write for the booklet, "Your Dowry of Beauty." It gives you clear directions for all the Dorothy Gray home treatments.

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Have Curling Lashes Instantly with KURLASH

ANYBODY can do it. No heat, no cosmetics! Just slip the rubber Kurlash pads over your lashes and press gently. At once you have curling lashes, sparkling eyes, more charm, greater personality. No wonder Hollywood make-up artists use Kurlash on movie stars! Curl your own lashes today. At toilet counters everywhere, \$1.00.

Kurlene for growing long lashes

This European discovery promotes growth of long lashes. Keeps them brilliant and free from granulation. Tubes 50c; jars \$1.00.

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Just a touch of Shadette on upper lid makes your eyes' natural color richer, deeper. Improves appearance remarkably. Four colors. Compacts, \$1.00. Sold everywhere.

Lashpac—Compact with brush and stick mascara.

Lashtint—perfumed, waterproof liquid mascara.

Tweezette—automatic, painless tweezer. Each \$1.00.

Write for booklet "Fascinating Eyes and How To Have Them." Beauty secrets told in pictures. Mailed free.



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Don't endure the unfairness of age-telling gray, faded, or streaked hair. Tint it instantly to its natural youthful shade and lustre—any desired color from lightest blond to midnight black. Just comb thru clean, harmless, odorless Brownatone. No fuss, no muss. Immediate guaranteed results. All dealers, 50c. Or send 10c for trial bottle.

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TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

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at Home

Make money taking pictures. Photographs in big demand. Commercial Photography also pays big money. Learn quickly at home in spare time. No experience necessary. Write today for new free book, *Opportunities in Modern Photography*. American School of Photography, Dep't. 1255 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. have a man, but Mary Pickford, Constance Bennett, Ann Harding, Ruth Chatterton, Sue Carol and many others have women. They receive from \$50 to \$75 a week.

Hazel Gray, working for Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes, says: "Being a secretary to a star is not comparable to other secretarial work. Our duties are more intimate, more varied and more exciting. We not only handle the fan mail, the private correspondence and appointments but we do anything in the world which arises to make their lives easier. In my case, I run Miss Chatterton's home, hire the servants, purchase the food, sign the checks, deposit the money and save it. I usually have luncheon with Miss Chatterton at the studio but I never sit on the sets."

LAST Christmas Miss Gray purchased most of the presents her employers gave; as both were working.

She frequently buys Miss Chatterton's clothes. She secured her position through a mutual friend who could vouch for her trustworthiness.

She believes there is opportunity for reliable girls.

One of the most important divisions of any studio is the publicity. It is the diplomatic corps of the entire organization. It sells not only the stars but the pictures to the public and handles relations with newspapers, magazines and theaters. It also acts as the go-between for stars and every medium of publicity.

Contrary to popular opinion, the publicity departments do little writing for other than press-books. A press-book is a collection of stories concerning one production, printed in pamphlet form, and sent to the various theater exhibitors. A "unit" man in the

publicity department remains on the set of a picture, gathers all the items of interest and writes the "press-book" for his picture. When these stories reach the theater owners, they clip and distribute them to the local newspapers as information for local write-ups (usually advance) about the picture.

These unit men receive from \$60 to \$150 a week. They are usually trained newspaper reporters.

THE publicity department does not write magazine stories, and very few newspaper yarns aside from the press-book. They contact the regular writers.

For example, PHOTOPLAY has a large staff of trained writers. It is the duty of the publicity department to furnish them with any information they have about their players but, principally, to act as a go-between for the writer and the player.

Take this story for example.

The publicity department did not give me the information.

They arranged interviews and I talked to each person mentioned, in person.

The salaries for the heads of departments run from \$25,000 a year downward.

John Le Roy Johnston, head of the department at Universal, has been in the newspaper and publicity business since he was thirteen. He started on the St. Paul Daily News and sketched more than 300 famous faces in his first year besides handling the presswork for the Hudson Boxing Club and the St. Paul Symphony orchestra.

His record reads like a list of newspapers from Coast to Coast and all of the studios in existence.

"I decided at thirteen that it was a great game because it brought one in contact with the most famous, and I wanted to know the



Joan Crawford's new studio home on wheels—the portable dressing-room just given her by the doting husband, Doug Fairbanks, Jr. White, with green shutters, it contains rich antique furnishings—and an electric refrigerator, hot and cold water and what-not. Joan seems mighty proud, but the Scotty doesn't seem to be impressed

biggest men and women. You learn to know life and people; you become analytical and philosophical. You must have the tact of a butler, the soul of a dreamer, the front of an executive, the nerve of a salesman. You must be able to create illusions about everything and everybody. And you must take the rap for the entire studio, always. You work any hour and all hours, and you love it or you can't stay in it."

THERE are many successful women in this line. Each studio has a woman in charge of magazine contacts, for example. Two years ago Eleanor Packer arrived in Hollywood from Columbus, Ohio. Her father was a newspaper man, her college degree was in journalism. She knew nothing of studios, so she took the telephone book, called them all and asked for the names of the head of each publicity department. Then she called these men and secured an appointment with Arthur Zellner at United Artists. She was put onto the Douglas Fairbanks unit writing a press-book. Today she has charge of magazine contacts at Metro and receives \$135 a week for it. She says:

"I should say newspaper training is the most valuable for either man or woman in any branch of motion pictures except, possibly acting. It teaches life and pictures deal with life in every angle."

High in a corner office at M-G-M sits Natalie Bucknell, head of the research department. Recently, a German newspaper man tested her knowledge by asking her fourteen questions, off hand. She answered each one without a moment's hesitation. Two were as follows:

"What type of saddle did King Darius use in ancient Russia?"

"What type of toy was used in the time of Pericles?"

It is her business to see that every prop, costume, quotation, etc., is technically correct on each production.

She has been there four years and has collected 50 files of newspaper clippings which are valued at \$500,000.

She started in the reading department but was transferred to her present position in two weeks. Why?—Her father was councilor of state under the Czar. She was educated by four governesses—French, English, German and Russian. She speaks and reads five languages. She has traveled throughout the world.

She knows history. She receives less than \$100 a week. Her ambition is to direct.

She is in a spot where she can learn everything there is to know about directing. When sound came in she studied, and was the first woman to secure a certificate as a sound engineer.

She never heard of regular hours; I doubt if she ever wants to hear of them. She believes any really trained person can find an opportunity in pictures.

"MOTHER" Coulter is the way her name is listed in the M-G-M studio directory. She has charge of the wardrobe department where period clothes and costumes are made. She is sixty-five years of age and has been in the wardrobe work of theater and screen for forty years. Originally an actress, she realized she wouldn't make a successful one, and turned her handiness with the needle to advantage.

She has been in her present position twelve years, receives \$125 a week. She starts her seamstresses at \$22.50 a week, pays her head cutter \$60, and has forty women working when the studio is in full swing. She prefers women who have not been in dressmaking shops but have learned to use the needle and scissors in the home!

One of the greatest opportunities for men lies in the camera department. A boy starts, usually, in the laboratory although many studios give their messenger boys, prop boys, etc., opportunities to learn the camera business.

In the laboratory he learns cleaning of film,



Absorbent . . . to remove dangerous dirt"

**That's why Jean Harlow insists on
Kleenex to remove cold cream**

*She made one of the most
rapid climbs to stardom in all
Hollywood's amazing history!
Read her beauty advice to you.*

JEAN HARLOW, like other great beauties, stresses the supreme importance of cleanliness.

"Whenever I see Kleenex on a woman's dressing table, I know she understands beauty care. Women who know nothing of the scientific side of beauty often under-emphasize the importance of strict cleanliness.

"They are still using unhygienic methods of removing cleansing cream and make-up . . . methods which leave almost as many impurities in the skin as before.

"Too bad everyone doesn't understand about Kleenex!" Miss Harlow continues.



Use Kleenex for adjusting make-up as well as for removing creams and cosmetics. This dainty dressing room accessory comes in your favorite pastel tint as well as white.

"These wonderful tissues are so sanitary in themselves, and so absorbent to remove dangerous dirt!"

Towels unabsorbent

"So absorbent to remove dangerous dirt!" The dirt that lurks deep in pores. The dirt in which acne thrives. The dirt which harsh cloths, unabsorbent towels, often slide right over.

This is the dirt Miss Harlow refers to. It's the dirt Kleenex absorbs so quickly. Kleenex blots up cleansing cream, and every particle of grime comes, too. Every invisible fleck of powder. Kleenex is so powerfully absorbent that rubbing is unnecessary.

For handkerchiefs

Kleenex is rapidly supplanting handkerchiefs for use during colds. It prevents self-infection from germ-filled handkerchiefs. You use Kleenex just once, then discard it.

Kleenex comes in packages at 25c, 50c and \$1. Prices are the same in Canada. At drug, dry goods and department stores.

KLEENEX COMPANY,

Lake Michigan Building, Chicago, Ill.

Please send a free supply of Kleenex.

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(Please print name plainly)

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Round Out Your Form Make It Beautiful

Today's styles clearly define the bust. Style artists have doomed the ill-fitting, flattening, pressing, tissue-destroying brassieres, and have given women a new charm and beauty with the bust line. YOUTHFORMS are the one support that serves two purposes—holding your bust in correct position and giving you that infinite charm of youth.

YOUTHFORM'S secret is in the elastic band which goes around the body, and the beautiful first quality pink Van Raalte's Swamee Silk forms which hold the busts in shape, removing all weight from them. Doctors and physical culture experts are indorsing YOUTHFORMS to correct sagging busts. Thousands praise YOUTHFORMS daily for they are comfortable, restful, enjoyable to wear. Not sold in stores because they are made to your individual measure. Order direct.

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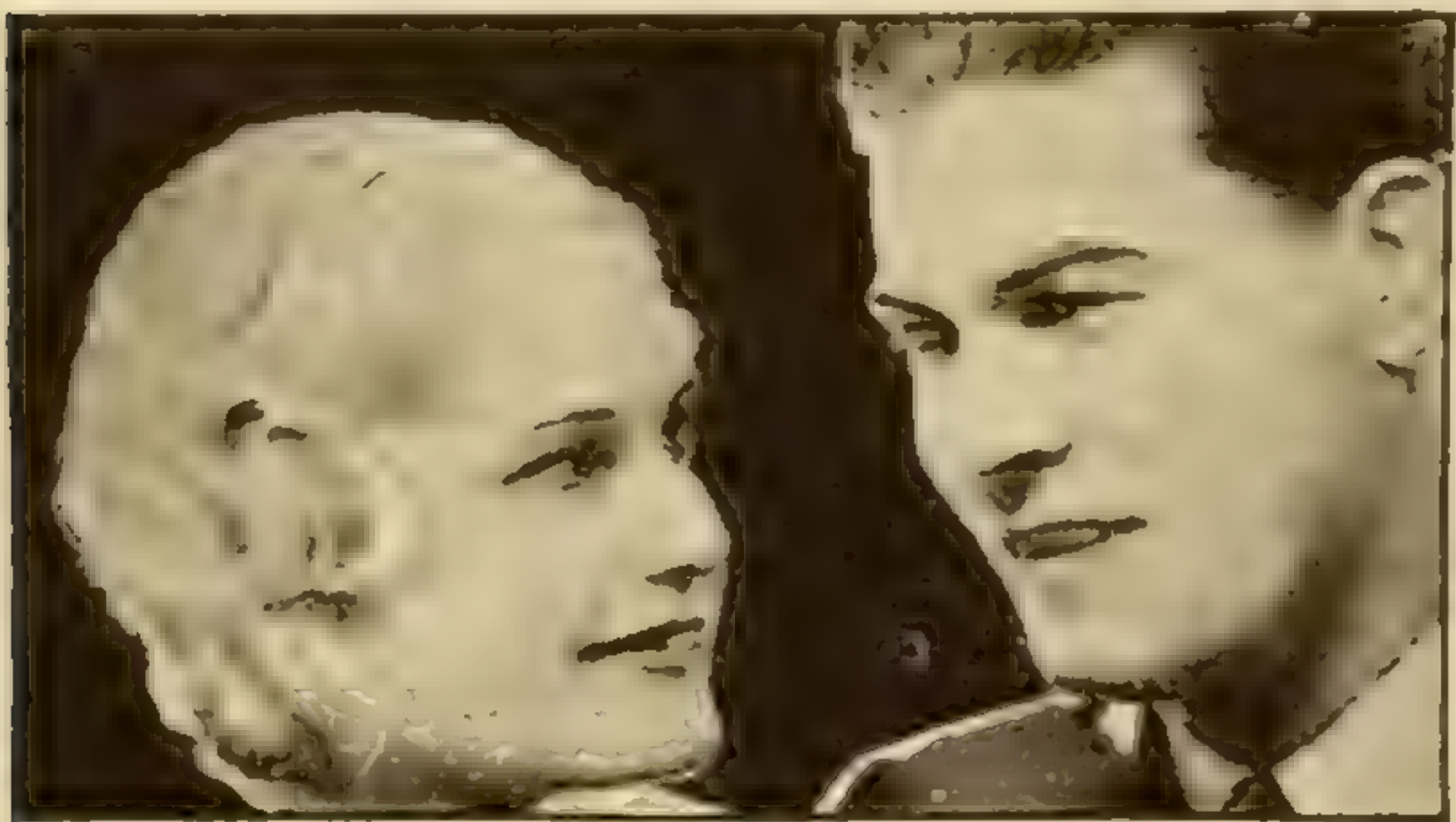
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body just under bust in., size around body
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Take measurements accurately next to the skin.



"Her Blonde Hair won me!"

ROMANCE always comes to blondes who keep their hair golden. And it's so easy with Blondex. This special shampoo not only prevents darkening—but safely restores natural golden color to dull, faded light hair. Brings out sparkling lights—adds gleaming radiance. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Fine for scalp. Used and recommended by scores of famous blonde movie stars. At all leading drug and department stores.

developing, threading, general handling. First assistant is the next step. Salary \$50 to \$55. Sometimes overtime makes this a little higher, but seldom, taken over a year's average. Second assistant is the next climb. Salary: \$100. The minimum wage for a real cameraman is \$50 a day. Expert cameramen, such as Charley Rosher, formerly with Mary Pickford (for years Mary would allow no one else to photograph her) and Clyde De Vinna, who did "Trader Horn," receive an average of \$800 a week. Many cameramen receive as high as \$500 regularly. These men are on a contract basis the same as stars and get no overtime. Men at \$50 a day may average more from overtime arrangements.

"Still" cameramen are those who take publicity pictures. Like Bill Grimes at M-G-M, they are usually recruited from newspapers or news-reel "still" camera forces. They must know news value in pictures. They average \$85 a week. They often go into the regular camera division.

PORTRAIT artists such as Elmer Fryer at First National and George Hurrell at M-G-M and Otto Dyar at Paramount receive from \$150 to \$200. They must be artists, and are usually trained in photographic work before they come to the movies.

There is little advancement for electricians. An electrician is an electrician. They average \$50 a week. Carpenters average \$51 weekly; assistant directors \$65 to \$85, and for experts who are almost directors as high as \$250. Grips average \$45. Stenographers begin at \$22.50 and reach salaries of \$125 weekly when they become private secretaries to executives, where they are practically executives themselves with private secretaries of their own.

The list is endless; the opportunities likewise. It is strange but those at the top seem to be the least contented and warn the outsider not to try the movies, while those who are still climbing and are in lesser positions adore their work and say, "Come on in, the swimmin's fine."

But one and all, they say: "Hard work is the secret. The movies are no place for a lazy person!"

Clothes Habits of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

evening creation. Cut beneath the arm on one side and draped to the opposite shoulder. Split skirt. Not according to any Hoyle-of-style but especially appropriate for showing the Compton back, supposed to be one of the finest. A few nights later she appeared at a formal dinner in a gown of the same design, of different material. I understand she is having others created from the same, self-designed pattern.

Of course, the Garbo beret became famous. Only now she features a big vagabond felt, on the same lines as Joan Crawford's, only much larger. Oh, yes, the camel's-hair coat and big, flat shoes still go with it and she still sticks her hands deep into her pockets while walking.

Phillips Holmes joined the Hollywood non-hat fraternity soon after his arrival.

WILLIAM POWELL vies with Clive Brook for malesartorial honors. Only, Bill wears hats, but is stubborn about shirt colors. He wears only white, while Clive goes in for blues and light colors. "And I never wear brown. *Never*." Bill makes this very emphatic. He doesn't believe that brown high-lights his complexion correctly. Plain ties—I mean solid colors. Never a design or a dot in them. His suits are also pressed after each wearing.

Of course, director Raoul Walsh is our colorless person. A loosely knit scarf for day-times and a collar *only if he must* in the evening.



Only a handkerchief

BUT it was no joking matter to the bride. Someone had stepped on her "going away" handkerchief. The rare little bit of handed-down lace was crumpled and soiled. And it had to be washed with infinite care. Could we? We could and did.

We rather pride ourselves on our ability to take care of our guests. You'll find it reflected in rooms that have closets big enough to hold *all* your clothes—in *every* appointment which a hotel worthy of the name provides. But what you'll be sure to notice is a spirit of *extra* service, in all the little things which United Hotel employees are taught to take the time to do well!

Extra service at these 25

UNITED HOTELS

NEW YORK CITY's only United The Roosevelt
PHILADELPHIA, PA. The Benjamin Franklin
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ERIE, PA. The Lawrence
AKRON, OHIO The Portage
FLINT, MICH. The Durant
KANSAS CITY, MO. The President
TUCSON, ARIZ. El Conquistador
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. The St. Francis
SHREVEPORT, LA. The Washington-Youree
NEW ORLEANS, LA. The Roosevelt
NEW ORLEANS, LA. The Bienville
TORONTO, ONT. The King Edward
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. The Clifton
WINDSOR, ONT. The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I. The Constant Spring



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have almost succeeded in persuading Bob Montgomery to leave his yellow scarf at home and to wear a collar even for daytime apparel. But every once in a while Bob scoots around town in his own favorite fashion. No collar; no tie; the same old yellow scarf dangling jauntily under his coat collar. The publicity department plead with Bob one day in my hearing, "Now, please Bob, this interview is important. Do put on a collar and tie and leave that scarf at home."

YOU'D have to peep into Estelle Taylor's boudoir at night to get her idiosyncrasy. It's long-sleeved nightgowns. She's never worn a short-sleeved one in her life. When some one gives her a beautiful nightie she buys material to match and has her dressmaker put in sleeves. Why? Estelle was raised by Quaker grandparents. They taught her to wear long sleeves at night and she's never gotten away from the habit.

Charlie Bickford wears braided leather sandal-type shoes or sneakers. You will never find him in a pair of normal shoes. A matter of comfort, he tells us.

Adolphe Menjou, another member of our "best dressed" society, has every shoe made in Italy. He often innovates fashions. Right now he boasts a pair of evening patent leathers without laces. "Slip-ins," I suppose you'd call them.

Genevieve Tobin, one of Universal's feminine hopes, spends all her spare pennies on shoes. I met her on the lot the other day in a



Juliette Compton gives you a glimpse of the belted coat that is taking precedence over the straight-line wrap. She'll wear it in "Kick In," the new Clara Bow picture. The coat's of white flannel



**All the aids to skin perfection
contained in this**

Balanced Cream

IF BEAUTY is only skin deep—as they say—how very important to keep the skin well-groomed and looking its freshest! A facial a day is the rule for all whose aim is a lovely complexion. And it's easily accomplished—in the shortest space of time—with this simple *balanced* cream.

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream contains all the aids to skin perfection. It cleanses, smooths, beautifies. The pure ingredients are so carefully selected, so accurately balanced in blending, that an all-purpose cream is the result. If your dressing table has heretofore held a host of beauty potions, you'll find it more economical, convenient and doubtless more fruitful in the end to let this one, complete cream replace them all.

Here is a famous treatment which millions of women give themselves daily. Apply Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream liberally to the

face and work it in gently. Where there's danger of blackheads massage with special care. Use tissues to remove the excretions, then apply more cream and massage lightly, with an upward stroke over the cheeks and forehead and a rotary one for the eyes. Now use tissues again to remove any excess cream. This routine, performed regularly, will soon improve the texture of your skin, stimulate circulation and give you a youthful, well-kept look.

This formula is the same one which has made Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream a favorite of women since the days of the gay nineties. Made from the finest ingredients to be found, and created to agree with the greatest number of skins. There are no better products to be had at any price.

A last-minute whisk of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream makes the powder adhere nicely and gives a lovely, smooth, finished look.

regular size tube free

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL, 2 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY
Please send me FREE one of your regular tubes of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream

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Is it an All-Talkie, Part-Talkie—Silent or Sound?

Is it the kind of picture I would like?

Which one shall we see tonight?

Shall we take the children?

PHOTOPLAY will solve these problems for you—save your picture time and money.

Photoplay gives you:

A wealth of intimate details of the daily lives of the screen stars on the lots and in their homes.

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is nationally famous. Here are reviews of all the new pictures, with the casts of all the players. PHOTOPLAY also prints monthly a complete summary of every picture reviewed in its pages for the previous six months. These are but a few of a dozen great departments in which PHOTOPLAY is as up-to-the-minute as your daily newspaper. You cannot really know the fascinating world of the screen unless you are a regular reader of

PHOTOPLAY

SUPERB FICTION

by the Foremost Writers

Hollywood Menus

Advice on Girls' Problems

Addresses of the Stars

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Casts of Current Pictures

Questions and Answers

pair of plain looking pumps—plain to the tune of eighty-five dollars, with dainty little buckles which raised the ante fifteen. One hundred dollars on two tiny feet which traipsed from one set to another. But it's her hobby. A boot-maker in Paris spends the profits.

JOHN BOLES pays little heed to shoes, but his socks—he owns nothing but black silk, if you please. Nary a color—not even a striped clock among 'em.

Marlene Dietrich is another who watches her ankles. So she spends all her extra pennies on hose—the kind that are so thin that you'd think you could get them for nothing, but which come at twenty dollars.

Marlene is temperamental about the rest of her apparel. For weeks she'll wear strictly tailored suits; in fact, downright mannish. So mannish you look to see if there are suspenders. Then she has a streak of dressing ultra-feminine and comes forth with the latest Paris creations. During one of these latter spells you'll always find a nosegay of violets (artificial) pinned, not on her coat lapel but directly beneath it. Violets of various colors—to match the different accessories which go with her different ensembles.

On the other hand, Dorothy Lee hates stockings. So much so, she doesn't own any. She was married to Jimmy Fidler, her new press-agent husband, in bare legs! She hates shoes just as much and is likely to kick them off at the theater or right in the middle of a party.

Fashions, as you have gathered, do not always intrigue picture celebrities. When short dresses were in vogue, Aileen Pringle never wore them. "I dress for my personality, not for fashion," she tells us. Therefore, her dresses have always hung—and always will—at a point just slightly above her ankles.

On the other hand, Alice White detests long clothing. The knee is about her limit. She flatly refused, when being fitted for "The Widow from Chicago," to wear anything longer. The matter was carried from the designer to Hal Wallis, producer. But Alice remained adamant, and short dresses she wore. She makes one exception. Her evening gowns sweep the floor.

Nancy Carroll doesn't care a whoop about clothes. She has no intention of trying to rival Lilyan Tashman and Kay Francis for the best-dressed-woman title. She buys fifteen-dollar dresses at the department stores. They satisfy her, and that's all that seems to matter.

GARY COOPER is a fine advertisement for tweeds. He occasionally buys something else, but wears them seldom. No collar or tie; lovely scarfs; soft Stetsons. Never a cap. Lupe Velez helps him buy all of his clothes and agrees that six feet, two and a half inches is more impressive in soft tweed mixtures than solid colors.

Dick Barthelmess dotes on top hats. He will wear one on the slightest provocation—even to informal functions. Methinks Dick may feel they make him look taller!

You will always find Fifi Dorsay decked out something like the proverbial Christmas tree, in the evening. She says: "At a party you are supposed to be gay and happy! You should wear, then, gay colors. In a rain coat you feel like rain, don't you? Well, you do not want to feel dull in the evening. My new dress—it cost three hundred seventy-five dollars which is so much money I tremble—eet ees bright red. The top all beads and the bottom all ruffles.

"I haf beeg necklaces and bracelets to go with eet. Eet ees hard to get beeg jewels in Hollywood. They should be so beeg they make a happy noise. I do not mean bad taste—but I mean beeg splashes."—You can always locate Fifi, even though you do not know her, at a Cocoanut Grove or Roosevelt crush-party.

Raquel Torres is another who wears vivid colors to harmonize with the vividness of her Mexican personality. Reds, lavenders, bright blues and greens. Everything the same. Shoes, stockings and purses of exactly the identical shades. She buys all white kid bags and shoes, has them dyed to match each ensemble. Bad

taste on some, but good taste on either Raquel or Fili.

Lupe Velez detests gloves and seldom wears them. She adores evening pajamas and always wears them when entertaining. She is threatening to appear at the next Hollywood opening in formal pajamas. If she does, Mary Duncan, Mary Nolan and a host of others will probably follow suit as they wear them, even formally, for home dinners.

RUTH CHATTERTON really has little interest in clothes although she is, today, one of the smartest dressed women in the city. But she feels that clothes are a bother. A producer told her, however, that she should pay more attention to her appearance. So now she sends her secretary clothes-hunting for her.

She often telephones home in the afternoon and remarks: "I am going so and so tonight and suppose I should have a new dress to wear." Miss Graves, the secretary, and Lois Wilson—the devoted friend—then go to Harry Collins or Greer's and bring home two or three. Miss Chatterton chooses one and wears it. She seldom wears other than black or white or black and gray.

Lew Ayres, likewise, has no interest in clothes and has, thus far, made no effort to develop any. His ragamuffin appearance is the bane of Lola Lane's (the girl friend) existence. I saw the two shopping at one of our fashionable Hollywood Boulevard stores on the day before Christmas. Lola pretty and dainty, Lew in nondescript trousers which looked as though they'd seen service beneath a car, a leather jacket, slouch hat, no tie. Lew positively refuses social invitations, even those of Mary Pickford, because he refuses to dress for them.



A tuck creates the mode

Snug-fitting underdress, now made possible by the famous little tuck, is accepted by smartly gowned women as the answer to their demand for style with comfort.

Kickernick clings closely to the body in all positions, without binding. The tuck at the thigh, short front and longer expanding back give greatest freedom to the body in action and bring relief from ugly bagginess of the ordinary garment.

New comfort, new beauty in underdress!

Kickernick is made to give long service. And the new Everlastik inserts will retain their life even beyond the long life of this remarkably well made garment.

Made in many styles in modish fabrics and colors for every dress need. At your best store. Or send to Winget Kickernick Company, Minneapolis, for booklet.



Gloria Swanson gives you a smart bit of headgear in her new comedy, "Obey That Impulse." This little felt hat, bonnet-like in effect, ringed with white feathers and worn well off the forehead, is as chic a piece of hattery as the spring has turned up. Want to have it copied, girls?

Kickernick

PATENTED UNDERDRESS



A Clean Hat in a Jiffy

SEND HIM AWAY with a clean hat—spotless, fresh, like new. Takes but a minute or two to remove all spots and soil with Energine.

First brush hat to remove loose dirt. Next remove all spots with a clean Energine-moistened cloth. Then lightly wipe entire surface of hat with same cloth. The hat can be worn immediately because Energine dries instantly. Leaves no odor and no regrets.

Easy directions on the Energine label soon make you expert in removing grease and dirt spots from suits, coats, dresses, gloves, ties, shoes, etc. With Energine, spots vanish like magic, soil gives way quickly to a new immaculate freshness. A little Energine goes a long way. Get the Energine habit and save money. Large can 35c. All druggists.

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If your cheeks are sallow, eyes dull; if you're always dead tired, don't try to hide the truth. Take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. A safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Non-habit-forming. A pure vegetable compound that helps relieve constipation, cleanses the system, removes the greatest cause of pallid cheeks. A matchless corrective in use for 20 years. Take nightly and watch pleasing results. Know them by their olive color. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

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FETTER & HOLLINGER, Inc.
Eugene C. Fetter, Mng. Dir.

We accidentally discovered that Joan Bennett never wears orchids which cost less than fifteen dollars apiece! It was on the set of "Doctors' Wives," which she recently completed with Warner Baxter. She was in evening gown and demanded a corsage. She spurned artificial flowers. Real orchids were produced. She took one look at them and stormed. In fact, she left the set. They had been five-dollar-apiece orchids. Johnny Considine was supervising the production. Mr. Considine, in private life, was Miss Bennett's almost constant companion. "Send her what she wants; the flowers to which she is accustomed," he ordered. They were fifteen dollar orchids.

From the sublimity of orchids to the ridiculousness of suspenders! Wallace Beery always wears them, yet all of his pants have a manner of sagging and worrying the on-looker with a definite threat to slip off altogether. Incidentally, he always slips off his suspenders while he is eating. You can see him in shirt sleeves, suspenders flapping around the chair legs, any day in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer commissary.

Undoubtedly, "Hell's Angels" started Jean Harlow in her little clothes habit. Evening gowns cut down to—well, you saw the picture. And she never varies the point. Opening or party—you could tell Jean by that cut even though there wasn't platinum hair.

It is generally supposed that fat ladies cannot wear printed dresses. Yet Marie Dressler is a fat lady and admits it—and she almost invariably wears prints. I was with her on the set the other day when she discovered her elbow peeping forth from a green and white one. Her lips pouted. "I am going to patch that. No one will notice. I love this particular print, so I can't give it up."

One day some years ago, Marie accompanied one of her socially-prominent Santa Barbara friends shopping. It was an ultra-fashionable establishment. The owner asked Marie if she wouldn't like to try on something. "You don't keep clothes for elephants," Marie answered.

The lady brought out the green and white print. It fitted perfectly. Marie wore it from the store and carried away six others, all prints. The first real interest Marie took in clothes.

HOLLYWOOD has never quite recovered from a peep into Constance Bennett's shoe closets. Miss Bennett tops the entire world, I believe, on foot apparel. She orders hundreds at a time. Practically every actress has more than one hundred (they provide their own shoes for pictures, remember) but hundreds upon hundreds leaves us all gasping.

Then, of course, there's Buddy Rogers' penchant for bright colors, and the two sister writers who wear one earring *each*, and, of course, Will Rogers. Broadway boasts of A. H. Woods who has only been in a dress suit once. Well, we have Will who wears a business suit to an opening while his young son, not out of his teens, appears in a diminutive Tuxedo.

I've heard that Broadway thinks its people have more dress idiosyncrasies than any folk in the world. Well, I guess I've proved that Broadwayites aren't a patch on Hollywood's oldest corduroy pants!

NEARLY TIME TO VOTE!

Balloting starts next month to award THE PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL OF HONOR for the best picture released in 1930. It's your privilege to help choose this picture. The whole film world recognizes THE PHOTOPLAY MEDAL as the outstanding popular award of each year for good work well done. The first ballot will appear in the June issue, out May 15.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

characterization usually has the effect of choking off the action. Our hearts are touched but there is little or nothing for our eyes. We say, here, that there is lack of movement.

The ideal screen story is that in which plot and characterization are evenly balanced so that the characters live and grow in terms of visual action.

Action is essential in a motion picture story. Motion picture means pictures in motion, nothing more or less.

This fact should never be lost sight of by the screen writer.

The characters must be compounded of flesh and blood. They must move through the story *naturally*, and not as though they were attached to wires, like puppets. Otherwise the story is not convincing.

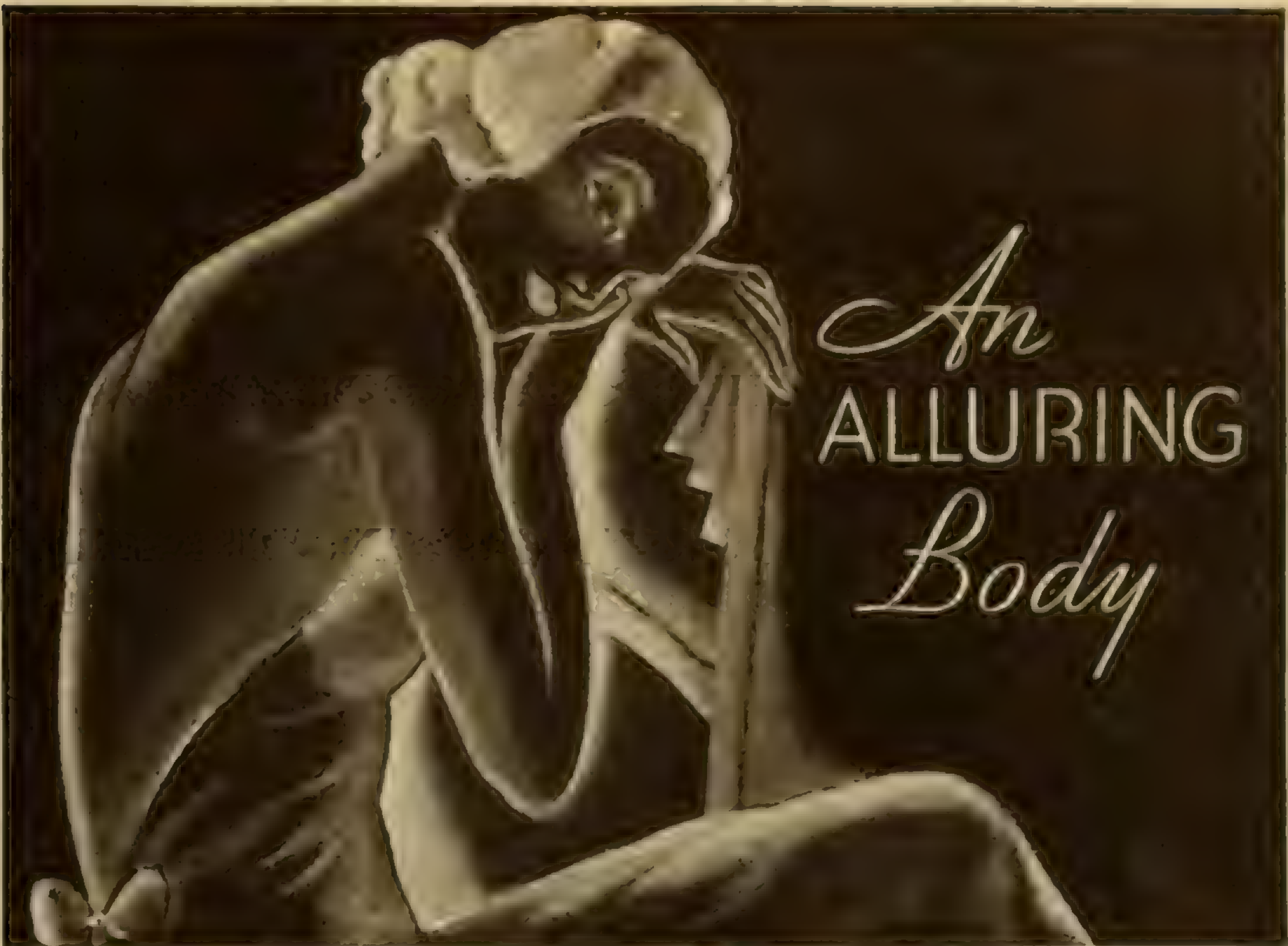
THIS isn't easy. The writer must be a judge of character. He must be able to manipulate the personality of his character with the precision of a scientist. At the same time he must hide all the machinery. Nothing should creak. The story should roll along just as though he were telling the story of something that actually happened.

Never for a moment should the disagreeable sensation of artificiality be present.

The successful writer is not merely a storyteller. He is a person with keen insight into human nature; he has a strong sense of dramatic value; he knows his subject. Last of all, he has the ability of presenting his story vividly. A literary style is not necessary, but the clear and vivid presentation of alluring ideas in dramatic form is essential.



Dorothy Mackaill wears this beautiful silk negligée in "Party Husband," her next picture, in which James Rennie is her leading man



The fashionable manner of the day is the manner of personal elegance. It is something that goes quite beyond dressing smartly. It is the manner that suggests an exquisitely cared for body underneath the clothes. A body skin of smooth, silky texture, of delicious cool fragrance, of exquisite ease. And to the woman of fashion this cult of the body beautiful is no secret. For she powders, nay, showers herself with that celestial dust milled by the gods to an infinite fineness — known to the initiate in personal elegance as Vivaudou Mavis Talcum.

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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

GUN SMOKE—Paramount

REMEMBER the days when Tom Mix rode madly through wild mountains to capture the mishandled maiden? They're back again. Only the black-whiskered villain is a big-town gangster vacationing (?) in an Idaho village. Dick Arlen proves that cowboys are still the best killers. Mary Brian is the girl; William Boyd the modernized menace. Kids will love it.

BIG BUSINESS GIRL—First National

LIVELY comedy of 1931 styles in business and love. Gives you laughs aplenty, some thrills and the satisfaction of having seen a good movie—despite the advertising plugs crammed into the picture. Loretta Young wears pretty clothes, and could stand a few more pounds. Frank Albertson's juvenility is fresh. Ricardo Cortez is the suave old villain who means no good to the girl.

BAD SISTER—Universal

A FINE little picture, as natural as your next door neighbor. The story is Booth Tarkington's "The Flirt," and it's about a small town girl willing to ruin her father to get what she wanted. This introduces a new personality, Sidney Fox, one of the prettiest, most talented girls you've seen in a long time. There is a grand cast which includes Conrad Nagel. See this.

LAUGH AND GET RICH—Radio Pictures

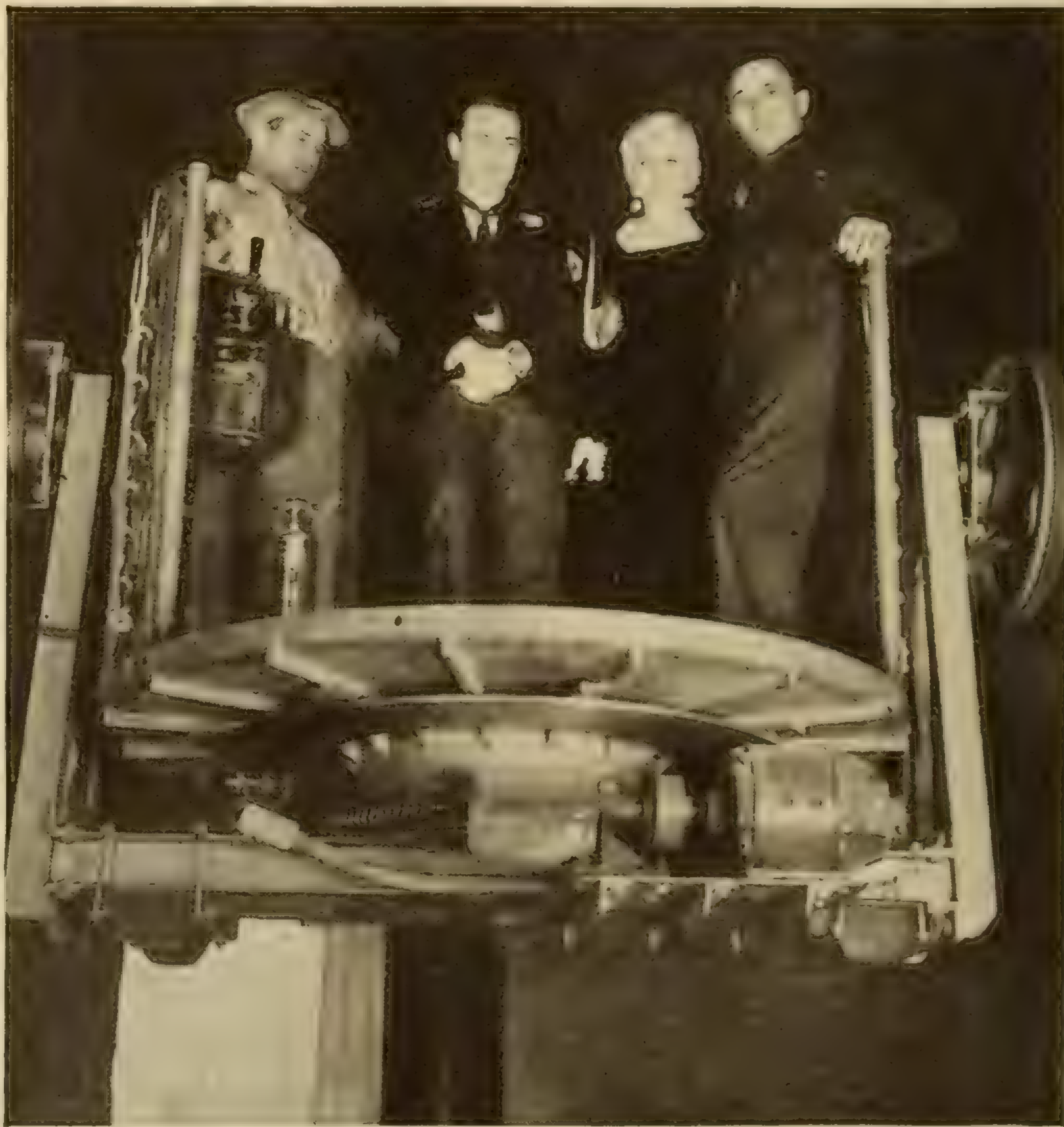
A NEW team of funsters—Edna May Oliver, of "Cimarron" fame, and Hugh Herbert, the clown—make a hilarious debut in the first of a series of comedies. It deals with the misadventures of a boarding-house mistress and her chronically tired hubby. Sounds trite, but you'll be agreeably surprised at the newness of the treatment and gags. Good for plenty of laughs.

BEYOND VICTORY—RKO-Pathe

ONE of those grand ideas that went haywire in the making. This started out to be an epic with all the stars on the Pathe lot. It winds up as a very bad hodge podge of peace propaganda, starring Bill Boyd. Not even Jimmy Gleason, ZaSu Pitts and Lew Cody can make it anything but a poor war film. Boyd is excellent in his soldier sequences.

THE LIGHTNING FLYER—Columbia

THE wild son of the railroad president becomes an unknown employee on his father's road. Yes, you guessed it. He makes good. He becomes—who would have thought it?—an engineer. He finds the love of a good woman and everything is not exactly hotsy, but quite tosy. It's a formula film, not too good, not too bad, with Dorothy Sebastian and Jimmy Hall as the Young Couple.



Sixty-five feet in the air atop the famous steel camera crane invented by Director Paul Fejos. It can swing that number of feet in any direction. Mounted on a special auto truck, it can be used for "location" as well as studio use. The chauffeur is taking Lew Ayres, Jean Harlow and Robert Armstrong for a joy ride between the taking of scenes for "The Iron Man"

**PAGLIACCI—Audio Cinema
Production**

BAD grand opera poorly transferred to the screen. The well-worn Leoncavallo song-story of the clown with the breaking heart is sung by members of the San Carlo Grand Opera Co., with Fernando Bertini as *Canio*. This pioneer opera-film is crudely made, and acted in the sticky operatic manner.

SWANEE RIVER—SonoArt-WorldWide

IT will take more than the attractive appearance of Thelma Todd and Grant Withers to lift this melodrama from the ordinary, but it has everything in it. The ingredients for suspense, beauty and pathos are there and are mixed improperly.

COMRADES OF 1918—Forenfilms

THE Germans have now given the world their talking picture of the terrors and horrors of the late war. This harrowing talkie, in German, follows the fortunes of four young Teuton soldiers in the last year of the struggle. It's a gruesome, dismal piece of work, this, but well directed and acted. Don't bring the children—it's too terrible for the infant mind.

**A RIDER OF THE PLAINS—
Syndicate**

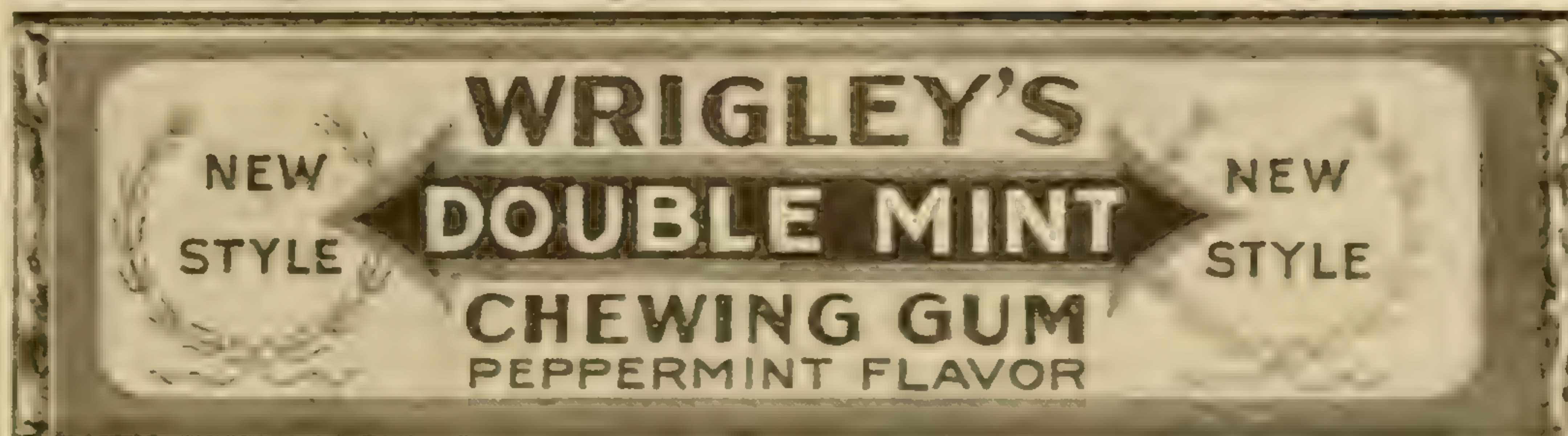
THIS is a gr-r-r-r-and old Western, with all those things: The hard guy whose heart is purest gold and he loves litt-ul cheeeldren; the beautiful heroine who buh-lieves in him despite all; the parson who—sh-shshshshsh—was oncet a bad man; the post-office that gets robbed; the unjust accusations—and the happy, happy ending when voitue is rewarded and the dastardly villains get theirs.

WILD WEST WHOOPEE—Cosmo

JACK PERRIN stars in this conventional Western, the highlight of which is a thrilling rodeo sequence. Jack's handsome steed, *Starlight*, plays a big rôle well, and the riding packs more than one punch. The bee-oo-tiful heroine is Josephine Hill. P. S.—Perrin gets the gal.

May Birthdays

May 1—Josephine Dunn
 May 1—Rose Hobart
 May 1—Leila Hyams
 May 2—William Bakewell
 May 3—Mary Astor
 May 5—Amos (Freeman F. Gosden)
 May 7—Gary Cooper
 May 9—Richard Barthelmess
 May 10—Clarence Brown
 May 13—Jack Holt
 May 13—Paul Page
 May 14—Billie Dove
 May 17—Maureen O'Sullivan
 May 19—Anthony Bushell
 May 20—Estelle Taylor
 May 21—Lola Lane
 May 21—Robert Montgomery
 May 23—Dorothy Lee
 May 23—James Gleason
 May 23—Douglas Fairbanks
 May 26—Al Jolson
 May 26—Paul Lukas
 May 26—Norma Talmadge
 May 29—Zelma O'Neal

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*Lupe Velez in "Resurrection"

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Dr. Pierce's
Golden Medical Discovery

Ham Actor

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

beamed at her from behind his desk. Davey Cohen gazed idly out the window. Their agent, reduced to silence by Don's raucous warning that he himself would handle this, kept looking from one to the other.

"You see," Abe began, telling it all to Patricia, "we've seen your act, and we think you may go over in the pictures. But we're not sure. You never can tell. Maybe, you'll be a hit. Maybe, you'll die on us. So, if you're willing to gamble, we'll give you a three-month contract. If you make good and everybody's satisfied, we'll sign a longer one at a salary to be decided then. For the three months we'll pay you a weekly salary double the one you're drawing now. Is that satisfactory?"

"NOT quite," Don told him with a sarcastic smile. "We'll go over in the pictures. Don't worry about that. Anybody that can get to the top in vaudeville can make good any place, especially in moving pictures. But the salary isn't enough. Double it, pay our transportation both ways and we'll play with you."

Abe hardly heard him. He was drinking in Patricia's charm, as the representative of six million male movie fans, and hoping she wouldn't develop a temperament with success. He never had a doubt but what she would be a tremendous success. She'd got him and she'd get every man and woman who saw her.

"What's that?" he grunted, startled into attention by a sudden silence. "Why, yes. Of course. That's fine. Davey, arrange for their screen and voice tests. Get the report soon as possible. If it's satisfactory, date the contract three weeks from today and book transportation to Hollywood at Mrs.—and Mr. Halburton's convenience. And I hope you'll like it out there and make a big success."

"Don't lay awake worrying," Don told him. "We will."

Both tests were satisfactory, but the camera and the microphone were especially kind to Patricia. Her shadow took on an elf-like quality on the screen and her voice tugged at the heart strings.

"I told you!" Abe Wagner chortled to Davey Cohen. "The minute I saw her I recognized it. She's a natural!"

"How about Halburton?" asked Davey Cohen.

"Well," Abe said resignedly, "he goes with her, like a burr goes with a chestnut. Give him a fat part and cut most of it out in the cutting room. Maybe he'll get shot or something in the next three months."

"Okay, boss," said Davey Cohen.

On the train, Patricia, who in all her travels had never before occupied a drawing room, thought Mr. Wagner was wonderful to get it for them and then fill it with lovely flowers. But Don reminded her of how good they were and told her they rated them.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD is the most romantic spot in the world.

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It was heaven for a while to Patricia because she went to live in her own house. It was only a six-room furnished bungalow half a mile from the studio, but it was what she had wished for and dreamed of ever since her marriage, a home for Don and her.

But to Don, Hollywood was merely another

Now see what the weather has done to your face!



Poor lamb! You stayed out in all sorts of weather. And now just look at you! You'll be a fright in all the soft, fluffy, feminine things that call for fair, white skin.

There's just one thing to do—get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme—right away. Ten nights—and you'll be a ravishing, fair-skinned creature! All the weather-beaten look gone—all the blotches and blackheads and freckles simply *coaxed* away.

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hick town with a Broadway complex. Hollywood Boulevard was just a village's main stem, even at night when mammoth arc lights threw into ghastly radiance the resplendent fronts of department stores, beauty shops or new hotels for their official openings. Almost immediately on his arrival he learned that the only Big Time vaudeville house in Los Angeles had lately gone into pictures. And how could a town be civilized without a Big Time vaudeville house? "The trouble with this burg," he told the inattentive Patricia, "is that it has no Palace!"

THEY were not, they learned, going to be featured in their first picture. Patricia was cast for the rôle of the ingénue. She would play a dancer in a night club in unrequited love with the hero, a racketeer, and Don was to play her wise-cracking, self-sacrificing partner in love in his turn with her. He was to win her in the end. Their big moment in the picture was to come when they held the habitués of a night club enthralled by their dancing while the racketeer hero, turned suddenly straight, shot it out with the villain, a double-crossing business rival who had the heroine in his power.

The cast was a brilliant one, with Harold Deane, the sleek star playing the lead opposite Raeberta Holmes, the girl who, starting with female "heavy" rôles in the old silent pictures, had revealed a charming, cultured voice to the microphone and was, herself, on the way to stardom. Ross Wells, one of the best in Hollywood, was directing. The story was full of melodrama and dancing girls, catchy tunes and swift action, and both Patricia and Don had fat parts.

Their reactions to them were typical. Patricia was paralyzed with fear.

"I'll never be able to learn all these sides!" she wailed. "And if I do, I'll never put them over. I'm not an actress. I'm a dancer."

"Snap out of it, baby," Don told her. "I made you a dancer and I'll make you an



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actress. I can improve on every one of my own lines. But would I like to have a part like this on Broadway instead of in a canned drama! Baby, I'd jerk 'em out of their seats and slay 'em!"

SO the talkies reached out and grabbed them.

Patricia spent the first week in the studio in a state of partial paralysis, and her nights repeating her lines over and over again under her husband's direction. The tremendous organization set in motion in the making of a modern moving picture awed even Don at first. The huge arc and Kleig lights literally stunned them like a blow. The iterated and reiterated rehearsals wearied, irritated and bored them.

They missed their audiences dreadfully. In vaudeville they were used to throwing their personalities out into the pit and having them bounce back on laughter and applause or even on the silence of a deep interest. Here they felt, as they acted, enjoined from ever looking into the camera, but always aware of its cold, cruel, lidless glare, that they were throwing their personalities into a void from which they would never return.

And then, suddenly, life snapped back to normal. They had slipped into the new medium. They were on their way toward becoming veterans of the sonorous screen.

Don had been studying Wells, the director, from the first day because he heard that he had a ten-year list of successful pictures behind him. The director was a tall, slim dark man with gray eyes and swift nervous movements. He directed all interior scenes dressed in a disreputable gray cap, a sweat shirt, old blue trousers and black Oxfords. On location he affected the cap, a sweater, riding breeches and puttees.

He wasted little time in instructions. He detailed his wants and then waited for the cast to give them to him. He paid, Don noted, little attention to the dialogue as written, but would go into consultation with the actors in a scene. Out of the consultation would evolve a dialogue as natural as men and women talked.

"Mr. Wells," Don told him one day as they sat waiting for the electricians to light a scene. "My dialogue is stiff. The gags are out of Joe Miller's note book. I got some of my own that will pull 'em out of their seats. Some we used in our act."

Wells looked quickly at him and then away, thinking of a conversation he and Jack Denny, his cutter, had had with Davey Cohen, Abe Wagner's secretary, concerning this man.

"The old man," Davey drawled, looking out of Wells' office window, "thinks this Halburton girl's a natural. If she is, he wants to start building her right from the start. But her husband's a wet smack. A swell-headed ham. We had to sign him up to get her. What becomes of him is not essential a-tall."

WELLS shot a quick look at Denny, whose right eye went dead behind the lid.

"The axe, eh," he said.

"Oh, I'm not saying that," Davey said hastily. "In fact, I'm not saying anything. But lots of things happen in the cutting room. You know how it is in the pictures, Ross—and Jack. Every man for himself."

So now Ross looked back at Don.

"Fine," he said. "We'll take it both ways. As written and as we *ad lib* it. I noticed that some of your stuff is overhung with moss."

As Wells got up to rehearse on the lighted set, Don asked himself, wonderingly, why he had ever thought that Hollywood was a bone-yard and that picture people were all four-flushers.

Take Wells now. There was a man as good in his line as Belasco or young Jed Harris were in theirs. Maybe better. He could play on actors and actresses just like a musician plays on his instrument. He could tighten them up so they'd cry, loosen 'em up so they'd laugh. Make 'em so mad they'd be willing to kill—and look it.

Take Miss Holmes, the leading woman. Smooth as silk. An artiste and a lady on and off. And Deane. He rated being a star. Didn't he look like everybody thought a slick high-class racketeer ought to look as he played that scene with Patricia?

Don moved nearer to watch and listen.

Patricia in a brassiere, trunks and dancing shoes, was offering her love brazenly, fearfully and pathetically to the smooth killer. Her lines were great, breathless with the anxiety she was trying to hide from him. They ought to be. He'd written most of them himself and then drilled her to act like that.

Say, the kid was beautiful with that nice, shapely little body of hers and her baby face. Others thought so, too. Look at them eating her up with their eyes. She'd even got Deane. That fire in his look wasn't written in the script.

"All right," snapped Wells. "We'll take it."

AND Patricia brought the tears in that scene to the eyes of the people who saw the shooting of it. For she was young love, tough yet tender, innocent and too wise, offering herself to death, as young love often does.

The kid with his help, Don admitted, was going to knock 'em cold in pictures. Funny he hadn't noticed for a long time how pretty she was.

She beckoned him and he went over to the group.

"I wish you and Mrs. Halburton would rehearse your number with the chorus," Wells told him. "Richardson is waiting with them on Stage 7."

He threw her cloak around her and as they walked down to where the chorus waited, he put his arms around her shoulders.

"Baby, you were great," he told her. "You're always great, but you're getting greater. Lynn Fontanne couldn't improve on that scene."

"Oh, Don! Was I really? You and I, you mean! Gee, hon, you're good to me. So patient, working on me all the time. And what you're going to do to them with those funny cracks and your swell dancing."

"Yeh," said Don. "I am good. We're both good. I think we'll leave vaudeville flat and go into the pictures. No getting up at 3 A. M. to catch a train."

"No sleeping in bum hotels," chorused Pat.

"Yeh. I guess pictures is a good bet. And we got a great start. We're both knocking 'em bow-legged in our first one."

"I'll say."

As the picture neared completion Patricia found herself happier than she had ever been. For the first time in her life she had everything she wanted, a home, an easy job with an incredible salary, and Don.

So she played house with the enthusiasm of a bride. She changed the furniture around in every room once a week. She bought new pieces, and she revealed herself as a housewife who could cook up a mean meal.

Don should have been as happy as she was, but he wasn't. His daily schedule at the studio practically constituted a vacation after a lifetime in vaudeville. He missed Broadway. He missed the clatter of a small theatrical community like an actor's hotel and, most of all, he missed Patricia's seemingly passionate concentration upon him, his hopes, his plans and his prophecies as to their ultimate success. Patricia, in the years of her married life, had perfected an attitude of rapt attention on his every word behind which she could dive down into her own affairs coming up only at intervals with the word which exactly fitted into his conversation. Most of the time it was "Yes."

NOW, occupied with her new interest, she discarded most of her protective coloring and was either inattentive or obviously bored. And Don at first was puzzled, then hurt and finally savage. At that moment Joan Mercer came into their lives.

Joan Mercer was one of the tribe of women that infests Hollywood and keeps it hovering around the first page. She was listed in the

casting offices as a "society type." She was slipping into her thirties, a beautiful auburn-haired woman with classic features and malicious eyes. She had been divorced twice, doing very well financially on both her settlements. These would keep her the rest of her life and meanwhile she dabbled as "extra" in the pictures while she waited for her third husband to make his appearance.

Don noticed her the first time in the night club set, his attention being attracted by the sensational amount of beautifully modelled leg she displayed. Later one night he met her in "The Pig'n Whistle," a restaurant into which he had prowled, the victim of one of Patricia's furniture movings.

"Oh, Mr. Halburton!" She called him from a booth in which she sat alone. "You don't know me at all. Probably haven't even noticed me. I'm just an extra girl. But I've been one of the props in your picture and I've wanted so to tell you how much I admire your work, especially your dancing. And Mrs. Halburton's too, of course. Won't you sit down?"

NOW, here was an intelligent woman. Sure he'd sit down for a minute. Had to get home and catch some sleep. Big day tomorrow. He and Mrs. Halburton were helping Richards with a new number.

Ordinarily, this would have been a casual encounter that a man has difficulty remembering two weeks after it happened. But she stepped in at the psychological moment, when both Don and Patricia were bewildered as they tried to adapt themselves to a new environment and getting on each other's nerves in the process. She sensed this, with the sure instinct of the born man-hunter, and went to work on him, soothing him with the very rapt attention his wife was now refusing him, looking into his eyes and holding his hand in both of hers as she told him he was the most wonderful man she had ever known in all her short, misunderstood life of nearly twenty-five years.

True to her type, she flaunted her ownership in the studio, calling on him for little services which a woman demands from a man only when she possesses him. And Don leaped to do her bidding, so that the affair became a scandal.

It got to the front offices and Davey Cohen dropped in to see for himself.



And here's Reri, South Sea Island beauty, who, after a brief career of starring in F. W. Murnau's "Tabu," has gone back to nibbling breadfruit and drinking cocoanut milk again. Just another girl who Used to Be a Movie Star Herself



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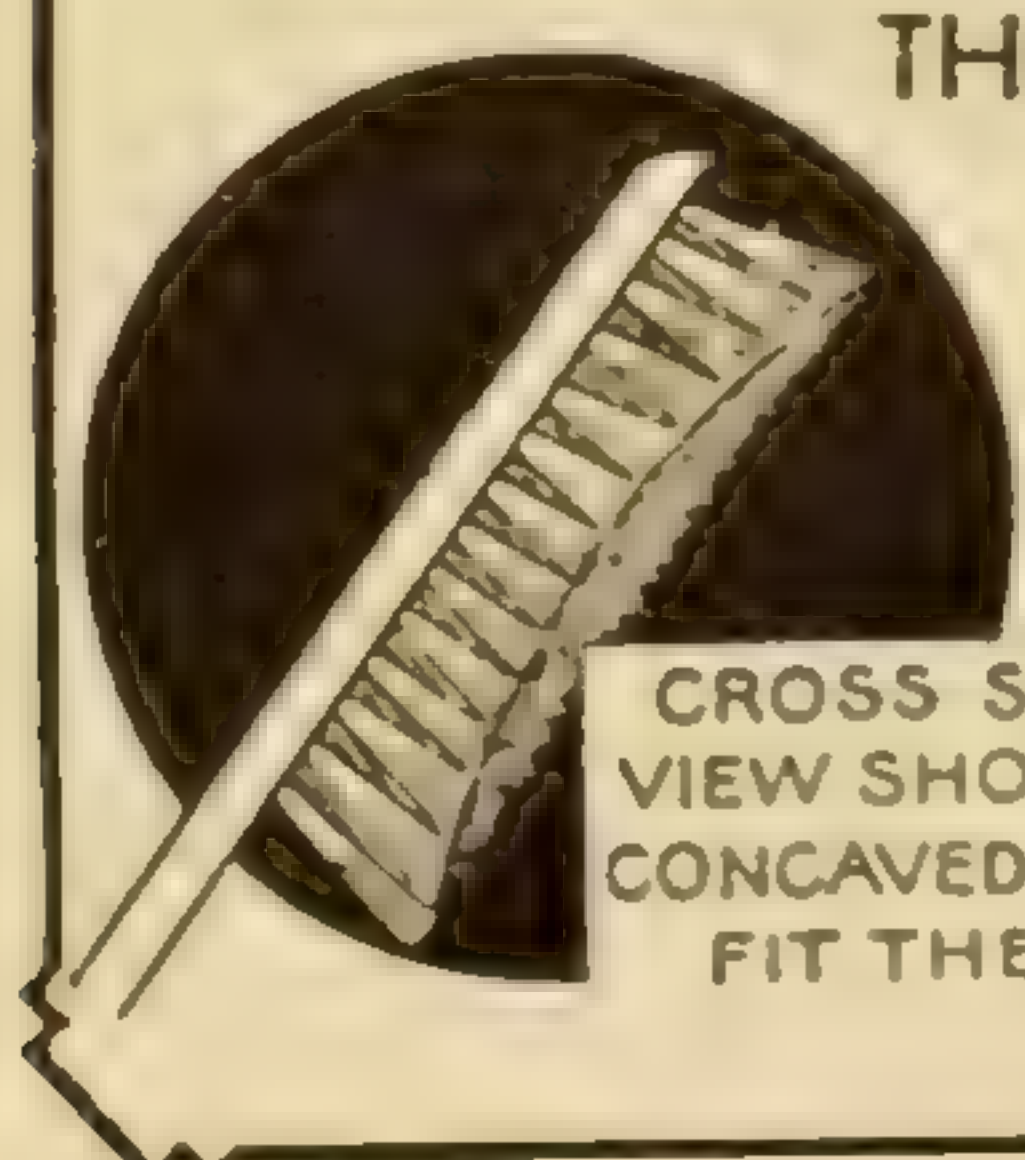
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CROSS SECTION VIEW SHOWS HOW CONCAVED BRISTLES FIT THE HEAD

THE **WILCOX** HAIR BRUSH

ATHOL, MASS.

"Hear Halburton's running true to form," he said casually to Wells. "Falling for a tramp and gumming up the works. I told you that ham was no good."

"Yes," admitted Wells pleasantly. "So you did. But this other's news to me. Too busy trying to make a picture to root into my people's affairs. The trouble with you and Wagner and the other big shots around here, Davey, is that you're too damned moral—when it comes to the other fellow. A scavenger thinks everything is rotten. But get this, Davey. I'm here to make pictures, not to snoop. And I'll throw any spy that comes in here snooping right through a skylight. How the—"

DAVEY stepped quickly away from there. Wells' bursts of furious temper had been notorious for years.

Patricia noticed it and kept her chin up though her heart was breaking. She wanted to go to Don and fight it out as she had done three times before, but pride and bewilderment, and this new strange barrier, kept her from it. He saved her the trouble by bringing it to her.

"I guess, Patricia, that you and I are washed up," he told her in the course of a spat which developed from an unsuccessful joint search for his favorite necktie. "Now, don't get me wrong. I think you're a swell kid. You know what I've done for you, but the feeling we used to have for each other seems to have gone. You don't understand me. You'll get along all right. You're going to be great in pictures. You won't need me any longer. I've taught you all I know."

"All right, Don," she said, through a set smile. "Sure I'll get along. But don't kid yourself about giving me everything I've got before you fell for a cheap studio tramp. You taught me all you know five minutes after we met and you wasted three minutes at that. Sure I'll make good in pictures, in spite of being married to you. Why, everybody in the studio hates you for the swell-headed ham you are."

"They're jealous," Don said absently. For the love of Mike, what was there to get sore at? Tears had melted her and she fled.

"I'll be a star when you're just a cheap hoofer doing the six-a-day and liking it," she wailed. "Now you get out of here. I hate you!"

He went to live at the Hotel Christy. The Christy had a newsstand and he could buy the vaudeville papers the day they came out.

* * *

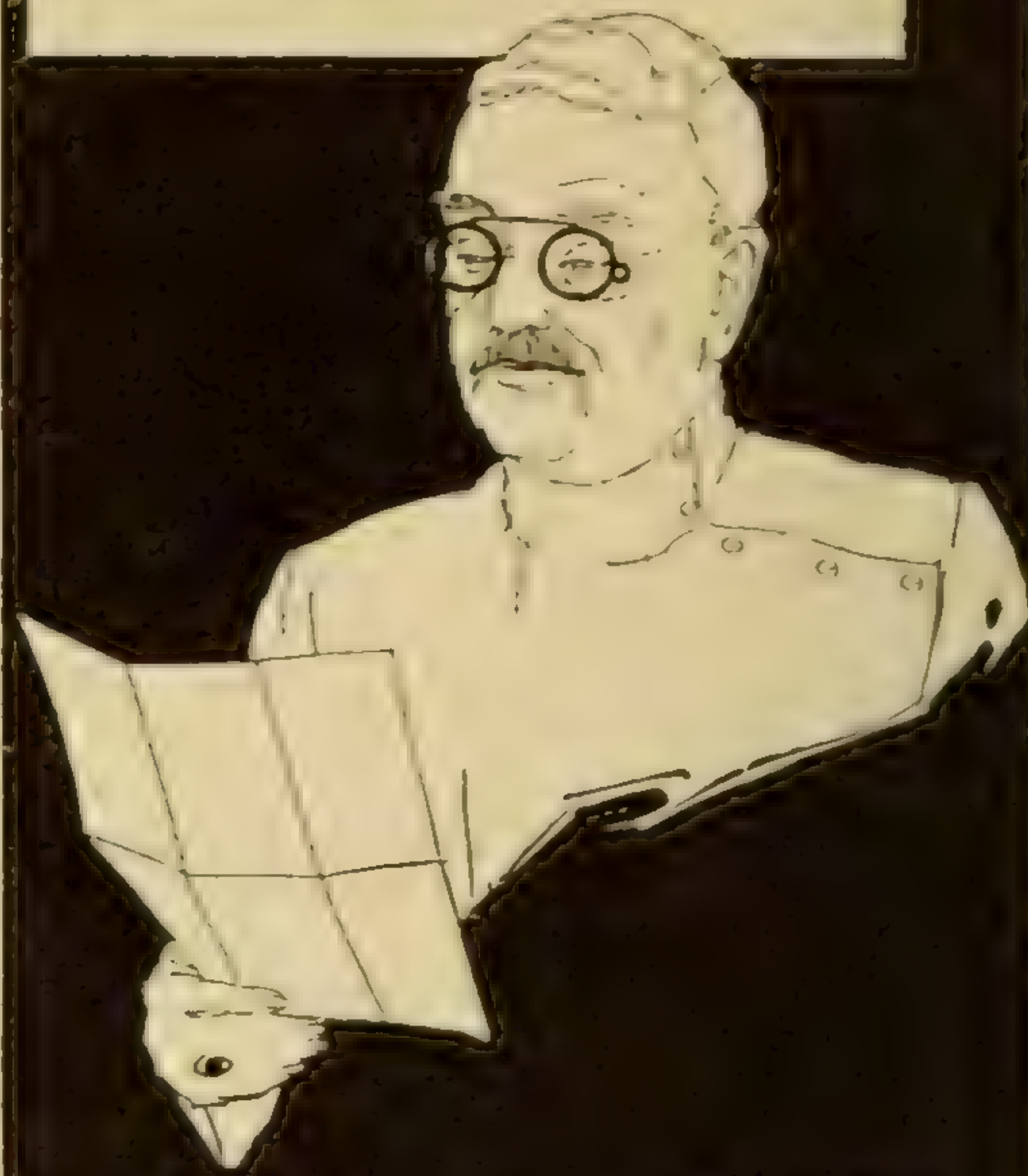
THEY sat in the projection room watching the completed picture—Abe Wagner, Davey Cohen, Deane, Miss Holmes, Patricia, Don and two stenographers. Wells sat with his arms folded, his chin cupped in his right hand. Beside him sat Jack Denny, his cutter, at a small table under a green-shaded electric light, making notes of the director's comments.

The picture moved swiftly, living up to what the publicity department had already sent out to the trade. It was a tale of love and passion, hurtling with the speed of an express train to wreck your emotions. But the express train was crippled. It had a big hole in the center of it. Its comedy relief was nothing but cheap burlesque comedy, hoary with old jokes.

The performances of Deane and Miss Holmes were things of pure, true artistry that had brought them their place in pictures. The songs and dances were snappy, new, zestful, beautiful. They were different. Patricia stepped out of obscurity to steal the picture. She had charm and beauty. She was youth and innocent love trying to be hard-boiled. She was the find of the last ten years. Everybody recognized it. Even Deane and Miss Holmes felt it with no jealousy.

And as the picture ran on, a great weight of bewilderment settled slowly down on Don's brain. He was a flop. A terrible flop. Not

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only a terrible flop, but he was ruining the picture. His blatant asinine remarks were not only not funny, they were tragic. He looked like a half-wit, and acted that way.

But that was the way his lines appeared in the script! Where were his own lines? Where were his smart, snappy wise-cracks that raised so many giggles while they were shooting that they had to retake several scenes? They weren't there. And the obvious answer banged at his intelligence. He pushed it away but it banged again immediately and harder than ever. They had put him on the spot! Wells had given him the works! Wells, a man he'd bet his life was on the level!

He wanted to jump up and run away. He wanted to pick up something and hurl it at the screen. He wanted to get his fingers in Wells' throat and choke him to death.

BUT he was a trouper. Gee, the kid was great! Even he never knew she had it in her. She was wowing them! My God, what an actress she was! And he had taught her a lot of it. They could never take that from him. As for him being a flop—that was the breaks in the game. That was show business. As the whirl of the picture stopped with a jerk and the lights went on, he slunk out. Had a date with Joan. As he went, he felt Patricia's eyes on him. They were full of tears. Joan was waiting for him in her car. He'd have to tell her. A flop! Could you beat that! You never knew in this business.

"Hello, Old Thing," she greeted him. "Wonder if you'd mind if I ran along. Got a last minute appointment with the hair dresser."

"Joan," he said. "Listen, sweetheart. I flopped. Can you imagine?"

"Yes," she said. "I heard you did. Well, buck up. Maybe you'll be better next time. So long. Oh, don't bother to call me up tonight. Going out."

Silence held in the projection room, a stunned and fearful silence. The picture wasn't so good. Everybody recovered almost immediately and hurried toward the one bright spot. They crowded around Patricia showering her with congratulations.

"Better go over to my office, little girl," Abe beamed on her. "I got something important to say to you, young lady. Wells, I'm sorry. But you can't be good all the time. I can see you did your best."

Wells had not changed his position. His chin was still cupped in his hand. His disreputable cap was concealing one ear.

"Didn't care for the picture, did you, Abe?"

"Well, you got to admit it ain't no 'What Price Glory?' And it cost nearly three hundred thousand. But as I say—"

"I heard something about you wanting to kill this fellow, Halburton. I obeyed orders and slashed him to the bone."

"Me? Orders? Not me, Wells. I should give orders to flop a picture to kill an actor."

"That's what I thought," Wells said gently. "Abe, you get back in this projection room in an hour."

"But I can't. I got a lot of business. And what's the use? I've seen everything."

"You get back here in an hour or you're accepting my resignation."

WAGNER stared at him. Wells' eyes were flaming.

"Oh, all right, Ross. I'll be here."

He hurried over to his office and almost embraced Patricia who sat in a little forlorn heap in a big chair.

"My dear little girl!" he boomed. "It's going to cost me and Monarch a lot of money, but I got to tell you. You're great! You're the best bet in pictures today! Now don't worry about that picture. It's only a program. Wells fell down on it. But you stood out like a sore thumb. Here's a contract calling for one thousand a week for the first year, two thousand the second. Sign here, please."

"What about Don, Mr. Halburton, Mr. Wagner?"

"Don? Oh, your husband. Well, I tell

SHE DANCES WITH CHEERS IN HER EYES... YET SHE HAS "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

SO gay; so feather-light on feet that fairly flit across a gleaming floor. You'd say this laughing little lady didn't have a care in the world. But, while her eyes give three cheers to each new partner in the dance, there's a *bar sinister* on her happiness.

At the back of her mind, a vague worry begins to intrude. Even as she dressed for the party she noticed it again: An unnatural, moist whiteness between her little pink toes. It made her feel hardly dainty. What would her partner think of the twinges she feels—even *i-t-c-h-i-n-g*? She hates to ask even her dearest friend about it; doesn't know what to call it, though thousands of similarly immaculate people have this same trouble—"Athlete's Foot."

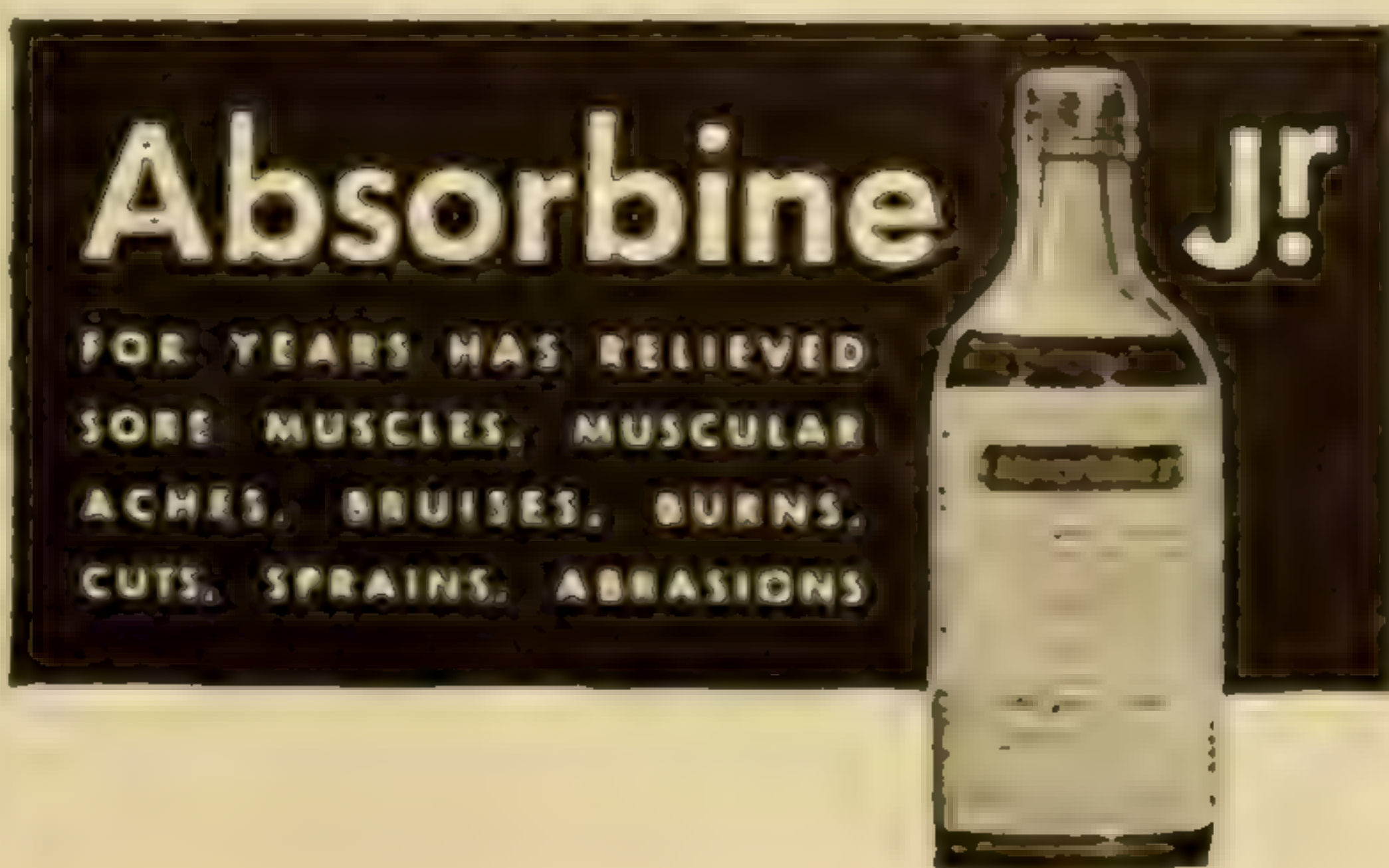


Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection, so easily tracked into homes?

"Athlete's Foot" may attack any of us* because, unlike most diseases, it persists in the cleanest places. A tiny vegetable parasite, *tinea trichophyton*, generally causes this ringworm infection and it thrives on the edges of showers and swimming pools; on locker- and dressing-room floors; in gymnasiums. And from all these places it is continually tracked into countless homes. It may live and thrive for months in your own spick-and-span bathroom; and it causes

*Watch for these distress signals that warn of "Athlete's Foot"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment! If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.



infection and re-infection with great persistence. In fact the U. S. Public Health Service has reported that "probably half of all adults suffer from it at some time."

It has been found that Absorbine Jr. KILLS this ringworm germ

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways.* All of them, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. penetrates fleshlike tissues deeply and, wherever it penetrates, it kills the ringworm germ. Results in actual cases confirm these laboratory tests.

Examine YOUR feet tonight

It might not be a bad idea to examine your feet tonight for symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot." At the first sign of any one symptom, begin the free use of Absorbine Jr.—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure of your bare feet on damp floors.

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"Old Town Canoes"

you, little girl. He's a fine dancer but I'm afraid he ain't cut out for pictures. In this business you are or you ain't. And Mr. Halburton ain't."

"I can't sign it, Mr. Wagner. Thanks just the same." She got up from the chair. "I got to find him!" she suddenly wailed. "He's hurt and he needs me." She was running through the doorway.

DON sat on the bed in his hotel room. Well, there it was. He was flat on his back, flatter than he had ever been in his life. What a job Wells had done on him. And why? He thought the guy liked him. Well, this was the end. He'd lost Patricia. He deserved to. What a swell-headed ham he'd been. Well, he had transportation back anyway. He could build up an act.

Maybe the picture publicity would help him. Maybe he'd pick him up some girl. But it would take him months, maybe years, to make her nearly as good as Pat. His face went into his hands and tears seeped through his fingers.

The telephone rang. It was Pat.

"Oh, Don! I'm so sorry. They framed you, dear. I want to talk to you. Come on over." He made a noise. "Well, wait for me. I'll be—"

He hung up on her.

She burst into the room.

"Hello, Pat," he grinned crookedly. "Well, you did great, kid."

"Don, there's been a mistake! Oh, Don."

"Sure. It was me."

"What are you going to do, dear?"

"Me? I'm going back to Broadway. Build up another act."

"I'll go with you—if you want me—if that Mercer woman—"

"She gave me the air."

"She would! Listen, Don, I hate pictures. And where would I be without you? You've got to take me."

"Gee, kid. You're a trouper. But I couldn't do that. Why I'm a flop!"

"If you don't take me, I'll have you arrested for desertion—"

The phone rang and Don picked up the receiver.

"Tell him to go to hell," he said and hung up. "That was Wagner's office. I suppose he offered you a contract and you refused, and now he's trying to sign me too, so you'll stay. But I'm not that kind of a guy!"

The telephone rang again and this time Patricia answered.

"Yes, he's here.—What?—They ran the wrong film by mistake!—He's wonderful?—As big a find as I am? Tell that to him."

"Tell him to go to hell," said Don.

"All right.—A thousand, too?—Sure we'll sign—Oh, Don!"

* * *

"DID you catch that double back shuffle of mine in my solo?" Don was asking Patricia sternly in their bungalow three hours later. "And that wise-crack about woman and trolley cars?"

"Oh, Don, darling, darling! You're wonderful."

"You ain't so bad yourself, Baby. I told you anybody that made good in vaudeville could make good any place, especially in pictures."

Attar of Roses

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

approach. And then, suddenly, like a leaf on a racing stream, the child was caught up by the rush of the swirling crowd and thrown into the thick of it. Thrown into the thick of it with such force that she landed almost directly in front of the tallest man. The one with the curly hair, the one who carried the roses. Panting there, in front of him, she saw that his shoulders were extraordinarily broad, that his chin was cleft, that his eyes were smiling. And then she heard his voice—a rich, deep, resonant actor's voice, speaking.

"Bless my soul!" said the voice, "I'm about to be run down—" And—

"You sure do get 'em—" answered one of his shiny-hatted followers. "Even the little young, thin ones, with freckles!"

Mary was bewildered. She had the sensation of being on exhibition in a goldfish bowl. Once she'd dreamed that she was in an express train, and that she hadn't her clothes on. She felt like that, now. Being bewildered she did something entirely instinctive. She reached up, with a thin, not too clean finger, and touched the velvet petal of a flower.

"Ain't—they—pretty—" said Mary. Just that.

The tallest man bent down. Gallantly, there on the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street. He'd been put to it, to know how to dispose of the flowers. One can't toss aside, lightly, the gift of a theater manager—and a thousand fans.

"You like them, child?" he asked, and again Mary was conscious of the deep, resonant voice. And though her bewilderment was growing, she answered.

"They're lovelier—than—heaven!" said Mary.

All at once the tallest man was doing a strange thing.

"Then," said the man, "if they're that lovely to you . . ." He was stooping. He was, miracle of miracles, laying the great fragrant

mass in the child's arms. He was patting Mary's white cheek.

And then he was passing on, down the street. And the crowd—calling, cheering, applauding, was closing in about him. And Mary was left, standing, with a hundred dollars worth of blossoms in her gray clad arms.

"Who was that?" she breathed, to the street vender, who had, earlier, sold her the Kewpie. "That big guy with the curly hair and the swell voice?"

The vender looked at her with eyes in which amazement vied with a certain respect.

"Where you bin all your life?" he asked. "That was Roland Roundtree! He makes movies—out in California . . ."

The name—it didn't mean anything to Mary Smithers, then. But the eyes did, and the hair and the voice . . . And the kindness—the first real kindness that she had ever known. The name didn't mean anything. But Mary was still holding the roses—holding them as tenderly as if they were babies—when the superintendent of the asylum found her. She still clutched them when she was led back, unrepentant, through the midnight darkness of the gray gates that led to the gray courtyard of the gray building.

* * *

TEN years—a trifle more than ten years! Ten years can be as long, almost, and as crowded as ten centuries . . . Thrones have fallen, and empires have turned to ashes in far less time than a decade. And especially have thrones fallen—and empires turned to ashes—in an existence that is bounded by the flicker of silver sheets; that is built upon the shifting sands of public favor.

Empires crumble and lesser things take place. For instance, styles change. Styles change—in clothes, in hairdressing, even . . . in heroes. . . .

And it's a long walk from a gray paved courtyard to the drawing-room-like study of a star. It's a far cry from a shapeless gray dress to a sheath-like, trailing gown of shimmering satin. From plainness and poverty to beauty—and the luster of dreams that have all come true.

HOLLYWOOD'S newest sensation was talking with her director. She was talking, and in terms of authority, about the casting of her first picture. Her first picture—to be made in California—as a star.

"There was once," she said, and her eyes looked out calmly, from beneath level brows, "there was once a man of the exact type that I mean, in pictures. His name," (was there a curious throb in her voice?) "was Roland Roundtree. He was big and broad—"

The director chuckled.

"This," he said, "is the year of our Lord, 1931. This, Miss Smith-Elliott, is the age of the talkie, of the mike. Roundtree? Yes, there was once such a person. Awfully popular, too, in his time. Handsome, as I remember it, in a big muscled sort of way. But he's been dead—oh, for over ten years—"

Marye Smith-Elliott was leaning forward. "Dead," she questioned. "But—no! I'm sure—"

"Well," the director wasn't chuckling, now—there was something too oddly tense in the star's manner. "Well, not dead—speaking in the regular funeral and buried sense. But dead from the point of view of pictures. His type went out before short skirts came in—and you know how long ago that was! He belonged to the Bushman-Costello-Farnum era. Valentino put the skids under those big heavy boys. Colman, Barthelmess, Novarro, Ben Lyon—they finished the job.

"You mean," said Marye Smith-Elliott, and she spoke slyly, "that he just dropped out?"

"I mean exactly such," said the director. "He couldn't make the grade. And then, finally, there was talk of him losing a lot of money. I guess he went market mad. And at first he was too proud to take character parts—he just wouldn't believe that his public had gone tickle on him. It wasn't till after Valentino made 'The Sheik' that he got wise to himself. And then there was a whole new crop of directors—and there weren't even character parts left. I heard—" the director couldn't, somehow, meet the star's eyes, "that he was down and out. Getting an occasional day's work as an extra . . . You know, that sort of thing."

"Yes, I know," said Marye Smith-Elliott. And then, "I began as an extra, you see," she said quite casually. "Not here in California. In New York. I wanted to be in movies, from the time I was about twelve. I wanted to get out to the Coast—I had a friend working out here. But it took me so long to make it—I was such a homely little brat—"

"I can't imagine that," said the director. He spoke quite honestly. "But I thought," he added, "that you came to California via the London stage?"

MARYE SMITH-ELLIOTT rose from the deep chair in which she had been sitting.

"It's a good line—I encourage people to think it," she said, still casually. "So, actually, I did! But I went to the London stage by way of a Broadway chorus. And the chorus came after a Fort Lee studio. And the studio came after a New York orphan asylum."

Sometime it would be a good story to tell—the director realized that. Just now all of Hollywood was talking of the slim, calm, distinguished woman with the inscrutable eyes and the hyphenated name. All of Hollywood was wondering about her background, her past. This bit about an asylum—well, it would certainly make a cocktail hour sensa-



An open secret



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tion. It would be a good story to tell, sometime. But at the moment the director was embarrassed.

"You don't say!" he ejaculated. "Well—well . . ." he fidgeted with his watch chain. "But," he said, after a moment in which he fought with the strange embarrassment, "but we were talking business, weren't we? We were trying to decide on your leading man. He must be a big chap, of course—the captain of industry type. Deep voice, and all. How about George—"

The director broke off, for the star wasn't listening. Absently she was walking over to her desk—this informal conference was being held in her charming study. Absently she was bending her head above a huge cluster of deep red roses in a silver vase.

"There was once," she said slowly, "a man in pictures—he was just the type I want. He'd be—" she was talking gently, as if to herself, "he'd be older, now. His hair would be getting a little gray. Perhaps he'd be very gray. His name," she turned suddenly, eagerly, to the director—it was as if the subject were being mentioned for the first time—"was Roland Roundtree! You'll find him, won't you? Even if you have to hire a detective to comb the studios. Two detectives. *Five detectives!*"

THE director was staring at her.

"But," he stammered, "but Miss Smith-Elliott! I thought you were only kidding . . . when you spoke of him, before. Why, that chap's a has-been. He's been out of the game too long. And this is a big feature. And it's your first as a star—its success means (you mustn't mind my saying so) a lot to you. And then, too," he hesitated, floundering.

"And then, too?" prompted the star. She still spoke gently.

"Why, his voice," cried the director in desperation. "This fellow, Roland Roundtree—how do you know that he'd go over, in talkies? He belongs in the past. He never made a sound picture. How do you know—"

But the star was smiling softly. And her eyes were looking very far away. Distances—oh, I've said it more than once! They can be greater sometimes than miles—the miles from New York to London . . . and back again 'n New York . . . and from New York to Hollywood . . . Distance can reach from a gray stone building, behind a gray wall, to a star's softly shaded, fragrant room. Don't ask how—*such things do happen* . . .

But Marye Smith-Elliott was smiling.

"Oh, don't worry about his voice," she said. "I'll vouch for his voice! I heard him speak, once—and I've never forgotten the little chills that ran up and down my spine . . ."

Heart Throb

I am today a successful sports writer, drawing a comfortable salary and looking forward to a very bright future, all because of an inspiration that I received through seeing a motion picture.

I most probably would have still been wallowing in the gutter of life had I not by a strange coincidence entered a neighborhood theatre that was running a then current attraction.

I had never before done anything in the way of writing for the public, but my desire was so great and my self-confidence so flattering after seeing a certain photoplay that it was but a short time before I had established myself as a reporter for one of the evening papers of this city.

Life is funny, isn't it?

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

UNDER SUSPICION—Fox.—You may not care what happens to Lois Moran and her Northwest Mountie, but you'll get your money's worth of gorgeous scenery. (Jan.)

UP FOR MURDER—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "Fires of Youth.") Talkie version of the old silent, "Man, Woman and Sin." Lew Ayres and Genevieve Tobin struggle through. Pretty badly worn plot. (April)

UP THE RIVER—Fox.—The lighter side of prison life, and very amusing. Spencer Tracy is grand. (Dec.)

VIENNESE NIGHTS — Warners. — The best operetta in recent months—with oh, what waltzes! Vivienne Segal and Alexander Gray sing the love songs. (Nov.)

VIRTUOUS SIN, THE—Paramount.—Torrid love in frigid Russia. Kay Francis and Walter Huston are simply grand. (Dec.)

WAR NURSE—M-G-M.—A perfect movie story gone wrong. Gruesome and silly, by turns, this picture is a sad disappointment. June Walker, Anita Page, Robert Montgomery and Robert Ames have the leads, which makes it all doubly distressing. (Jan.)

★ **WAY FOR A SAILOR**—M-G-M.—John Gilbert as a he-man sailor, with rowdy humor and low-brow dialogue. Never a dull moment. (Dec.)

WESTWARD BOUND—Syndicate.—Buffalo Bill, Jr., with his guns and horse in another Western. (Feb.)

WHITE THUNDER—The eternal triangle story is secondary to the magnificent photography showing the terrifying vast iciness of Newfoundland. (March.)

WIDOW FROM CHICAGO, THE—First National.—Alice White is starred in this conventional gangster picture. (Jan.)

WILD MEN OF KALIHARI—Travel Film.—Mildly interesting African adventure—without much faking. (Feb.)

YANKEE DON, THE—Richard Talmadge Productions.—Richard Talmadge made it himself and it stars his muscles. Western, very, very mello-drama. (Dec.)

YELLOW MASK, THE—British International.—An attempt to mix music, comedy and melodrama. But they don't mix. (Feb.)

YOUNG WOODLEY—British International.—A well-made transcription of the stage play about adolescent love. English cast. (Dec.)

ZWEI HERZEN IM ¾ TAKT (Two Hearts in Waltz Time)—Associated Cinemas.—The most charming sound picture yet sent from Germany. Gay and tuneful operetta in the Viennese manner. (Jan.)

The Hard-Boiled Samaritan

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

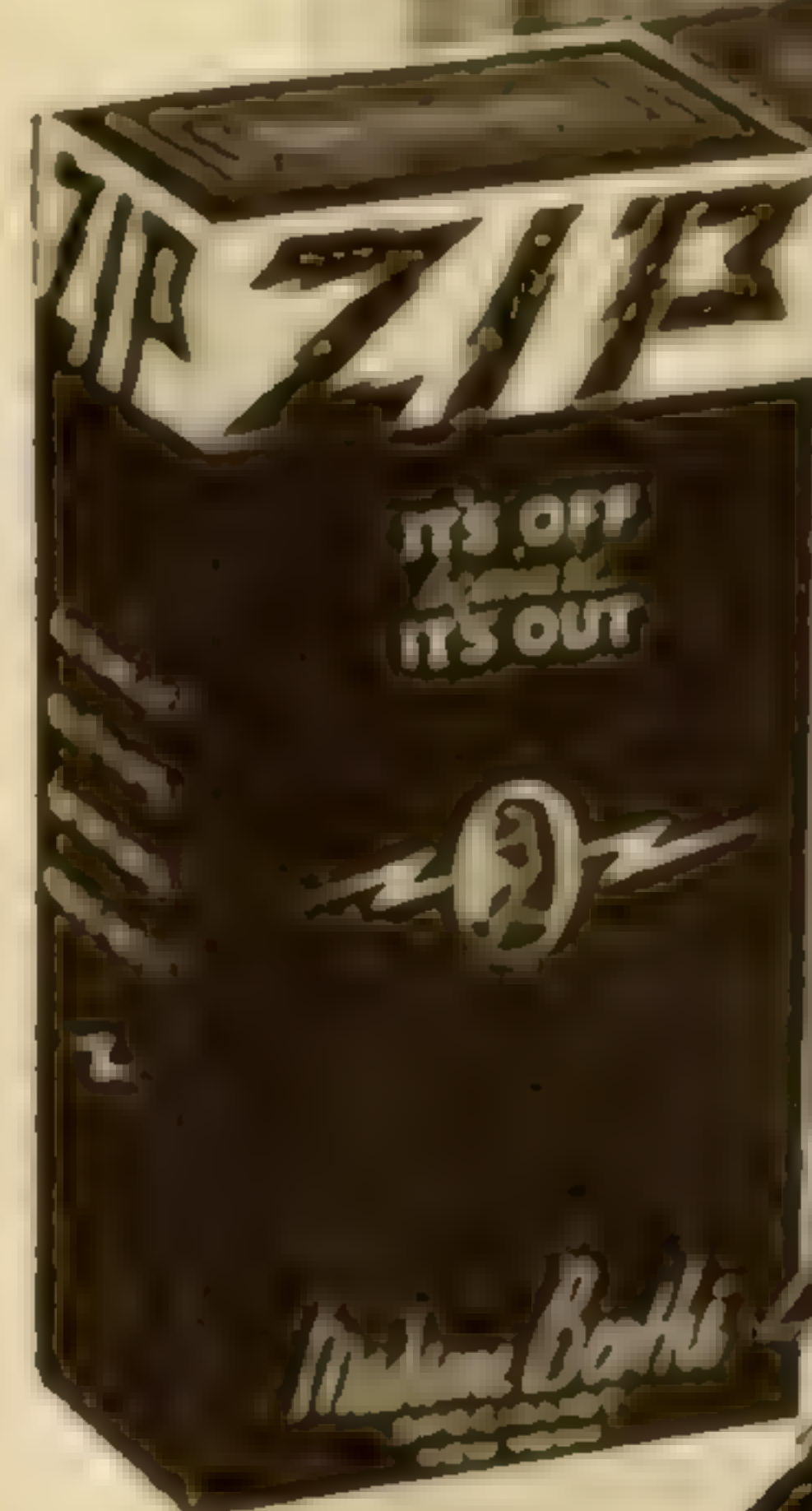
are experts in profanity. Wolheim easily became a sensation among them. There was no mule driver who could even approach him as a master of their own language.

A delegation from the "better element" asked him to address the high school youngsters. The mule drivers roared at the thought of his talking to children. He talked. In the simplest manner—in words which are described by those who heard them as "sweet"—he told of picture people. "They are no worse than others. They are an earnest people. It is hard to be a hero on the screen. Be kind in your thoughts of us."

Louis Wolheim: A gentle sheep in a wolf's mantle.

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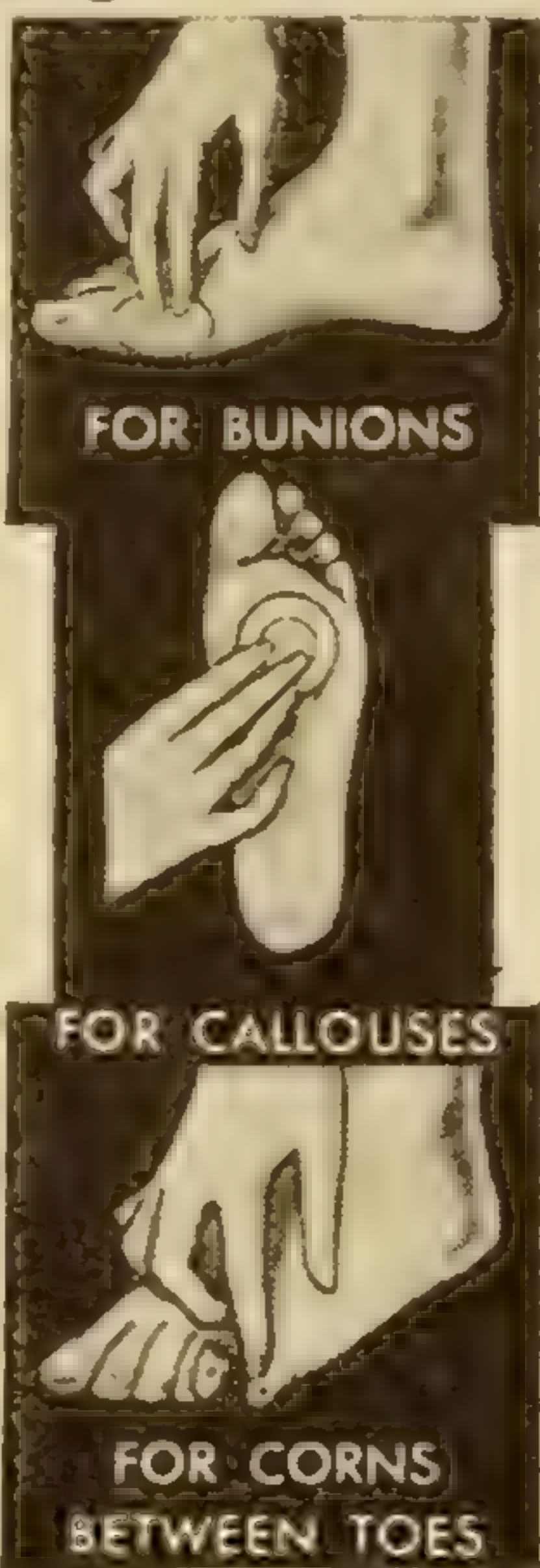


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FRECKLES



**Spring Sun and Winds Bring
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This is the time to take special care of your complexion if you wish it to look well the rest of the year. Spring sun and wind bring out freckles that will stay all summer unless removed now. What your skin needs is Othine—double strength. A few nights' use of this dainty white cream will show you how easy it is to fade out those ugly-brown spots and restore the natural beauty of your skin.

Be sure to ask for Othine—double strength at any drug or department store. Money back if it does not remove even the worst freckles and leave your skin soft, clear and beautiful.

Those Awful Reporters

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

trying to figure out what it's all about. Didn't Daisy know a reporter who said he could blow the lid off Hollywood with Daisy's stolen letters? Poor Daisy! She'll live and learn but she will probably never tell again.

If Daisy had used a little common sense she wouldn't be in jail today.

BARBARA LA MARR and other stars who were victimized by parasites of this type might have saved themselves a lot of trouble by laughing and saying: "Go ahead; do your worst."

Clara's action in having Daisy arrested complicated the whole matter and gave the newspapers a chance to print intimate stories of Clara's daily routine they otherwise would not have dared print. And, of course, they could then print all the letters and telegrams, too—for the court action made them part of a public record.

Clara might have taken the monetary loss and said nothing. It would have saved her plenty of suffering. And it would have saved additional losses in the matter of attorneys' fees.

The history of Hollywood may be divided into three eras, so far as its newspaper history is concerned.

First there was the "Age of Innocence." Nobody cared what the little band of actors in Hollywood was doing, or not doing. They weren't "class." At that time, more than fifteen years ago, two famous movie stars fought a battle in a hotel room because of a famous director.

One girl went to a hospital where she lay for days in a stupor. The other never survived the horrors of that fight. For years her white hair had to be hennaed.

The story was never printed. The desk sergeant who sent a cop to quiet the two girls merely yawned when reporters asked him "What's new tonight, sarge?" and said, "Nothing, boys, nothing at all—couple of movie actresses scratching each other's eyes out over some director."

NOW do you think that story would be played up today? Of course there would be streamers across the front page, pictures of the girls in many poses, pictures of the director and his wife and his ex-wife, and probably a confession story from one of the women, which naturally would be written by a hard-boiled re-write man.

But suddenly movies gained importance—and so did the stars. You were led to believe little Hazel Happy—and most of the girls had

names like that—lived on dew, cream puffs and sunshine. She never went anywhere without her mother, and in her spare time she modeled in clay or painted miniatures. Pictures proved these stories to be true.

And so came the "Age of Bunk."

There was bound to be a reaction from this publicity.

One morning Mr. and Mrs. Public took their paper off the front porch to read that Hollywood was a sink of iniquity, a hot-bed of vice, the Sodom and Hokumorra of America.

Murders kept Hollywood on the front pages for the next two or three years—which brings us to the "Age of Scandal."

A "czar" was appointed to keep good behavior in the ranks of the boys and girls of the films. Producers put morality clauses into all contracts. Press-agents worked over-time to cheat reporters of choice bits of scandal.

I lived in Hollywood during the Age of Scandal. The "Fatty" Arbuckle trial was, in reality, a dreary, sodden, and more or less prosaic court proceeding that proved nothing except that the comedian, an ex-barboy, was at a party where Virginia Rappe received the injury that caused her death.

Incidentally, Arbuckle was the only movie star who was actually ever banned from the screen because of scandal—and that was done by the moving picture organization itself, not by the public. The heads of the picture company figured it would be better to lose the money tied up in "Fatty's" pictures than have him a constant eyesore in the Hollywood scene. If Arbuckle made a picture today his old following would clack with delight.

ONE bleak rainy February day the Los Angeles newspapers carried the story that William Desmond Taylor, a moving picture director, had been found dead "from stomach trouble" in his home in Alvarado Street. Later editions revealed that the stomach trouble had been induced by a bullet.

That murder had everything—mystery, glamour, famous names, suspense, romance. It reached into the underworld of dope. It spread into the mansions of great stars. It went back into the strange life of the murdered man whose life was a mosaic of adventure.

Mabel Normand had said goodnight to Taylor an hour before he was shot, and had gone home in her car.

Mary Miles Minter, beautiful young blonde, was brought into the case when her lingerie was found in Taylor's home—and her love letters were taken from the toe of an old boot.

Harry Peavey, Taylor's colored valet,

USE SOME MONEY?

Of course you can! Some new clothes, or a vacation trip, or that pesky payment on the car.

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Cut out the various parts of the scrambled faces, reassemble them, name the players correctly. As easy as that—but a fascinating game. Watch for

The June PHOTOPLAY

On sale everywhere May 15

blubbered over his dead master and talked of the rice pudding Taylor had loved.

Edward Sands, the director's former valet and friend, had vanished, and to this day he has not been found.

An abandoned wife, Mrs. Ethel Tanner, came out of the past with a grown daughter.

Newspapers in the East sent special correspondents to Hollywood to cover every angle of the story. These men wrote thousands of words. They wrote not only about the Taylor murder, but also about all the scandals of Hollywood. Newspapers all over the country printed cartoons that dealt savagely with movie stars.

PRESS-AGENTS, in reprisal, barred some reporters from the studios, and caused stories to be printed which declared that the scandal-writers were liars, hopheads, and paid propagandists.

The war was on in earnest.

The pictures of Mabel Normand and Mary Miles Minter were banned from the screen in small towns. The Palace or Grand Theater announced that citizens would not be offended by the sight of Mary's blonde curls or Mabel's pert grin. But in Chicago pink permits were granted the Minter pictures—meaning that only adults could go to the theater and search for signs of dissipation in that bland, girlish face.

Shades of Barnum and Bailey!

But let it be said that Mary Miles Minter and Mabel Normand were not shunted off the screen as a direct result of the Taylor case. Mabel Normand's days were already numbered.

"Imagine anyone being in love with poor Mabel," said Arbuckle at the time Mabel said Taylor was in love with her. "All the old Sennett gang has had a tough break—first me, then Mabel. Sometimes I think our gang is hoodooed."

A movie mamma and twenty pounds kept Mary Miles Minter from collecting her \$8,000 a week from Paramount. Mary was the victim of her mother—she wasn't allowed to eat the things she wanted to, go to the places she wanted to, nor see the people she wanted to.

Result—she followed Taylor about, making a scandal target of herself.

Mary was really a romantic little girl. Standing on her veranda one night, she looked wistfully over the tops of the purple hills and murmured, "The Minter women love but once."

The Minter woman started to eat after a fight with mamma, put on twenty pounds, went to Paris and wrote *finis* to her career.

The Taylor story had taught newspaper owners that movie scandal sold papers as no other news did. Many reporters wrote only the news—the "spot" news—the news of police court hearing or Superior Court trial, such as the episode of Valentino's first marriage to Natacha Rambova—but a few went out of their way to "make" news. These, I may say in passing, didn't last long as reporters.

HERE'S an instance. A number of reporters learned that a certain actress had been rejected by Douglas Fairbanks as his leading lady because she had square hips. They went to see Doug's press-agent, and asked if the story were true.

"Yes," said the press-agent, Mark Larkin. "It's true. I'm sorry. But if you print that story you are going to ruin the girl's screen career, which means her life. You can make a funny story of the 'girl with the square hips'—but what will it get you? A raise? No. Honorable mention? Hardly. Nothing but a bright paragraph."

The story was never printed.

Pola Negri, new to Hollywood, once made a scene when Harry Carr of the *Los Angeles Times* walked on her set. She cried she would not work until "that pig" was off the field.

Harry Carr heard the epithet, and Harry



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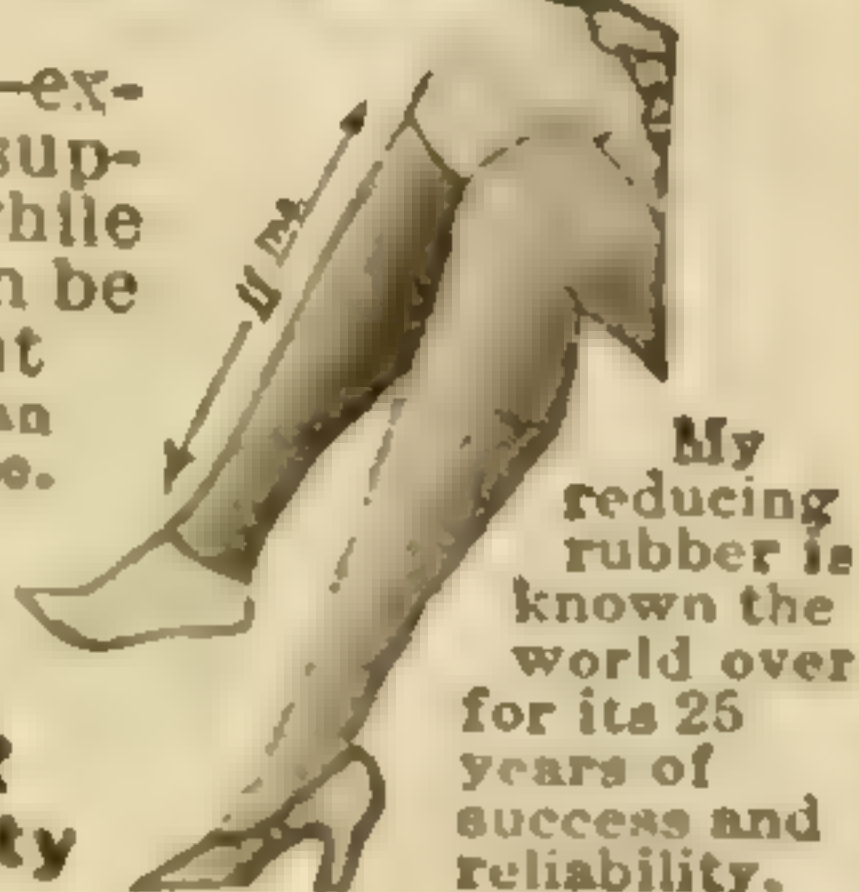
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Carr is mighty in Hollywood and carries a big stick. What would he do to Pola? Every one shuddered. A bright publicity agent, though, thought he knew how to handle Mr. Carr. He called on the newspaper man and explained first that Pola was very temperamental, and, frothed at the mouth whenever a stranger appeared on the lot, that she knew little English and so found it hard to express herself, and that, anyway, she had paid Mr. Carr a big compliment by calling him a pig, for in Poland a pig isn't just a pig but a term of endearment. In fact, a pig in Poland is as sacred as a cow in India.

CARR wasn't fooled, but he liked the press-agent's ingenuousness. He let the incident drop and wrote a "rave" about Pola.

I don't mean to say that motion picture people are entirely to blame for the strained relations between the Fourth Estate and the Fourth Industry. Not at all.

It is no secret that some newspaper men and women have grafted money from some of the stars, have forced friends of theirs into fat jobs, and have otherwise misused them.

It's pretty shoddy.

Sometimes a reporter is innocently bought by the astute picture people. I knew a naive young writer who sold a story to a big film company. His daily column was lush with the activities of the company that had bought his story.

It was never made into a film and to this day he's probably wondering why!

A newspaper woman threatened to write some stuff about Nancy Carroll that would make her suffer. Nancy had received word from the higher-ups at Paramount that she wasn't to feature the fact that she is the mother of little Patricia Kirkland. Bad publicity, they said. They pointed out that Nancy was supposed to be an ingénue and mustn't be shown as a mother. So Nancy up and said "no" in perfectly good Irish when the writer asked for a picture of herself and Patricia.

The writer wrote a story slyly digging at Nancy's attitude and mentioned the fact that royalty isn't bashful when it comes to showing their offspring. But royalty in Hollywood and Europe is something else again. The kings and queens over there do not get kicked off the throne unless there is a war. In Hollywood any movie queen can be uncrowned by a little adverse publicity.

Hollywood has its newspaper chisellers but it also has newspaper men and women it can trust. Most of these chisellers, by the way, are not hired by real newspapers. They are the fringe of the Fourth Estate, "free lances," or connected with some obscure sheet that is trying to come to life by dishing dirt.

The Age of Scandal is dying. The edge has been taken off the novelty of Hollywood scandal. The Clara Bow-Daisy DeVoe trial was important only to a few newspapers. The majority dismissed it with a few paragraphs daily—in the East.

IT would take as big a story as the Taylor murder to bring back the old days and such a story happens only once in a decade or two.

One of the never-ceasing battles between newspaper women and movie stars is about beauty.

"Beautiful, but Lord, how dumb!" a star is dismissed by a sob writer.

"She looks a fright," come back the boo'ful stars.

The *it* of movie stars is far more important than their Intelligence Quotient, and editors hire women to write, not pose.

Having said all this it leaves us just where we started. Movie stars will continue to be good news for the papers until newer idols appear.

Maybe we'll have radio artists on the griddle next.

And, as for newspapers—they'll continue to print all the news of Hollywood, good or bad, so that a bright fillip will be added to your morning oatmeal!



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One way to be sure you have it

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LUCKY TIGER

Connie & Lilyan

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

respective boy friends and husbands filed in. The proud beauties had to give themselves up. After all, you do need men for dancing partners.

Clara Bow has never been one of these beauties of the moment. Poor Clara, even though she prefers the society of her cowboy sweet hearts and studio workers to the socially elite, she wouldn't have much of a chance to be smart if she chose.

Occasionally she went to Montmartre for lunch when that historic café was the hub of the social wheel, but almost invariably her father trailed her there and, standing in the doorway in shirt sleeves, tie-less, collar open at the throat and hair uncombed, beckoned to her before all that well-dressed crowd. Clara had to respond.

PERHAPS two of the most beautiful women in Hollywood are Ann Harding and Eleanor Boardman. These girls are, from a standpoint of mold of feature, almost perfect. Yet they've never played the game and never will. Too simple in taste, too frank, too little interested in the spotlight, they're just not the type.

Evelyn Brent always occupied the same table at the Montmartre. At the Embassy she has an especial place. But she does not play the game either. She lunches there because she sees her friends. And she also likes good food.

In a community as small as Hollywood, with so many beautiful, ambitious women, it is inevitable that things get mixed up. One of the catastrophes is for two "best dressed women on the screen" to appear at the same function, wearing gowns exactly alike. When the Embassy Club had its formal opening, five beauties appeared in that many gowns which were identical. And were there dark looks passed among them? Needless to say, the designer who sold the five beauties the five identical dresses bought a one way ticket to Tasmania.

As we have already seen, quarrels are not unknown among these beauties of the moment. There's the case of Dolores Del Rio and Lupe Velez. Dolores was a reigning beauty. Lupe wasn't, for Lupe can't be dignified enough, so it seems Dolores rather ritized her fellow country-woman when Lupe first arrived. Lupe retaliated by imitating her in a priceless fashion.

One of the times when Lupe was at the Embassy, she looked across the room and saw Lilyan Tashman wearing long kid gloves. Lupe, who didn't have any, wrapped napkins around her arms. Lilyan, seeing this, obeyed an old Spanish custom and offered Lupe her gloves. Lupe accepted and they're not exactly good pals any more.

SPEAKING of long gloves, Gloria Swanson was the very first beauty to appear in them when they made their fashion reappearance. What's more, she wore them all evening and did not remove them during dinner.

It is difficult to say just which one has the brightest spotlight at present writing, but I believe Constance Bennett is the most glamorous, the most sparkling beauty of the moment. Although there are others with the same peculiar flare, Connie has center stage right now. Who will be next? Here's a nomination—Ina Claire.

She's been the queen of Broadway. When she first arrived, Hollywood couldn't see her for sour apples. Then she went away, made a swell picture in New York and a sensational statement to the press in Chicago. Now, back in Hollywood, she is doing the smart things and being seen at the smart places. But she has a new idea. Whereas Tashman has never worn the same dress twice, Claire has been seen at the Embassy in but one costume, a dark suit trimmed with red fox that she wore in "The Royal Family of Broadway." This does, at least attract attention.

So maybe Ina's next. Who knows?

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By a total lack of stubble you can feel the difference between this and old ways.



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It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

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It is an exquisite toilet creme resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt. And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

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"BACHELOR APARTMENT"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by John Howard Lawson. Adapted by J. Walter Ruben. Directed by Lowell Sherman. The cast: Wayne Carter, Lowell Sherman; Helene Andrews, Irene Dunne; Agatha Carraway, Mae Murray; Lee Carlton, Norman Kerry; Lila Andrews, Claudia Dell; Henri De Maneau, Ivan Lebedeff; Janet, Noel Francis; Whoopee Girl, Roberta Gale; Whoopee Girl, Arline Judge; Henry Carraway, Purnell Pratt; Rollins, Charles Coleman; Miss Clark, Kitty Kelly; Charlotte, Bess Flowers; First Drunk, Arthur Housman; Mrs. Halloran, Florence Roberts; Brown, Boston Winston.

"BAD SISTER"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story "The Flirt" by Booth Tarkington. Adapted by Tom Reed and Raymond L. Schrock. Directed by Hobart Henley. The cast: Dick Lindley, Conrad Nagel; Marianne, Sidney Fox; Laura, Bette Davis; Minnie, ZaSu Pitts; Sam, Slim Summerville; Mr. Madison, Charles Winninger; Mrs. Madison, Emma Dunn; Valentine Corliss, Humphrey Bogart; Wade Trumbull, Bert Roach; Hedrick Madison, David Durand.

"BEYOND VICTORY"—RKO-PATHE.—From the story by Hope Bennett. Adapted by Horace Jackson and James Gleason. Directed by John Robertson. The cast: Bill, Bill Boyd; Fritzie, ZaSu Pitts; Lew, Lew Cody; Ina, Marion Shilling; Jim, James Gleason; Katherine, Lissi Arna; Major Sparks, Theodore Von Eltz; Mother, Mary Carr; Russell, Russell Gleason; Fred Brandon, Fred Scott; Commandant, Frank Reicher; Sergeant, Wade Boteler; Colonel, E. H. Calvert; Reginald, Charles Coleman; German Surgeon, Max Barwin; Head Nurse, Hedwiga Reicher.

"BIG BUSINESS GIRL"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Patricia Reilly and H. N. Swanson. Adapted by Robert Lord. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: Claire MacIntyre, Loretta Young; John Goodman, Frank Albertson; Ralph Clayton, Ricardo Cortez; Pearl, Joan Blondell; Mrs. Emery, Dorothy Christy; Sally Curtis, Virginia Sale; Office Boy, Mickey Bennett; Messenger Boy, Bobby Gordon; Sarah Ellen, Nancy Dover; Walter Morley, Oscar Apfel.

"COMRADES OF 1918"—FORENFILMS.—From the novel "The Four from the Infantry" by Ernest Johannsen. Adapted by Ladislaus Vajda. Directed by G. W. Pabst. The cast: The Bavarian, Fritz Kempers; Karl, Gustav Diessel; The Student, Hans Joachim Moebis; The Lieutenant, Claus Clausen; Yvette, Jackie Monnier; Hamburg Soldier, Gustav Puttjer; Karl's Wife, Hanna Hoessrich; Karl's Mother, Else Heller; Butcher-Journeyman, Carl Bellhaus.

"DIRIGIBLE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Frank Wilber Wead. Adapted by Jo Swerling. Directed by Frank Capra. The cast: Bradon, Jack Holt; Frisky Pierce, Ralph Graves; Helen, Fay Wray; Rondelle, Hobart Bosworth; Sock McGuire, Roscoe Karns; Hansen, Harold Goodwin; Clarence, Clarence Muse; Admiral Martin, Emmett Corrigan; Commander of the U. S. S. Lexington, Al Roscoe; Lieutenant Rowland, Selmer Jackson.

"DISHONORED"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Josef Von Sternberg. Screen play by Daniel N. Rubin. Directed by Josef Von Sternberg. The cast: Lieutenant Kranau, Victor McLaglen; X27, Marlene Dietrich; Colonel Kovrin, Lew Cody; Secret Service Head, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; General von Hindau, Warner Oland; Young Lieutenant, Barry Norton; Court Martial Officer, Davison Clark; General Dymov, Wilfred Lucas; Manager, Bill Powell.

"FINGER POINTS, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by John Monk Saunders and W. B. Burnett. Adapted by Robert Lord. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: Breckenridge Lee, Richard Barthelmess; Marcia Collins, Fay Wray; Charles Russell, Regis Toomey; Frank Carter, Robert Elliott; Louis Blanco, Clark Gable; Managing Ed. Wheeler, Oscar Apfel; Larry Hays, Noel Madison.

"FRONT PAGE, THE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the play by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Screen play by Bartlett Cormack. Directed by Lewis Milestone. The cast: Walter Burns, Adolphe Menjou; Hildy Johnson, Pat O'Brien; Peggy, Mary Brian; Bensinger, Edward Everett Horton; Murphy, Walter Catlett; Earl Williams, George E. Stone; Molly, Mae Clarke; Pincus, Slim Summerville; Kruger, Matt Moore; McCue, Frank McHugh; Sheriff Hartman, Clarence H. Wilson; Schwartz, Fred Howard; Wilson, Phil Tead; Endicott, Eugene Strong; Woodenshoes, Spencer Charters; Diamond Louie, Maurice Black; Mrs. Grant, Effie Ellsler; Jenny, Dorothea Wolbert; The Mayor, James Gordon; Jacoby, Dick Alexander.

"GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN"—WARNERS.—From the play "The Devil Was Sick" by Jane Hinton. Screen play by Joseph Jackson and Raymond Griffith. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: Jacques Duryea, Frank Fay; Diane Churchill, Laura La Plante; Doctor Dumont, Arthur Edmund Carew; Mr. Churchill, Charles Winninger; Florine, Louise Brooks; Fifi, Joan Blondell; Tania Danileff, Margaret Livingston; The Undertaker, Charles Judels; De Goncourt, Armand Kaliz; Other Girls, "G" Sisters; Nena Quartaro; Ethlyn Claire; Hazel Howell.

"GUN SMOKE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Grover Jones and William Slavens McNutt. Directed by Edward S. Soman. The cast: Brad Farley, Richard Arlen; Sue Vancey, Mary Brian; Stub Wallock, Eugene Pallette; Kedge Darvas, William Boyd; Hampsey Dell, Louise Fazenda; Tack Gillup, Charles Winninger; Posey Meed, Guy Oliver; J. H. Horton, James Durkin; Spot Skee, Brooks Benedict; Mink Gordon, Carroll Naish; Mugs Maranza, William Arnold; Jassy Quinn, Stanley Mack; Strike Jackson, William V. Mong; Taffy Keeler, Jack Richardson; John, Willie Pung; Eddie, Imboden Parrish; Isabelle Horton, Dawn O'Day.

"HONOR AMONG LOVERS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Austin Parker. Directed by Dorothy Arzner. The cast: Julia Traynor, Claudette Colbert; Jerry Stafford, Fredric March; Philip Craig, Monroe Owsley; Monty Dunn, Charlie Ruggles; Doris Blake, Ginger Rogers; Maybelle, Avonnie Taylor; Conroy, Pat O'Brien; Margaret, Janet McLeay; Inspector, John Kearney; Riggs, Ralph Morgan; Louis, Jules Epailly; Butler, Leonard Carey.



How's this for a rough location? The "Shipmates" company, headed by Robert Montgomery and Dorothy Jordan, took a good lashing from the surf at Laguna, and were thoroughly soaked in the name of Art. These movie actors certainly do have fun!

"IT'S A WISE CHILD"—M-G-M.—From the play by Laurence E. Johnson. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: Joyce, Marion Davies; Steve, Sidney Blackmer; Cool Kelly, James Cagney; Bertha, Polly Moran; Roger, Lester Vail; Annie, Marie Prevost; Mrs. Stanton, Clara Blandick; G. A. Appleby, Robert McWade; Otha, Johnny Arthur; Alice, Hilda Vaughn; Bill, Ben Alexander; Jane Appleby, Emily Fitzroy.

"LAST PARADE, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Casey Robinson. Adapted by Dorothy Howell. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. The cast: Cookie Leonard, Jack Holt; Mike O'Dowd, Tom Moore; Molly Pearson, Constance Cummings; Larry Pearson, Gaylord Pendleton; Marino, Robert Ellis; Lefty, Earle D. Bunn; Vivi, Vivi; Rosenberg, Jess De Vorka; Chief of Police, Ed Le Saint; Cagney, Edmund Breese; Alabam, Clarence Muse; Joe, Otto Corrado; Danny Murphy, Robert Graham.

"LAUGH AND GET RICH"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Douglas MacLean. Screen play by Gregory La Cava. Directed by Gregory La Cava. The cast: Joe Austin, Hugh Herbert; Sarah Austin, Edna May Oliver; Alice Austin, Dorothy Lee; Phelps, Robert Emmett Keane; Hepburn, John Harron; Biddle, Charles Sellon; Vincentini, George Davis; Miss Teasdale, Maude Fealy; Larry, Russell Gleason.

"LIGHTNING FLYER, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Barry Barringer. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: Jim Nelson, James Hall; Rose, Dorothy Sebastian; Tom, Walter Merrill; Mr. Nelson, Robert Homans; Durkin, Albert J. Smith; Mr. Rogers, Ethan Allen; Stots, Eddie Boland; Pudge, George Meadows.

"MAN OF THE WORLD"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Herman J. Mankiewicz. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: Michael Trevor, William Powell; Mary Kendall, Carole Lombard; Irene, Wynne Gibson; Harold Taylor, Guy Kibbee; Frank Thompson, Lawrence Gray; Victor, Andre Cheron; Fred, George Chandler; Spade, Tom Costello.

"MILLIONAIRE, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story "Idle Hands" by Earl Derr Biggers. Screen play by Julian Josephson. Directed by John Adolli. The cast: James Alden, George Arliss; Barbara Alden, Evalyn Knapp; Bill Merrick, David Manners; Mrs. Alden, Florence Arliss; Peterson, Noah Beery; Oldest Employee, J. Farrell MacDonald; Andrews, Bramwell Fletcher; Schofield, James Cagney; Briggs, Tully Marshall; Davis, Ivan Simpson; Dr. Harvey, J. C. Nugent; McCoy, Sam Hardy.

"MR. LEMON OF ORANGE"—FOX.—From the story by Jack Hayes. Directed by John G. Blystone. The cast: Mr. Lemon and McGee, El Brendel; Julie La Rue, Fifi Dorsay; Mr. Blake, William Collier, Sr.; Mrs. Blake, Ruth Warren; June Blake, Joan Castle; Jerry, Donald Dillaway.

"PAGLIACCI"—AUDIO CINEMA PRODUCTION in association with FORTUNE GALLO.—From the opera by Ruggero Leoncavallo. Directed by Joe W. Coffman. The cast: Nedda, Alba Novella; Canio, Fernando Bertini; Tonio, Mario Valle; Silvio, Giuseppe Interranti; Beppe, Francesco Curci.

"RIDER OF THE PLAINS, A"—SYNDICATE.—From the story by Wellyn Totman. Directed by J. P. McGowan. The cast: Blackie, Tom Tyler; Sandy, Andy Shuford; Betty, Lilian Bond; Gaynes, Al Bridge; Sheriff, Gordon DeMain; Parson, Ted Adams; Castro, Slim Whittaker; Miss Whipple, Fern Emmett.

"SKIPPY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the comic strip by Percy Crosby. Adapted by Sam Mintz, Joseph L. Mankiewicz and Norman McLeod. Directed by Norman Taurog and David Burton. The cast: Skippy, Jackie Cooper; Eloise, Mitzi Green; Sidney, Jackie Searl; Sooky, Robert Coogan; Skippy's Ma, Enid Bennett; The Hearty, Donald Haines; Sooky's Mother, Helen Jerome Eddy.

"STEPPING OUT"—M-G-M.—From the play by Elmer Harris. Directed by Charles F. Riesner. The cast: Sally, Charlotte Greenwood; Eve, Leila Hyams; Tom, Reginald Denny; Cleo, Lilian Bond; Paul, Cliff Edwards; Madge, Merna Kennedy; Tubby, Harry Stubbs; Charley Miller, Richard Tucker; Hal, Kane Richmond; Parker, Wilson Bengie.

"STRANGERS MAY KISS"—M-G-M.—From the novel by Ursula Parrott. Adapted by John Meehan. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: Lisbeth, Norma Shearer; Steve, Robert Montgomery; Alan, Neil Hamilton; Geneva, Marjorie Rambeau; Celia, Irene Rich; Andrew, Hale Hamilton; Spanish Dancer, Conchita Montenegro; Harry, Jed Prouty; De Bazan, Albert Conti; Waiter, Henry Armetta; Waiter, George Davis.

"SWANEE RIVER"—SONO ART-WORLD WIDE.—From the story by Barbara Chambers Woods. Adapted by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Raymond Cannon. The cast: Garry, Grant Withers; Caroline, Thelma Todd; Jack Bradford, Philo McCullough; Morton, Walter Miller; Col. Bradford, Palmer Morrison; Esau, Robert Frazier.

"TABU"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by F. W. Murnau and Robert Flaherty. Directed by F. W. Murnau. The cast: Reri; Matahi; Hitu.

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freckles—how to remove them.

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"TAILOR MADE MAN, A"—M-G-M.—From the original play by Gabriel Dregely. From the stage play by Harry James Smith. Continuity by Edgar Allan Woolf. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *John Paul Bart*, William Haines; *Tanya*, Dorothy Jordan; *Huber*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Kitty Dupuy*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Jellicott*, William Austin; *Dr. Von Sonntag*, Ian Keith; *Mrs. Stanlaw*, Hedda Hopper; *Mr. Stanlaw*, Hale Hamilton; *Peter*, Henry Armetta; *Abraham Nathan*, Walter Walker; *Pomeroy*, Forrester Harvey; *Bessie*, Joan Marsh; *Corrine*, Martha Sleeper.

"UNFAITHFUL"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by John Van Druten. Continuity by Eve Unsell. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Fay*, Ruth Chatterton; *Carl Heiden*, Paul Lukas; *Ronald Kilkerry*, Paul Cavanagh; *Gemma Houston*, Juliette Compton; *Terry Houston*, Donald Cook; *Aunt Janie*, Emily Fitzroy; *Jeffries*, Leslie Palmer; *Buck*, Sid Saylor; *Steve*, Bruce Warren; *Bishop*, Arnold Lucy; *Gerald*, Denis D'Auburn; *Tinker*, Ambrose Barker; *Iris*, Stella Moore; *Count Carini*, Capt. George Jackson; *Frank*, Eric Kalkhurst; *A Drunk*, Douglas Gilmore; *Armstrong*, Jack Richardson; *Inspector*, Donald MacKenzie.

"WILD WEST WHOOPEE"—COSMO.—From the story by Robert J. Horner. Directed by Robert J. Horner. The cast: Jack Perrin; Josephine Hill; Fred Church; Horace Carpenter.

He Has Two Bosses

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

Arliss has his own way in many things. Such as having tea every afternoon on the set, and quitting work at four-thirty sharp each day. But even in this, it's Jenner who sees to things—

Jenner, for instance, is a wizard at producing tea. Come three-thirty, and Jenner appears—be it on the studio lot, or 'way off on location somewhere—with a pot of tea. And production is held up while George Arliss sips his tea. Arliss invariably has at least one guest at tea—someone in the company, perhaps, or a visitor.

Tea done, picture-making is resumed. But at four-thirty sharp, Jenner functions again. He announces it's time to quit. And Arliss quits. You see, it's in his contract—work from nine-thirty to four-thirty daily. Well, there are lots of contracts like that, but studio custom is to go on working after hours to finish a scene or a sequence. Most actors don't object.

THEY tried it just once on Arliss. It was in the midst of a scene when four-thirty came. Instantly, Jenner was on the set. He stalked in front of cameras and right under the microphone and declaimed: "It's time for Mr. Arliss to go 'ome." And although director and others raved, Mr. Arliss went home. Jenner has even, at times, gone so far as to snatch Arliss' wig off, prompt at four-thirty, to forestall directors who might try to talk Arliss into working a bit overtime!

One of the most distinguishing things about Arliss is his strange walk. Off set, he swings along with a most ungainly stride. His arms hang like an ape's. He stoops, round-shouldered, at a startling angle. At a half mile or more, you could recognize him by that walking posture.

Then, there's the monocle. It's hard to think of Arliss without it. He's worn it ever since he was a youth—because his father wore one before him. At first, it was an affectation; now it's a necessity, because he's become near-sighted, and Arliss needs the glass to see clearly. In the years, the monocle has worn two deep grooves in his face—above and below his right eye.

"In twenty-five years," says Jenner, "I've never seen Mr. Arliss break a monocle." But Arliss isn't careless. He always carries a spare. And he rarely twirls the glass on its string, as so many stogy Englishmen do. When he dispenses with using it, he merely opens his eye wide, the monocle drops out, he catches it in his hand and slips it into his vest pocket. He doesn't wear it when reading.

He never works Sundays, not because he's particularly religious, but because he doesn't wish to. He has never driven an automobile in his life, and doesn't know how. Getting

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around Hollywood, he uses a studio car which is placed at his disposal. He owns no home in America, living in hotel apartments instead. But he owns two houses in England.

One of his greatest ambitions is to be knighted. Some day, he hopes, he'll be Sir George. Toward this, on his last visit to England, he made a series of political pictures in which he appears as *Disraeli*, urging English voters to cast their ballots for the conservative party. Stanley Baldwin is one of Arliss' closest friends. If the conservatives win the next election in Britain, Arliss hopes to get his knighthood.

ALTHOUGH for the past three decades Arliss has been doing virtually all his stage work in America, he still has his clothes made in England. He wears typical English clothes—fine, but not foppish. He always wears a stiff collar, and high shoes, and rather tight-and-high-cut trousers. He doesn't think much of modern fashions.

He wears his clothes a long time before discarding them.

His salary, surprisingly, is less than is paid many stars of considerably lesser importance and fame. He carries his money in a purse, and is frankly frugal. Some unkind souls pronounce it "tight." Yet he usually buys gifts for everybody in his company at the close of a picture.

He's not handsome, but is rather particular about photographs of himself. They rarely satisfy him. He knows he's not the "hero type," as he terms it, but you always feel that he thinks he's better-looking than his pictures show him. He wears high-heeled shoes, to make him look taller.

He has crossed the ocean many times, yet he invariably gets seasick. He goes out very little; doesn't care much for social activities, and makes comparatively few friends. Hollywood night life is utterly unknown to him, and he has attended only two of Hollywood's famous premières. At both, he had a miserable time, and fled as early as he could.

He once, years ago, sang the lead in an English musical comedy. He admits it was terrible, and hasn't sung since—in public. Says the other singers used to let him start first, so they could find out what key he was going to sing in.

He is not a teetotaler. He hates buttermilk. He smokes a good deal—anything, cigars, cigarettes, pipes, nargile. He has been married to the same wife more than three decades. He first noticed her in a London cast because her arms were pretty, and was afraid to propose to her until they were marooned in a dark theater together by a rainstorm, and there's never been any other woman to him. She appears with him in most of his plays and pictures, but he never lets her play any rôle but his own wife—and that only when the stage characters are happily wed.

He loves flowers and books. He collects books.

His only exercise is walking, and he does not care for any sport.

He writes so vilely that no one can decipher his signature.

HE is extremely particular about the diction and English of those in a cast with him, and rehearses them many times to make sure their speech is perfect.

Yet he likes American slang. He thinks it's colorful and picturesque, but now and then, he gets it mixed up.

In focusing cameras between scenes, a double sits or stands in the place where the star will act.

The star rests while the double does this tedious work.

The double is called a "stand-in." Arliss never could get that straight. One day, they asked him to stand in a certain place while lights and cameras were trained on him.

"Oh," he protested, "I'll leave that to my step-ins."

He never could understand why they laughed so.

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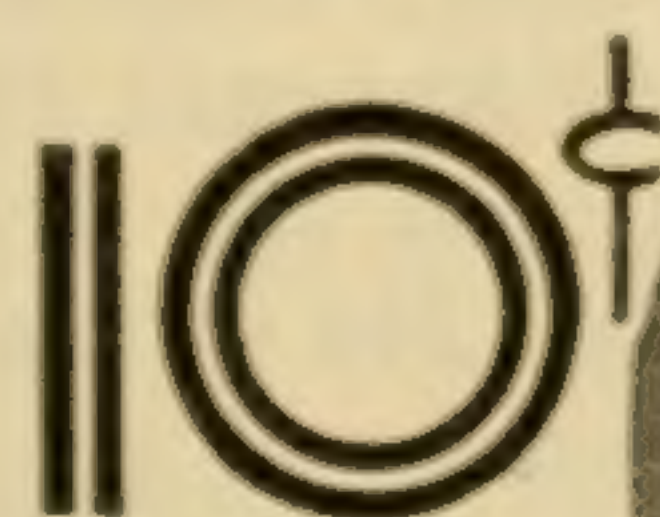
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The irrepressible Maurice trying to "break up" Miriam Hopkins in a studio still picture for which they are posing. You can see her working hard not to give in and laugh

A Studio Ramble

By
Frances Kish

SUCH a pretty blue and silver boudoir. Or it would be, if it had a ceiling and if the walls weren't cut off at the top in a jagged line. But it doesn't matter, because that won't show in the picture.

It's a scene in "The Smiling Lieutenant," the latest Chevalier film. Maurice strides on the set, his step taking its cue from the martial and resplendent uniform he wears. Someone picks up a spur from the floor and wisecracks about "the spur of the moment." Maurice registers the famous Chevalier grin and fastens the spur to his boot.

From his chair next to a camera a short, heavy-set man rises, his dark eyes alive under an untidy lock of black hair which hangs across his forehead. It is Ernst Lubitsch, director of that other Chevalier hit, "The Love Parade."

"All right, Maurice," he says. "Let's do somesing now." He turns to Miriam Hopkins, the Princess of this picture. (You probably remember her in "Fast and Loose.") "All right, Mariam," he says, mispronouncing her name and making her like it. "Rehearsal," he orders. "Everyone quiet."

Three bells ring as the signal for silence all through the big Paramount Eastern Studios. Chevalier opens a door in the torn-off wall and waits on the other side for his cue to come on the set.

"Action, Mariam," instructs Mr. Lubitsch.

Chevalier comes through the door, quietly closes it after him, hesitates a moment and goes to the side of his bride. But an amazing thing has happened. There are, suddenly, two Princesses—the slender Miriam and the short, dark-eyed man on the sidelines.

EVERY expression on Miriam's face is duplicated in Mr. Lubitsch's. That startled look, when she hears the door close behind the man she has just married. Her astonishment when he stands beside her and says, "Good-night, dear." Her uncomprehending shyness. All these are duplicated and intensified on the face of the man who peers from beneath the camera.

"What an actor!" you want to shout.

Fascinated, you watch the same scene rehearsed half a dozen times, the same double acting of girl and director. Then a brief rest. Chevalier autographs a photograph of himself for an admirer. Miriam and Mr. Lubitsch go over part of her scene, smoothing out the action, and giggling like a couple of school children at recess. Hammers pound on the floor above, where sets for "Tarnished Lady," Tallulah Bankhead's talkie bow, are being torn down to make way for the new Nancy Carroll-Fredric March picture.

On the Lubitsch set lights are shifted and cameras adjusted. The "dolly," a rubber-tired truck on which a camera is mounted, is carefully placed and its course marked by white chalk lines to be followed as the camera advances for close-ups.

Make-up is freshened. A prop boy rushes forward to adjust the train of Miriam's lace wedding dress—a lovely, square-necked gown with long, tight sleeves. Her long veil trails behind her like a white cloud.

"Zis is a take," says Mr. Lubitsch. The bells signal silence. It's just like a rehearsal, except for a tenseness that communicates itself to everyone. Suddenly Mr. Lubitsch growls "Cut." His alert ear has caught the sound of a hammer pounding on another set, a sound that would be magnified to the proportions of a thunder storm by the sensitive microphones. Someone has disregarded orders. A messenger is sent to investigate.

THEY start again. All goes well, until Chevalier gets a "frog" in his throat. "Are you not my wife?" he asks the puzzled Princess. "Am I not your—" and try as he will, the word "husband" will not come out of his mouth. Everybody laughs, and the scene starts again. This time it goes well. But Mr. Lubitsch sees a chance for improvement. They do it again. They do it another time, and another time. Mr. Lubitsch says, "Now, Miriam, try that line wiss-out the 'Oh.'"

Finally, he is satisfied. "Cut," he orders. "Zis is okay for me," he says. "How about sound?"

"Okay for sound," comes the report from the monitor room.

"Perfect timing in that scene," exults the director.

Another rest, for everyone but Miriam Hopkins. The scene is to be repeated for the French version, and Miriam is feverishly rehearsing her lines, parrot-like. Mr. Lubitsch has wisely selected a cast equally at home in English and French—Chevalier, Claudette Colbert, George Barbier—but Miriam's French appears to be somewhat uncertain.

But, on the first take, it is Chevalier's French that strikes a snag. He mixes it with a little English, with amusing results. What a howl goes up from the others! Maurice joins in the general laugh and says with his funny little rising inflection after each word: "It's a great thing, is eet not, to talk two langua-a-ges. Not ev-ery-body can talk two langua-a-ges so pair-fect, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"And," laments Miriam, "just when I was getting along so swimmingly with my part of it!"

The next time it goes all right. "Hooray!" shouts Chevalier. And, "Da-a-rn good!" is his final comment.

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season

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*Salespeople in fine shops
everywhere give this recipe
"Lukewarm Ivory suds"*

When I visited big stores all over the country to learn about this year's summer clothes, I wasn't a bit disappointed to learn that pinks and blues will be popular once more. Isn't every woman prettier in pink? And blue is cool and charming (and a favorite with men!).

Of course, there are lovely *new* shades—creamy pinks, blush pinks, and many of the blues have a lavender cast. Yellow and green, too, are usually light in shade. In fact, it's a pastel season!

"These colors," said I to the sales-

people who showed me the new delicately tinted silks, "are lovely now. But they'll certainly look washed out if they fade the least bit in laundering."

"They won't fade," I was told, "if you wash them properly. The dyes are good and if you use lukewarm Ivory suds to wash them in, they'll stay fresh through the whole summer."

Everywhere, in all the leading cities, in the nicest shops and largest department stores, salespeople are recommending Ivory for everything washable.

In one of Boston's finest department stores, the clerk who displayed lounging pajamas in delicate pastel shades said, "Ivory is the best soap to use. We have a laboratory here where we make washing experiments and we have found that some other soaps are too strong."

(In this particular store, Ivory in one of its various forms was the only soap which was recommended for silk sport dresses, baby woolens, negligees, sheer silk stockings and sweaters by the clerks to whom I talked.)

In a fine specialty shop in Chicago I was told: "I always recommend Ivory Soap. I believe it is safest to use—it is mild and will not fade delicate shades."

You yourself will hear things like these from salespeople in the fine shops of your own city: "Ivory is pure" . . . "Ivory is safe" . . . "Manufacturers advise Ivory." Of course. Isn't Ivory so pure that it is used to bathe babies? When we use Ivory for our fine things, we all know we need not worry about our soap—we are using as pure and safe a soap as money can buy.

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